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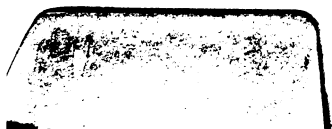
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THE BALLAD OF BABE CHRISTABEL.

O happy Husband! happy Wife
The rarest blessing Heaven drops down,
The sweetest blossom in Spring's crown,
Starts in the furrows of your life!"—P. 8

THE
POETICAL WORKS

OF
GERALD MASSEY.

~~~~~  
*A New Edition, with Illustrations.*  
~~~~~

LONDON:
ROUTLEDGE, WARNE, AND ROUTLEDGE,
FARRINGTON STREET.

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A BIOGRAPHIC SKETCH.

THE reader of the miscellaneous literature of the day has doubtless met with the name of Gerald Massey attached to poems strikingly beautiful in language and intensely passionate in feeling. These poems have heretofore been published chiefly in journals which are yet in a great measure *tabooed* in what are regarded as "respectable literary circles." The "Spirit of Freedom," a cheap journal, started in 1849, and written exclusively by working-men, contained a large number of them; and others have since appeared in the "Christian Socialist," a cheap journal conducted by Clergymen of the Church of England; and many others also, of great beauty, have been published in the "Leader," a remarkably able journal conducted by Thornton Hunt, the son of the poet.

You see at once that the writer is a man of vivid genius, and is full of the true poetic fire. Some of his earlier pieces are indignant expostulations with society at the wrongs of suffering humanity; passionate protests against those hideous disparities of life which meet our eye on every side; against power wrongfully used; against fraud and oppression in their more rampant forms; mingled with appeals to the higher influences of knowledge, justice, mercy, truth, and love. It is always thus with the poet who has worked his way to the light through darkness, suffering, and toil. Give a poor down-trodden man culture, and in nine cases out of ten, you only increase his sensitiveness to

pain ; you agonize him with the sight of pleasures which are to him forbidden ; you quicken his sense of despair at the frightful inequalities of the human lot. There are thousands of noble natures, with minds which, under better circumstances, would have blessed and glorified their race, who have been for ever blasted—crushed into the mire—or condemned to courses of desperate guilt,—for one who, like Gerald Massey, has nobly risen above his trials and temptations, and triumphed over them. And when such a man does find a voice, surely “rose-water” verses and “hot-pressed” sonnets are not to be expected of him ; such things are not by any means the natural products of a life of desperate struggling with poverty. When the self-risen and self-educated man speaks and writes now-a-days, it is of the subjects nearest to his heart. Literature is not a mere intelligent epicurism with men who have suffered and grown strong, but a real, earnest, passionate, vehement, living thing—a power to move others, a means to elevate themselves, and to emancipate their order. This is a marked peculiarity of our times ; knowledge is now more than ever regarded as a power to elevate, not merely individuals, but classes. Hence the most intelligent of working-men at this day are intensely political : we merely state this as *a fact* not to be disputed. In former times, when literature was regarded mainly in the light of a rich man’s luxury, poets who rose out of the working-class sung as their patrons wished. Bloomfield and Clare sung of the quiet beauty of rural life, and painted pictures of evening skies, purling brooks, and grassy meads. Burns could with difficulty repress the “Jacobin” spirit which burned within him ; and yet even he was rarely, if ever, political in his tone. His strongest verses, having a political bearing, were those addressed to the Scotch Representatives in reference to the Excise regulations as to the distillation of whisky. *But come down to our own day, and mark the difference : Elliott, Nicol, Bamford, the author of*

"Ernest," the Chartist Epic, Davis, the "Belfast Man," De Jean, Massey, and many others, are intensely political; and they defend themselves for their selection of subjects as Elliott did, when he said, "Poetry is impassioned truth; and why should we not utter it in the shape that touches our condition the most closely—the political?" But how it happens that the writings of working-men now-a-days so generally assume the political tone, will be best ascertained from the following sketch of the life of Gerald Massey.

He was born in May, 1828, and is, therefore, barely twenty-three years of age. He first saw the light in a little stone hut near Tring, in Herts, one of those miserable abodes in which so many of our happy peasantry—their country's pride!—are condemned to live and die. One shilling a week was the rent of this hovel, the roof of which was so low that a man could not stand upright in it. Massey's father was a canal boatman, earning the wages of ten shillings a week. Like most other peasants in this "highly-favoured Christian country," he has had no opportunities of education, and never could write his own name. But Gerald Massey was blessed in his mother, from whom he derived a finely-organized brain and a susceptible temperament. Though quite illiterate like her husband, she had a firm, free spirit—it's broken now!—a tender yet courageous heart, and a pride of honest poverty which she never ceased to cherish. But she needed all her strength and courage to bear up under the privations of her lot. Sometimes the husband fell out of work; and there was no bread in the cupboard except what was purchased by the labour of the elder children, some of whom were early sent to work in the neighbouring silk-mill. Disease, too, often fell upon the family, cooped up in that unwholesome hovel: indeed, the wonder is, not that our peasantry should be diseased, and grow old and haggard before their time, *but that they should exist at all in such lazarettoes and cesspools.*

None of the children of this poor family were educated, in the common acceptance of the term. Several of them were sent for a short time to a penny school, where the teacher and the taught were about on a par; but so soon as they were of age to work, the children were sent to the silk-mill. The poor cannot afford to keep their children at school, if they are of an age to work and earn money. They must help to eke out their parents' slender gains, even though it be only by a few pence weekly. So, at eight years of age, Gerald Massey went into the silk manufactory, rising at five o'clock in the morning, and toiling there till half-past six in the evening; up in the gray dawn, or in the winter before the daylight, and trudging to the factory through the wind or in the snow; seeing the sun only through the factory windows; breathing an atmosphere laden with rank oily vapour, his ears deafened by the roar of incessant wheels:—

“Still all the day the iron wheels go onward,
Grinding life down from its mark;
And the children's souls, which God is calling sunward,
Spin on blindly in the dark.”

What a life for a child! What a substitute for tender prattle, for childish glee, for youthful playtime! Then home, shivering under the cold, starless sky, on Saturday nights, with 9*d.*, 1*s.*, or 1*s.* 3*d.*, for the whole week's work; for such were the respective amounts of the wages earned by the child-labour of Gerald Massey.

But the mill was burned down, and the children held jubilee over it. The boy stood for twelve hours in the wind and sleet and mud, rejoicing in the conflagration which thus liberated him. Who can wonder at this? Then he went to straw-plaiting,—as toilsome, and, perhaps, more unwholesome than factory-work. Without exercise, in a marshy district, the plaiters were constantly having racking attacks of *ague*. *The boy had the disease for three years, ending with tertian ague.* Sometimes four of the

mily and the mother lay ill at one time, all crying ith thirst, with no one to give them drink, and each too weak to help the other. How little do we know of the sufferings endured by the poor and struggling classes of our population, especially in our rural districts ! No press echoes their wants, or records their sufferings ; and they live almost as unknown to us as if they were the inhabitants of some undiscovered country.

And now take, as an illustration, the child-life of Gerald Massey. "Having had to earn my own dear bread," he says, "by the cheapening of flesh and blood thus early, I never knew what childhood meant. I had no childhood. Ever since I can remember, I have had the aching fear of want, throbbing in heart and brow. The currents of my life were early poisoned, and few, methinks, would pass unscathed through the scenes and circumstances in which I have lived ; none, if they were as curious and precocious as I was. The child comes into the world like a new coin with the stamp of God upon it ; and in like manner as the Jews sweat down sovereigns, by hustling them in a bag to get gold-dust out of them, so is the poor man's child hustled and sweated down in this bag of society to get wealth out of it ; and even as the impress of the Queen is effaced by the Jewish process, so is the image of God worn from heart and brow, and day by day the child recedes devilward. I look back now with wonder, not that so few escape, but that any escape at all, to win a nobler growth for their humanity. So blighting are the influences which surround thousands in early life, to which I can bear such bitter testimony."

And how fared the growth of this child's mind the while ? Thanks to the care of his mother, who had sent him to the penny school, he had learnt to read, and the desire to read had been awakened. Books, however, were very scarce. The Bible and Bunyan were the *principal* ; he committed many chapters of the former to memory, and accepted all Bunyan's

allegory as *bond fide* history. Afterwards he obtained access to "Robinson Crusoe," a few old Wesleyan magazines and some battle histories. These constituted his sole reading, until he came up to London, at the age of fifteen, as an errand-boy ; and now, for the first time in his life, he met with plenty of books, reading all that came in his way, from "Lloyd's Penny Times" to Cobbett's Works, "French without a Master," together with English, Roman, and Grecian history. A ravishing awakening ensued,—the delightful sense of growing knowledge,—the charm of new thought,—the wonders of a new world. "Till then," he says, "I had wondered why I lived at all,—whether

'It was not better not to be,
I was so full of misery.'

Now I began to think that the crown of all desire, and the sum of all existence, was to read and get knowledge. Read, read, read ! I used to read at all possible times, and in all possible places ; up in bed till two or three in the morning,—nothing daunted by once setting the bed on fire. Greatly indebted was I also to the bookstalls, where I have read a great deal, often folding a leaf in a book, and returning the next day to continue the subject ; but sometimes the book was gone, and then great was my grief ! When out of a situation, I have often gone without a meal to purchase a book. Until I fell in love, and began to rhyme as a matter of consequence, I never had the least predilection for poetry. In fact, I always eschewed it ; if I ever met with any, I instantly skipped it over, and passed on, as one does with the description of scenery, &c., in a novel. I always loved the birds and flowers, the woods and the stars ; I felt delight in being alone in a summer-wood, with song, like a spirit, in the trees, and the golden sun-bursts glinting through the verdurous roof ; and was conscious of a *mysterious creeping* of the blood, and tingling of the *nerves*, when standing alone in the starry midnight.

But until I began to rhyme, I cared nothing for written poetry. The first verses I ever made were upon 'Hope,' when I was utterly hopeless ; and after I had begun, I never ceased for about four years, at the end of which time I rushed into print."

But a new power was now working upon his nature, as might have been expected,—the power of opinion, as expressed in books, and in the discussions of his fellow-workers.

"As an errand-boy," he says, "I had, of course, many hardships to undergo, and to bear with much tyranny ; and that led me into reasoning upon men and things, the causes of misery, the anomalies of our societary state, politics, &c., and the circle of my being rapidly out-surged. New power came to me with all that I saw and thought and read. I studied political works,—such as Paine, Volney, Howitt, Louis Blanc, &c., which gave me another element to mould into my verse, though I am convinced that a poet must sacrifice much if he write party-political poetry. His politics must be above the pinnacle of party zeal ; the politics of eternal truth, right, and justice. He must not waste a life on what to-morrow may prove to have been merely the question of a day. The French Revolution of 1848 had the greatest effect on me of any circumstance connected with my own life up to that time. It was scarred and blood-burnt into the very core of my being.

But, meanwhile, he had been engaged in other literary work. Full of new thoughts, and bursting with aspirations for freedom, he started, in April, 1849, a cheap journal, written entirely by working-men, entitled, "The Spirit of Freedom:" it was full of fiery earnestness, and half of its contents were supplied by Gerald Massey himself, who acted as editor. It cost him five situations during a period of eleven months,—twice because he was detected *burning candle far into the night*, and three times because *of the tone of the opinions to which he gave utterance.*

The French Revolution of 1848 having, amongst its other issues, kindled the zeal of the working-men in this country in the cause of association, Gerald Massey eagerly joined them, and he has been recently instrumental in giving some impetus to that praiseworthy movement,—the object of which is to permanently elevate the condition of the producing classes, by advancing them to the status of capitalists as well as labourers.

A word or two as to Gerald Massey's recent poetry. Bear in mind that he is yet but a youth ;—at twenty-three a man can scarcely be said fairly to have entered his manhood ; and yet, if we except Robert Nicol, who died at twenty-four, we know of no English poet of his class who has done anything to compare with him. Some of his most beautiful pieces originally appeared in the columns of the "Leader." They give you the idea of a practised hand—one who has reached the full prime of his poetic manhood. Take, for instance, his "Lyrics of Love," so full of beauty and tenderness. Nor are his "Songs of Progress" less full of poetic power and beauty.

Gerald Massey is a teacher through the heart. He is familiar with the passions, and leans towards the tender and loving aspect of our nature. He takes after Burns more than after Wordsworth, Elliott rather than Thomson. He is but a young man, though he has crowded into his twenty-three years already the life of an old man. He has won his experience in the school of the poor, and nobly earned his title to speak to them as a man and a brother, dowered with "the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, the love of love."

*Extract from an Article written by Dr. Saml
Smiles, in "Eliza Cook's Journal," 1851.*

PREFACE TO THE THIRD EDITION

OF

BABE CHRISTABEL

I DO not think a volume of verse should need a Preface. But as my Book has reached a Third Edition, and as almost as much has been said about myself as about my Book, perhaps I may be excused, even by the Preface-hater, if I do take this opportunity of writing a few words. I have been considerably censured for the political opinions which it contains,—as I expected to be. Before printing, I was advised not to include the political pieces, as, it was urged, they would prove an obstacle to the success of my Poetry, and close the drawing-room door against me. And if I had looked on the success of my Book in a poetical light alone, I should not have printed the greater portion of the political verses. But that was not the sole point of view. Those verses do not adequately express what I think and feel now, since they were written some five or six years ago: yet they express what I thought and felt then, and what thousands beside me have thought and felt, and what thousands still think and feel. They were the outcome of a peculiar and marked experience. I printed the “Memoir,” so that they might be read in the light, or gloom, of that experience, and the Book contain its own excuse. They have not read me aright, who have not thus interpreted it. I have been blame

for the rebellious feelings to which the political pieces give utterance ; but they were perfectly natural under the circumstances. Indeed, I look upon those same rebellious feelings as my very deliverance from a fatal slough. There are conditions in which many of the poor exist, where humanity must be either rebel or slave. For the slave, degradation and moral death are certain ; but for the rebel there is always a chance of becoming conqueror ; and the force to resist is far better than the faculty to succumb.

It is not that I seek to sow dissension between class and class, or fling firebrands among the combustibles of society ; for when I smite the hearts of my fellows, I would rather they should gush with the healing waters of love, than with the fearful fires of hatred. I yearn to raise them into loveable beings. I would kindle in the hearts of the masses a sense of the beauty and grandeur of the universe, call forth the lineaments of Divinity in their poor worn faces, give them glimpses of the grace and glory of Love and the marvellous significance of Life, and elevate the standard of Humanity for all. But strange wrongs are daily done in the land, bitter feelings are felt, and wild words will be spoken. It was not for myself alone that I wrote these things : it was always the condition of others that so often made the mist rise up and cloud my vision. Nor was it for myself that I have uncurtained some scenes of my life to the public gaze, but as an illustration of the lives of others, who suffer and toil on, " die, and make no sign ;" and because one's own personal experience is of more value than that of others taken upon hearsay.

So I keep my political verses as memorials of my past, as one might keep some worn-out garment because he had passed through the furnace in it, nothing doubting that in the future they will often prove my *passport* to the hearts and homes of thousands of the *poor*, when the minstrel comes to their door with *something better* to bring them. They will know that I

have suffered their sufferings, wept their tears, thought their thoughts, and felt their feelings ; and they will trust me.

I have been congratulated by some correspondents on the uses of suffering, and the riches I have wrung from Poverty : as though it were a blessed thing to be born in the condition in which I was, and surrounded with untoward circumstances as I have been. My experience tells me that Poverty is inimical to the development of Humanity's noblest attributes. Poverty is a never-ceasing struggle for the means of living, and it makes one hard and selfish. To be sure, noble lives have been wrought out in the sternest poverty. Many such are being wrought out now, by the unknown heroes and martyrs of the Poor. I have known men and women in the very worst circumstances, to whom heroism seemed a heritage, and to be noble a natural way of living. But they were so in spite of their poverty, and not because of it. What they might have been if the world had done better by them, I cannot tell ; but if their minds had been enriched by culture, the world would have been the gainer. When Christ said, " Blessed are they who suffer," he did not speak of those who suffer from want and hunger, and who always see the Bastille looming up and blotting out the sky of their future. Such suffering brutalizes. True,—natures ripen and strengthen in suffering ; but it is that suffering which chastens and ennobles,—that which clears the spiritual sight,—not the anxiety lest work should fail, and the want of daily bread. The beauty of Suffering is not to be read in the face of Hunger.

Above all, Poverty is a cold place to write Poetry in. It is not attractive to poetical influences. The Muses do not like entertainment which is not fit for man or beast. Nor do the best fruits of Poetry ripen in the rain and shade and wind alone : they want sunshine, warmth, and the open sky. And should the heart of a poor man break into song, it is likely that

his poverty may turn into hailstones that which might have fallen on the world in fructifying rain. A poor man, fighting his battle of life, has little time for the rapture of repose which Poetry demands. He cannot take Poetry like a Bride to his heart and home, and devote a life to her service. He can only keep some innermost chamber of his heart sacred for her, from whence he gets occasional glimpses of her wondrous beauty, when he can steal away from the outward strife, like some child who has found a treasure, and steals aside to look on it in secret and alone, lest rude and importunate companions should snatch it from the possessor's hands. Considering all things, it may appear madness for a poor man to attempt Poetry in the face of the barriers that surround him. So many hearts have been broken, so many lives have been wasted, so many lions are in the way of the Gate Beautiful, and so many wrecks lie by the path! And so it is,—a diseased madness, or a divine one. If the disease, then there is no help for a man: if the divine then there is no hindrance for him.

Who would not pity the poor versifier at the outset of his career? But who would not also rejoice with him in the end, when the world crowns him a Poet with pæans of acclaim? And, in spite of all things, there will be poetry in the midst of poverty. Even as there is scarcely a space in the world so barren but some plot of natural richness will be running all to flowers,—some type of loveliness will be starting up from Earth's inner Sea of Beauty, even in waste and wilderness, on rock and ruin, in Alpine snows and sandy solitudes,—so is it with Poetry, the Flower of Humanity. It will continually be springing, in its own natural way, in the most bleak and barren by-ways of the world, as well as in the richest and most cultivated pastures. The winds of heaven, or the birds of God, will drop the seed, and the flower will follow, *even though sown amid the bushes and brambles of the obscurest hamlet, or in the crevices of the city*

pavement. Not that the wilderness, or the rock, or the snows are the fittest places to rear flowers of the most exquisite fragrance and beauty ; neither are Poverty and Penury, with their hell of torture, and daily wrestle with grim Death, the fittest soil to grow and perfect the flower of Poetry. The greatest original Genius can only develop itself according to the circumstances which environ it. It needs food to nourish it, and time and opportunity to unfold it. If it lack these, it must remain dwarfed and stunted, and perhaps wither and die.

Besides, it is not while the fight is raging, and the struggle is sore, that the Poet can sing. He must first do battle and overcome, climb from the stir and strife, and be able to watch from his mountain where he dwells apart. The fullest and rarest streams of Poetry only flow through a mind at peace. The mirror of the Poet's soul must be calm and clear : else it will give forth distorted reflections and false imaginings.

Had I known, when I began to write verses, what I know now, I think I should have been intimidated, and not have begun at all. So many and so glorious are the luminaries already up and shining, that one would pause before hoisting a rushlight. But I was ignorant of these things. And as I have begun, and conquered some preliminary difficulties,—as I have been sweated down to the proper jockey-weight at which I can ride Pegasus with little danger of spraining his wings,—and as a purpose has gradually and unconsciously grown upon me,—I dare say I shall go on, making the best of my limited materials, with the view of writing some songs that may become dear to the hearts of the people, cheering them in their sorrows, voicing their aspirations, lighting them on the way up which they are groping darkly after better things, and saluting their triumphs with hymns of victory !

I cannot conclude without thanking those Critics who have given me so generous a welcome. And I

would also thank those who have not spared my faults, or dwelt tenderly on my failings. They, also, have done me good, and I am grateful for it. Friendly praise is somewhat like a warm bath,—apt to enervate, especially if we stay in too long ; but friendly censure is like a cold bath, bracing and healthful, though we are always glad to get out of it. Some of the Critics have called me a “Poet ;” but that word is much too lightly spoken, much too freely bandied about. I know what a Poet is too well to fancy that I am one yet. It is a high standard that I set up myself, and I do not ask it to be lowered to reach my stature ; nor would I have the Poet’s awful crown diminished to mete my lesser brow. I may have that something within which kindles flame-like at the breath of Love, or mounts into song in the presence of Beauty ; but, alas ! mine is a “jarring lyre.”

I have only entered the lists, and inscribed my name : the race has yet to be run. Whether I shall run it, and win the Poet’s crown, or not, time alone will prove, and not the prediction of friend or foe. The crowns of Poetry are not in the keeping of Critics. At most they can only give us paper credit. There have been many who have given some sign of promise,—just set a rainbow of hope in the dark cloud of their life,—and never fulfilled their promise ; and the world has wondered why. But it might not have been matter of wonder if the world could have read what was written behind the cloud. Others, again, are songful in youth, like the nightingales in spring, who soon cease to sing, because they have to build nests, rear their young, and provide for them ; and so the songs grow silent,—the heart is full of cares, and the dreamer has no time to dream. I hope that my future holds some happier fate.

GERALD MASSEY.

April, 1854.

THE
BALLAD OF BABE CHRISTABEL.

THE
BALLAD OF BABE CHRISTABEL.

WHEN Danaë-Earth bares all her charms,
And gives the God her perfect flower,
Who, in the sunshine's golden shower,
Leaps warm into her amorous arms!

And all the kindled greenery glows,
While from her emeraldine sea
Spring rises up rejoicingly,
And life hath richest overflows:

When young Maids feel Love stir i' the blood,
And wanton with the kissing leaves
And branches, and the quick sap heaves,
And dances to a ripen'd flood;

Till, blown to its hidden heart with sighs,
Love's red rose burns in cheeks so dear,
And, as *sea-jewels* upward peer,
Love-thoughts melt through their swimming eyes:

When Beauty walks in bravest dress,
And, fed with April's mellow showers,
The earth laughs out with sweet May-flowers,
That flush for very happiness :

And Puck his web of wonder weaves
O' nights, and nooks of greening gloom
Are rich with violets that bloom
In the cool dark of dewy leaves :

When Rose-buds drink the fiery wine
Of Dawn, with crimson stains i' the mouth,
All thirstily as yearning Youth
From Love's hand drinks the draught divine ;

And honey'd plots are drowsed with Bees :
And Larks rain music by the shower,
While singing, singing hour by hour,
Song like a Spirit sits i' the Trees !

When fainting hearts forget their fears,
And in the poorest Life's salt cup
Some rare wine runs, and Hope builds up
Her rainbow over Memory's tears !

It fell upon a merry May morn,
I' the perfect prime of that sweet time
When daisies whiten, woodbines climb,—
The dear Babe Christabel was born.



ALL night the Stars bright watches kept,
Like Gods that look a golden calm ;
The Silence dropt its precious balm,
And the tired world serenely slept.

The birds were darkling in the nest, .
Or bosom'd in voluptuous trees :
On beds of flowers the happy breeze
Had kist its fill and sank to rest.

All night beneath the Cottage eaves,
A lonely light, with tremulous Arc,
Surged back a space the sea of dark,
And glanced among the glimmering leaves.

Without ! the quiet heavens above
The nest of life, did lean and brood !
Within ! the Mother's tears of blood
Wet the Gethsemane of her love !

And when the Morn with frolic zest,
Lookt through the curtains of the night,
There was a dearer dawn of light,
A tenderer life the Mother's prest !

A bliss to make the brain reel wild !
The Star new-kindled in the dark—
Life that had fluttered like a Lark—
Lay in her bosom a sweet Child !

How she had felt it drawing down
Her nesting heart more close and close—
Her rose-bud ripening to a Rose,
That she should one day see full-blown !

How she had throb'd with hopes and fears,
And strain'd her inner eyes till dim,
To see the coming glory swim
Through the rich mist of happy tears ;

For it, her woman's heart drank up,
And smiled at, Sorrow's darkest dole :
And now Delight's most dainty soul
Was crusht for her in one rich cup !

And then delicious languors crept,
Like nectar, on her pain's hot drouth,
And feeling fingers—kissing mouth—
Being faint with joy, the Mother slept.



BABE CHRISTABEL was royally born !
For when the earth was flusht with flowers,
And drencht with beauty in sun-showers,
She came through golden gates of Morn.

No chamber arras-pictured round,
Where sunbeams make a gorgeous gloom,
And touch its glories into bloom,
And footsteps fall withouten sound,

Was her Birth-place that merry May-morn ;
No gifts were heapt, no bells were rung,
No healths were drunk, no songs were sung
When dear Babe Christabel was born :

But Nature on the darling smiled,
And with her beauty's blessing crown'd:
Love brooded o'er the hallowed ground,
And there were Angels with the Child!

And May her kisses of love did blow
On amorous airs, that came to her
With gifts of Frankincense and Myrrh,
As came the Magi long ago

To worship Bethlehem's baby-King :
Spring-Birds made welcoming merriment,
And all the Flowers for welcome sent
The secret sweetness of the Spring.

In glancing light and shimmering shade,
With cheeks that toucht and ripelier burn'd,
May-Roses in at the lattice yearn'd
A-tiptoe, and Good Morrow bade.

No purple and fine linen might
Be hoarded up for her sweet sake :
But Mother's love shall clothe and make
The little wearer bravely dight !

Wide worlds of worship are their eyes,
Their loyal hearts are worlds of love,
Who fondly clasp the stranger Dove,
And read its news from Paradise.

Their looks praise God—souls sing for glee :
They think if this old world had toil'd
Through ages to bring forth their child,
It hath a glorious destiny.

O HAPPY Husband ! happy Wife !

The rarest blessing Heaven drops down,
The sweetest blossom in Spring's crown
Starts in the furrow of your life !

A towering human height ye win,
Who cry, " Lo my beloved Child !"
And, life on life sublimely piled,
Ye touch the heavens and peer within !

Look how a star of glory swims
Down aching silences of space,
Flushing the Darkness till its face
With beating heart of light o'erbrims !

So brightening came Babe Christabel,
To touch the earth with fresh romance,
And light a Mother's countenance
With looking on her miracle.

With hands so flower-like soft, and fair,
She caught at life, with words as sweet
As first spring violets, and feet
As faëry-light as feet of air.

The Father, down in Toil's mirk mine,
Turns to his wealthy world above,
Its radiance, and its home of love ;
Holds up his life like sun-struck wine.

The Mother moves with queenlier tread :
Proud swell the globes of ripe delight
Above her heart, so warm and white
A pillow for the baby-head !

Their natures deepen, well-like, clear,
Till God's eternal stars are seen,
For ever shining and serene,
By eyes anointed Beauty's seer.

A sense of glory all things took,—
The red Rose-Heart of Dawn would blow,
And Sundown's sumptuous pictures show
Babe Cherubs wearing their Babe's look !

And round their peerless one they clung,
Like bees about a flower's wine-cup ;
New thoughts and feelings blossom'd up,
And hearts for very fulness sung

Of what their budding Babe should grow,
When the Maid crimson'd into Wife,
And crown'd the summit of some life,
Like Phosphor, with morn on its brow !

And they should bless her for a Bride,
Who, like a splendid saint alit
In some heart's seventh heaven, should sit,
As now in theirs, all glorified !

But O ! 'twas all too white a brow
To flush with Passion that doth fire
With Hymen's torch its own death-pyre,—
So pure her heart was beating now !

And thus they built their Castles brave
In faëry lands of gorgeous cloud ;
They *never* saw a little white shroud,
Nor guess'd how flowers may mask the grave.

SHE grew a sweet and sinless Child,
In shine and shower,—calm and strife ;
A Rainbow on our dark of Life,
From Love's own radiant heaven down-smiled !

In lonely loveliness she grew,—
A shape all music, light, and love,
With startling looks, so eloquent of
The spirit coming into view.

At Childhood she could seldom play
With merry heart, whose flashes rise
Like splendour-winged butterflies
From honey'd hearts of flowers in May :

The fields in blossom flamed and flusht,
The Roses into crimson yearn'd,
With cloudy fire the wall-flowers burn'd,
And blood-red Sunsets bloom'd and blusht,—

And still her cheek was pale as pearl,—
It took no tint of Summer's wealth
Of colour, warmth, and wine of Health :—
Death's hand so whitely pressed the Girl !

No blush grew ripe to sun or kiss
Where violet-veins ran purple light,
So tenderly thro' Parian white,
They toucht you into tenderness.

A spirit look was in her face,
That shadow'd a miraculous range
Of meanings ever rich and strange,
Or lighten'd glory in the place.

Such mystic lore was in her eyes,
And light of other worlds than ours,
She lookt as she had gathered flowers,
With little maids of Paradise.

Her brow—fit home for daintiest dreams—
With such a dawn of light was crown'd,
And reeling ringlets shower'd round,
Like sunny sheaves of golden beams :

And she would talk so weirdly-wild,
And grow upon your wonderings,
As tho' her stature rose on wings !
And you forgot she was a Child.

Ah ! she was one of those who come
With pledgéd promise not to stay
Long, ere the Angels let them stray
To nestle down in earthly home :

And thro' the windows of her eyes,
We often saw her saintly soul,
Serene, and sad, and beautiful,
Go sorrowing for lost Paradise.

Our Lamb in mystic meadows play'd :
In some celestial sleep she walkt
Her dream of life, and low we talkt,
As of her waking heart-afraid.

In earth she took no lusty root,
Her beauty of promise to disclose,
And round into the Woman-Rose,
And climb into Life's crowning fruit.

She came—like music in the night
Floating as heaven in the brain,
A moment oped, and shut again,
And all is dark where all was light.

She came,—as comes the light of smiles
O'er earth, and every budding thing
Makes quick with beauty—alive with Spring;
Then goeth to Hesperian Isles.



MIDNIGHT was trancéd solemnly
Thinking of dawn: Her Star-thoughts burn'd!
The Trees like burden'd Prophets yearn'd,
Rapt in a wind of prophecy:

When, like the Night, the shadow of Woe
On all things laid its hand death-dark,
Our last hope went out as a spark,
And a cry smote heaven like a blow!

We sat and watcht by Life's dark stream,
Our love-lamp blown about the night,
With hearts that lived as lived its light,
And died as died its precious gleam.

In Death's face hers flasht up and smiled,
As smile the young flowers in their prime,
I' the face of their gray murderer Time,
And Death for true love kist our child.

She thought our good-night kiss was given,
And like a lily her life did close ;
Angels uncurtain'd that repose,
And the next waking dawn'd in heaven.



WITH her white hands claspt she sleepeth ; heart is
husht, and lips are cold ;
Death shrouds up her heaven of beauty, and a weary
way I go,
Like the sheep without a Shepherd on the wintry nor-
land wold,
With the face of Day shut out by blinding snow.

O'er its widow'd nest my heart sits moaning for its
youngling fled
From this world of wail and weeping, gone to join
her starry peers ;
And my light of life's o'ershadow'd where the dear one
lieth dead,
And I'm crying in the dark with many fears.

All last night-tide she seemed near me, like a lost be-
loved Bird,
Beating at the lattice louder than the sobbing wind
and rain ;
And I call'd across the night with tender name and
fondling word ;
And I yearn'd out thro' the darkness, all in vain.

Heart will plead, " Eyes cannot see her : they are blind
with tears of pain ;"

And it climbeth up and straineth for dear life to
look and hark

While I call her once again : but there cometh no
refrain,

And it droppeth down, and dieth in the dark.



IN this dim world of clouding cares,
We rarely know, till wildered eyes
See white wings lessening up the skies,
The Angels with us unawares.

And thou hast stolen a jewel, Death !
'Shall light thy dark up like a Star,
A Beacon kindling from afar
Our light of love, and fainting faith.

Thro' tears it streams perpetually,
And glitters thro' the thickest glooms,
Till the eternal morning comes
To light us o'er the Jasper Sea.

With our best branch in tenderest leaf,
We've strewn the way our Lord doth come ;
And, ready for the harvest-home,
His Reapers bind our ripest sheaf.

Our beautiful Bird of light hath fled :
 Awhile she sat with folded wings—
 Sang round us a few hoverings—
Then straightway into glory sped.

With sense of Motherhood new-found
 The white-winged Angels nurture her,
 High on the heavenly hills of myrrh,
And all Love's purple glory round.

Thro' Childhood's morning-land, serene
 She walkt betwixt us twain, like Love ;
 While, in a robe of light above,
Her better Angel walkt unseen,

Till Life's highway broke bleak and wild ;
 Then, lest her starry garments trail
 In mire, heart bleed, and courage fail,
The Angel's arms caught up the child.

Her wave of life hath backward roll'd
 To the great ocean ; on whose shore
 We wander up and down, to store
Some treasures of the times of old :

And aye we seek and hunger on
 For precious pearls and relics rare,
 Strewn on the sands for us to wear
At heart, for love of her that's gone.

O weep no more ! there yet is balm
 In Gilead ! Love doth ever shed
 Rich *healing* where it nestles,—spread
O'er desert pillows, some green Palm !

Strange glory streams thro' Life's wild rents,
And thro' the open door of Death
We see the heaven that beckoneth
To the beloved going hence.

God's ichor fills the hearts that bleed ;
The best fruit loads the broken bough ;
And in the wounds our sufferings plough,
Immortal Love sows sovereign seed.

SONGS FOR SINGING.

OLD ENGLAND.

THERE she sits in her Island-home,
 Peerless among her Peers !
 And Liberty oft to her arms doth come,
 To ease its poor heart of tears.
 Old England still throbs with the muffled fire
 Of a Past she can never forget :
 And again shall she banner the World up higher ;
 For there's life in the Old Land yet.

They would mock at her now, who of old lookt forth
 In their fear, as they heard her afar ;
 But loud will your wail be, O Kings of the Earth !
 When the Old Land goes down to the war.
 The Avalanche trembles, half-launched, and half-riven,
 Her voice will in motion set :
 O ring out the tidings, ye Winds of heaven !
 There's life in the Old Land yet.

The old nursing Mother's not hoary yet,
 There is sap in her Saxon tree ;—
 Lo ! she lifteth a bosom of glory yet,
 Thro' her mists, to the Sun and the Sea.
 Fair as the Queen of Love, fresh from the foam,
 Or a star in a dark cloud set ;
 Ye may blazon her shame,—ye may leap at her name,—
 But there's life in the Old Land yet.

Let the storm burst, it will find the Old Land
 Ready-ripe for a rough, red fray !
She will fight as she fought when she took her stand
 For the Right in the olden day.
Rouse the old royal soul, Europe's best hope
 Is her sword-edge by Victory set !
She shall dash Freedom's foes down Death's bloody
 slope ;
 For there's life in the Old Land yet.

LONG, LONG AGO.

OLD friend of mine, you were dear to my heart,
 Long, long ago, long ago.
 Little did we think of a time we should part,
 Long, long ago, long ago.
 Hand claspt in hand thro' the world we would go.
 Down our old untrodden path the wild weeds grow !
 Great was the love 'twixt us ; bitter was the smart :
 Old friend of mine long ago.

Patient watch I kept for you many, many a day,
 Long, long ago, long ago ;
 Waited and wept for you far, far away,
 Long, long ago, long ago.
 Merry came each May-tide, green leaves would start :
 Never came my old friend back to my heart.
 Lonely I went on my weary, weary way,
 Old friend of mine long ago.

Oft as I muse at the shadowy nightfall
 Over the dear Long Ago,
 Borne on tears arises the dark, dark pall,
 Fallen on my heart long ago.
 Love is not dead, tho' we wander apart ;
 How I could clasp you, old friend to my heart
 Barriers lie *between* us, but God knoweth all,
 Old friend of mine long ago.

THAT MERRY, MERRY MAY.

AH ! 'tis like a tale of olden
 Time, long, long ago ;
 When the world was in its golden
 Prime, and love was lord below !
 Every vein of Earth was dancing
 With the Spring's new wine !
 'Twas the pleasant time of flowers,
 When I met you, love of mine !
 Ah ! some spirit sure was straying
 Out of heaven that day,
 When I met you, Sweet ! a-Maying
 In that merry, merry May.

Little heart ! it shyly open'd
 Its red leaves' love-lore,
 Like a rose that must be ripen'd
 To the dainty, dainty core.
 But its beauties daily brighten,
 And it blooms so dear,—
 Tho' a many Winters whiten,
 I go Maying all the year.
 And my proud heart will be praying
 Blessings on the day,
 When I met you, Sweet ! a-Maying,
In that merry, merry May.





THAT MERRY MERRY MAY.

" When I met you, sweet ! a-Maying,
In that merry merry May." —P. 22.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

HIGH hopes that burn'd like Stars sublime,
 Go down i' the Heavens of Freedom ;
 And true hearts perish in the time
 We bitterliest need 'em !
 But never sit we down and say
 There's nothing left but sorrow :
 We walk the Wilderness To-day,
 The Promised Land To-morrow.

Our birds of song are silent now,
 There are no flowers blooming !
 Yet life is in the frozen bough,
 And Freedom's Spring is coming !
 And Freedom's tide comes up alway,
 Tho' we may strand in sorrow :
 And our good Bark, a-ground To day,
 Shall float again To-morrow.

Thro' all the long, dark night of years
 The People's cry ascendeth,
 And Earth is wet with blood and tears ;
 But our meek sufferance endeth !
 The Few shall not for ever sway,
 The Many moil in sorrow :
 The Powers of Hell are strong To-day,
But Christ shall rise To-morrow.

Tho' hearts brood o'er the Past, our eyes
With smiling Futures glisten !
For, lo ! our day bursts up the skies :
Lean out your souls and listen !
The world rolls Freedom's radiant way,
And ripens with her sorrow :
Keep heart ! who bear the Cross To-day,
Shall wear the Crown To-morrow.

O Youth ! flame-earnest, still aspire,
With energies immortal !
To many a heaven of Desire,
Our yearning opes a portal !
And tho' Age wearies by the way,
And hearts break in the furrow,
We'll sow the golden grain To-day,—
The Harvest comes To-morrow.

Build up heroic lives, and all
Be like a sheathen sabre,
Ready to flash out at God's call,
O Chivalry of Labour !
Triumph and Toil are twins : and aye
Joy suns the cloud of Sorrow ;
And 'tis the martyrdom To-day,
Brings victory To-morrow.

THE KINGLIEST KINGS.

Ho ! ye who in a noble work
 Win scorn, as flames draw air,
 And in the way where Lions lurk,
 God's image bravely bear ;
 Tho' trouble-tried and torture-torn,
 The kingliest Kings are crown'd with thorn.

Life's glory, like the bow in heaven,
 Still springeth from the cloud ;
 Soul ne'er out-soar'd the starry Seven,
 But Pain's fire-chariot rode.
 They've battled best who've boldliest borne,
 The kingliest Kings are crown'd with thorn.

The Martyr's fire-crown on the brow
 Doth into glory burn ;
 And tears that from Love's torn heart flow,
 To pearls of spirit turn.
 Our dearest hopes in pangs are born,
 The kingliest Kings are crown'd with thorn.

As beauty in Death's cerement shrouds,
 And Stars bejewel Night,
 God-splendours live in dim heart-clouds,
 And suffering worketh might.
 The *mirkest hour* is mother o' Morn,
 The *kingliest Kings* are crown'd with thorn.

A LOVER'S FANCY.

SWEET Heaven! I do love a maiden,
 Radiant, rare, and beauty-laden :
 When she's near me, heaven is round me,
 Her dear presence doth so bound me!
 I could wring my heart of gladness,
 Might it free her lot of sadness!
 Give the world, and all that's in it,
 Just to press her hand a minute!
 Yet she weeteth not I love her ;
 Never dare I tell the sweet
 Tale, but to the stars above her,
 And the flowers that kiss her feet.

O! to live and linger near her,
 And in tearful moments cheer her!
 I could be a Bird to lighten
 Her dear heart,—her sweet eyes brighten :
 Or in fragrance, like a blossom,
 Give my life up on her bosom!
 For my love's withouten measure,
 All its pangs are sweetest pleasure :
 Yet she weeteth not I love her ;
 Never dare I tell the sweet
 Tale, but to the stars above her,
 And the flowers that kiss her feet.

THE CHIVALRY OF LABOUR.

UPROUSE ye now, brave brother-band,
 With honest heart, and working hand :
 We are but few, toil-tried, and true,
 Yet hearts beat high to dare and do :
 And who would not a champion be
 In Labour's lordlier Chivalry ?

We fight ! but bear no bloody brand,
 We fight to free our Fatherland :
 We fight that smiles of love may glow
 On lips where curses quiver now !
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! true Knights are we
 In Labour's lordlier Chivalry.

O ! there be hearts that ache to see
 The day-dawn of our victory :
 Eyes full of heart-break with us plead,
 And Watchers weep, and Martyrs bleed :
 O ! who would not a Champion be
 In Labour's lordlier Chivalry ?

Work, Brothers mine ; work, hand and brain :
 We'll win the Golden Age again :
 And Love's Millennial morn shall rise
 In happy hearts, and blessed eyes.
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! true Knights are we
In Labour's lordlier Chivalry.

O LAY THY HAND IN MINE, DEAR!

O LAY thy hand in mine, dear!
 We're growing old, we're growing old;
 But Time hath brought no sign, dear,
 That hearts grow cold, that hearts grow cold.
 'Tis long, long since our new love
 Made life divine, made life divine;
 But age enricheth true love,
 Like noble wine, like noble wine.

And lay thy cheek to mine, dear,
 And take thy rest, and take thy rest;
 Mine arms around thee twine, dear,
 And make thy nest, and make thy nest.
 A many cares are pressing
 On this dear head, on this dear head;
 But Sorrow's hands in blessing
 Are surely laid, are surely laid.

O lean thy life on mine, dear!
 'Twill shelter thee, 'twill shelter thee.
 Thou wert a winsome vine, dear,
 On my young tree, on my young tree:
 And so, till boughs are leafless,
 And Song-birds flown, and Song-birds flown,
We'll twine, then lay us, griefless,
Together down, together down.

SONG.

METHOUGHT to bear her branches crowned
 With fruit, my virgin vine :
Another fills her arms ; around
 Another life they twine !
 So I lost the day,
 And all the night I wake,—
 Bird-like singing sad sorrow away,
 Until my heart shall break.

While others gleaned Life's field for gold,
 With Flowers I made a crown :
Till, looking up alone, behold,
 The deepening night came down !
 So I lost the day,
 And all the night I wake,—
 Bird-like singing sad sorrow away,
 Until my heart shall break.

Poor me ! I clasped a reed, and missed
 My sweetest *Syrinx* fled !
 Poor me ! my tenderest music's kist
 From lips of dear love dead.
 I have lost the day,
 And all the night I wake,—
 Bird-like *singing* sad sorrow away,
Until my heart shall break.

LOVE'S FAIRY-RING.

WHILE Titans war with social Jove,
 My own sweet Wife and I,
 We make Elysium in our love,
 And let the world go by !
 O never hearts beat half so light
 With crowned Queen or King !
 O never world was half so bright
 As is our fairy-ring,
 Dear love !
 Our hallowed fairy-ring.

Our world of empire is not large,
 But priceless wealth it holds ;
 A little heaven links marge to marge,
 But what rich realms it folds !
 And clasping all from outer strife
 Sits Love with folden wing,
 A-brood o'er dearer life-in-life,
 Within our fairy ring,
 Dear love !
 Our hallowed fairy-ring.

Thou leanest thy true heart on mine,
 And bravely bearest up !
*Aye mingling Love's most precious wine
 In Life's most bitter cup !*

And evermore the circling hours
New gifts of glory bring ;
We live and love like happy flowers,
All in our fairy-ring,

Dear love !
Our hallowed fairy ring.

We've known a many sorrows, Sweet !
We've wept a many tears,
And often trod with trembling feet
Our pilgrimage of years.
But when our sky grew dark and wild,
All closelier did we cling :
Clouds broke to beauty as you smiled,
Peace crown'd our fairy-ring,

Dear love !
Our hallowed fairy-ring.

Away, you foes of heart and home ;
Away, O Hate, and Strife !
Hence, revellers, reeling drunken from
Your feast of human life !
Heaven shield our little Goshen round,
From ills that with them spring,
And never be their footprints found
Within our fairy-ring,

Dear love !
Our hallowed fairy-ring.

But, come ye who the Truth dare own,
Or work in Love's dear name ;
Come all *who* wear the Martyr's crown—
The Mystic's robe of flame !

Sweet souls a Christless world doth doom
Like Birds made blind to sing !
For such we'll aye make welcome room
Within our fairy-ring,
Dear love !
Our hallowed fairy-ring.

THERE'S NO DEARTH OF KINDNESS.

THERE's no dearth of kindness
 In this world of ours ;
 Only in our blindness
 We gather thorns for flowers !
 Outward, we are spurning—
 Trampling one another !
 While we are inly yearning
 At the name of " Brother !"

There's no dearth of kindness
 Or love among mankind,
 But in darkling loneliness
 Hooded hearts grow blind !
 Full of kindness tingling,
 Soul is shut from soul,
 When they might be mingling
 In one kindred whole !

There's no dearth of kindness,
 Tho' it be unspoken ;
 From the heart it sendeth
 Smiles of heaven in token
 That there be none so lowly,
 But have some angel-touch :
 Yet, *nursing* loves unholy,
We live for self too much !

As the wild-rose bloweth,
As runs the happy river,
Kindness freely floweth
In the heart for ever.
But if men will hanker
Ever for golden dust,
Best of hearts will canker,
Brightest spirits rust.

There's no dearth of kindness
In this world of ours ;
Only in our blindness
We gather thorns for flowers !
O cherish God's best giving,
Falling from above !
Life were not worth living,
Were it not for Love.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING-RING.

With a white hand like a lady,
 And a heart as merry as Spring,
 I am ripe and I am ready
 For a golden wedding-ring ;
 Heigho, for a wedding-ring.

This old world is scarce worth seeing,
 Till Love wave his purple wing
 And we gauge the bliss of being,
 Thro' a golden wedding-ring ;
 Heigho, for a wedding-ring.

Would you draw far Eden nearer,
 And to earth the Angels bring ;
 You must seek the magic mirror
 Of a golden wedding-ring ;
 Heigho, for a wedding-ring.

As the earth with sea is bounded,
 And the winter-world with spring,
 So a Maiden's life is rounded
With a golden wedding-ring ;
Heigho, for a wedding-ring.

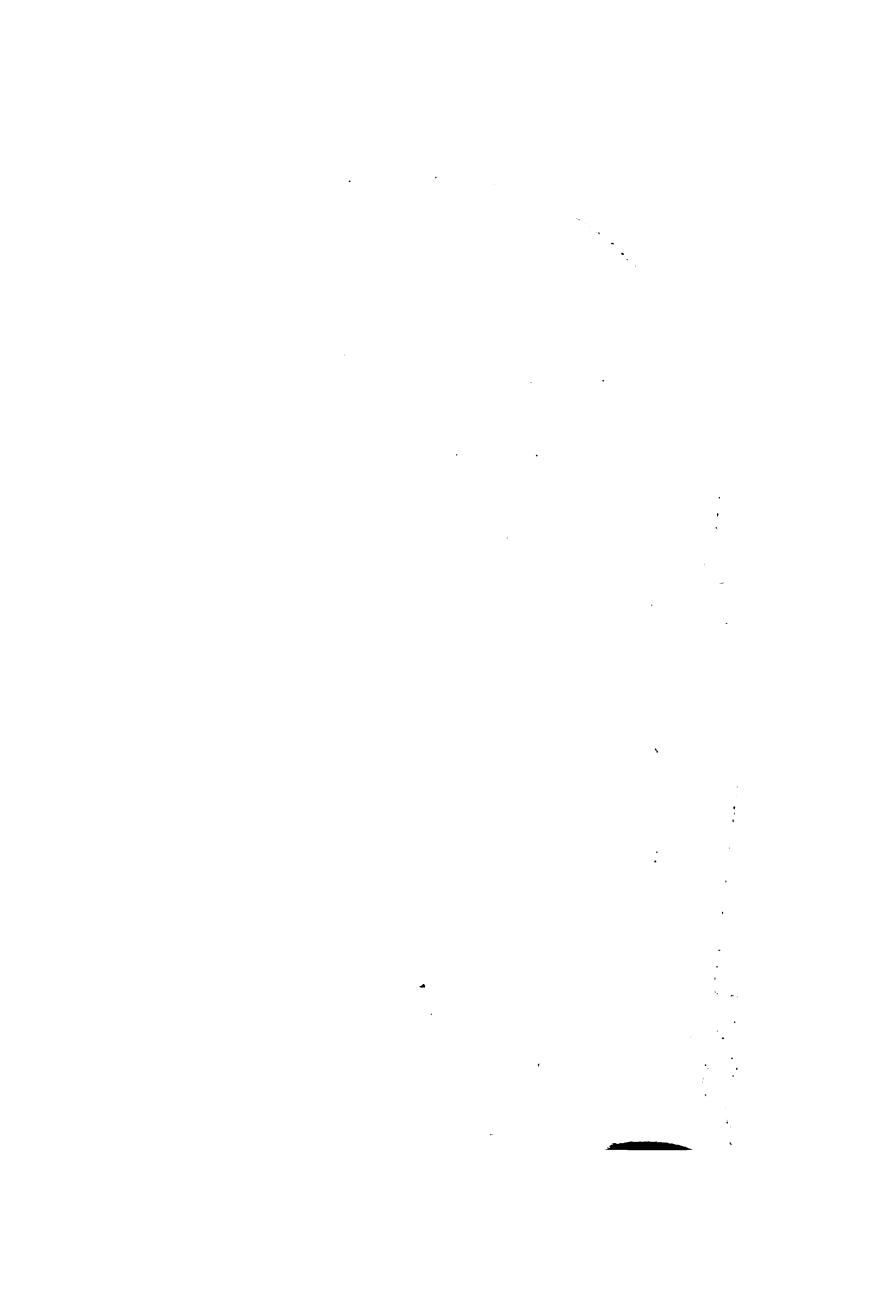
I have known full many a Maiden,
Like a white rose withering,
Into a fresh ripe beauty redden
Thro' a golden wedding-ring ;
Heigho, for a wedding-ring.

As the crescent Moon rings golden,
Her full glory perfecting,
Womanly beauty is unfolden
In a golden wedding-ring ;
Heigho, for a wedding-ring.

Fainting spirits oft grow fearless,
Sighing hearts will soar and sing,
Tearful eyes will laugh out tearless,
Thro' a golden wedding-ring ;
Heigho, for a wedding-ring.

There's no jewel so worth wearing,
That a Lover's hands may bring,—
There's no treasure worth comparing
With a golden wedding-ring ;
Heigho, for a wedding-ring.

Ah ! when hearts are wildly beating,
And when arms all glowing cling,
Think, Love's circle wants completing
With a golden wedding-ring ;
Heigho, for a wedding-ring.





NO JEWELLED BEAUTY IS MY LOVE.

"No Jewelled Beauty is my Love,
Yet in her earnest face
There's such a world of tenderness,
She needs no other grace."—P. 37.

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NO JEWELLED BEAUTY IS MY LOVE.

No jewell'd Beauty is my Love,
 Yet in her earnest face
 There's such a world of tenderness,
 She needs no other grace.
 Her smiles, and voice, around my life
 In light and music twine,
 And dear, O very dear to me,
 Is this sweet Love of mine.

O joy ! to know there's one fond heart
 Beats ever true to me !
 It sets mine leaping like a lyre,
 In sweetest melody :
 My soul up-springs, a Deity !
 To hear her voice divine ;
 And dear, O very dear to me,
 Is this sweet Love of mine.

If ever I have sigh'd for wealth,
 'Twas all for her, I trow ;
 And if I win Fame's victor-wreath,
 I'll twine it on her brow.
 There may be forms more beautiful,
 And souls of sunnier shine,
 But none, O none, so dear to me,
 As *this* sweet Love of mine.

NOW AND THEN.

O LOVE will make the leal heart ache
That never ached before ;
And meek or merry eyes 'twill make
With solemn tears run o'er.
In tears we parted tenderly,
My Love and I langsyne ;
And evermore she vowed to be
Mine own, aye mine, all mine !

Sing O the tree is blossoming,
While the worm is at the root ;
And many a darling flower of Spring
Will never come to fruit.
We meet now in the streets of life ;
All gone, the old sweet charms ;
At my side leans a loving Wife ;
She—passes Babe-in-arms.

TO

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

LIKE leaves from Autumn's bough, Old Friend,
 Our ripest hopes depart ;
 There's little left us now, Old Friend,
 To cheer the Patriot's heart.
 The Altars where we knelt, Old Friend,
 Grow desolate and cold,
 And faint is the faith we felt, Old Friend,
 I' the valiant days of old.

In bloody shrouds they sleep, Old Friend,
 Who could not live as slaves :
 The living only weep, Old Friend,
 Above their Martyrs' graves !
 Freedom hath many a wound, Old Friend,
 And, ring'd by hounds of hell,
 She wraps her purple round, Old Friend,
 To fall as Cæsar fell.

The men of blood prevail, Old Friend,
 And, stricken in the night,
 The people's weeping wail, Old Friend,
 Goes praying for the light.
 And yet their day shall come, Old Friend,
 Though we may never hear
 The shouts of Harvest-home, Old Friend,
 Nor see the golden year.

BRIDAL SONG.

GAILY the Sun woos the Spring for his Bride,
 With kisses all warm and golden ;
 Till the life at her heart she no longer may hide,
 And the wealth of her love is unfolden.

The wrinkled old Sea sidles up the sands,
 And lavishes kisses in showers
 On the Earth, till the Gray-beard's young darli
 stands
 All dress'd in her bridal flowers !

With kisses, sweet kisses, the mellow Rains start
 The virgin flowers a-blossom,
 And ripen their beauty till fragrant lips part,
 And Love's jewel gleams rich in their bosom.

Faint with love wingeth the wantoning Wind,
 And yearns as its heart were a-breaking,
 And kisses, sweet kisses, till buds be untwined,
 And the young leaves all are awaking.

And there's nothing so dainty-sweet in life
 As to kiss the maid glowing and tender,
Till the heart of the Wife giveth up in the strife,
Full-flowering in Love's splendour.

A MAIDEN'S SONG.

I LOVE ! and Love hath given me
Sweet thoughts to heaven akin,
And oped a living Paradise
My heart of hearts within :
O from this Eden of my life
God keep the Serpent Sin !

I love ! and into Angel-land
With starry glimpses peer !
I drink in beauty like heaven-wine,
When One is smiling near !
And there's a Rainbow round my soul
For every falling tear.

Dear God in heaven ! keep without stain
My bosom's brooding Dove :
O clothe it meet for angel-arms,
And give it place above !
For there is nothing from the world
I yearn to take, but Love.

CRAIGCROOK ROSES.

CRAIGCROOK Roses ! ruby, golden,
 Glowing gorgeous ; faint with passion ;
 To the sweet flower-soul unfolden :
 Wreathe me in the old Greek fashion.
 Queen of sweetness, crowned with splendour.
 Every rich round bud uncloses ;
 Yet so meek and womanly tender
 Are you royal Craigcrook Roses,
 Warm and winy Craigcrook Roses.

Leaning with some unknown yearning,
 You would make a lover sin, you
 Pretty wooers, archly turning
 As you climb to make us win you.
 Ripe perfection of fair fulness
 In your gracious bloom reposes ;
 And an emerald bower for coolness,
 Summer builds my Craigcrook Roses,
 Amorous-dreaming Craigcrook Roses.

When the year is old and hoary,
 And the day is dark with dolours ;
Still you come, my guests of glory,
In voluptuous dance of colours.

And—tho' Earth like Age is toiling
In the snowdrifts—perfumed posies
Kiss me, crown my spirit smiling
Down a dream of Craigcrook Roses,
Dear, delicious Craigcrook Roses.

Fairest 'mong Light's daughters seven,
With your dainty dreamy graces ;
You might light with loving leaven
Smiles of spring in wintriest faces.
At the solemn shut of daylight,
When the fair life-vision closes ;
May my spirit float away light
On a cloud of Craigerook Roses,
Cooled and crowned with Craigerook Roses.

THE SINGER.

UP out of the Corn the Lark caroll'd in light,
 Like a new splendour sprung from the dark husk of
 Night,
 Green light shimmer'd laughing o'er forest and sod ;
 The rich sky was full of the presence of God,
 As with brave careless rapture he lavisht around
 Rare violet fancies and rose-leaves of sound :
 All thro' the Morn's sun-city sea-like his psalm
 With melodious waves dasht the bright world of calm :
 BUT HEAVILY HUNG THE DROOPT EARS OF THE CORN :
 THEY WERE GATHERING GOLD IN THE DEWY MORN.

And he sang, as on heaven's fire-grains he had fed,
 Till his heart's merry wine had made drunken his head.
 How he sang ! as his honey in Life's cells ne'er
 dwindled,
 And bonfires of Joy on all Life's hills were kindled :
 He sang, as he felt that to singing was given
 The magic to build rainbow-stairways to heaven !
 And he could not have sung with more lusty cheer,
 Had all the world listened a-tiptoe to hear !
 ALL THE WHILE HEAVILY HUNG THE CORN,
ITS DROWSY EARS HEARD NOT THE SWEETHEART OF
 MORN.

ONLY A DREAM.

ONLY A DREAM.

THE silvery veil of Sleep came trembling down
 Like sweet snow white and warm in silent-world,
 And softly covered up the face of life.
 The nurse-like Spirit laid my body to rest,
 And went to meet her Bridegroom in the night,
 Who comes like music o'er the star-shored sea,
 And clasps her at the portal with a kiss.
 When lo, a hand reacht thro' the dark, and drew
 Her gliding wraith-like on, and looking up
 The unfeatured gloom grew into Charmian's face.
 I read her look, and we two wandered forth
 In the cool glory of the glimmering night :
 The Earth lay faint with love at the feet of Heaven :
 Her breath of incense went up thro' the leaves
 In a low sough of bliss. Warm winds on tiptoe
 Walkt over the tall tree-tops. Above us burned
 The golden legends on Night's prophet-brow ;
 The Moon rose o'er the city, a glory of gold ;
 Around us Life rehearst Death's mystery,
 And Charmian wore her June-like loveliness
 As in a stole of sorrow ; by day she moved
 In some serene elysium ; queenly sweet,
 And gracious ; breathing beauty ; a heaven of dreams
 In her large *lotus* eyes, darkly divine :
Warm-wingéd ardours plumed her parted lips.

But now her blooming Life's luxuriant flower
Seemed withered into ashen dead-sea fruit,
And like a spirit flasht her white, lit face !
Portentous things which hid themselves by day,
Sweet-shadowed 'neath her sunning beauty-bloom,
Came peering thro' the dim and sorrowy night.
Her lips, red-ripe to crush their fire-strong wine,
Pouting persuasive in perpetual kiss,
Were thin with anguish, bitter with pale pain.
And from the windows whence young Beauty laught
As Age went by, a life of suffering lookt,
And perisht visions flasht their phantom light.
White waves of sea-like soul had climbed, and dasht
The red light from its heaven of her cheek.
Her bounteous breast that breathed magnificence,
And billowed with proud blood, sighed meekly now.
The flowers her Spartan spirit crowned her with
For the life-battle, dropt about her dead.
Diaphanous in the moonlight grew her life
With all its written agony visible ;
Down the dark deep of her great grief I stared,
And saw the Wreck with all its dead around.
And my heart melted in its mournfulness ;
She moaned, as hers were breaking in its pain ;
And then her voice vibrated piteous as
A Spirit wailing in a world of tears,
But stifled half its pathos not to hurt.

" Earth sleepeth in the moonlight's mystic grace,
The breath of blessings round her ; and all heaven
Is passing thro' her dream ; it trembles near ;
She feels the Seraph-kisses on her face ;
But she will wake at morn in tears to find

The glory gone—all was a dream o' the night.
And thus my young Life slumbered, dreamed, and
woke !

“ It ran in shadow like the woodland brook,
Feeling its way, with yearnings for the light,
Until it surges flashing in the sun,
And takes a crown of radiance on its head.
Even so I found him whom my soul had sought,
And fled into his breast with a cry of triumph,
Who lit up all things beautiful for me.
And thro' my happy tears there lookt in mine
A face as sweet as morning violets,
A face alight with love ineffable,
The starry heart-hid wonder trembling through :
And o'er me leaned,—as Spring-heaven over earth,
Dropping her love down in a rain of flowers,—
To feed me with all flowers of delight,
And crown me as his queen of all delight.
Light hung a garland grace about his brow ;
His voice, like footprints in the yielding snow,
Sank deepest with its softest fall of words.
He gave the casket of his happiness
Rich with Love's jewel for my hands to keep.
Around his stalwart beauty twined my life,
In golden oneness, and in proud repose ;
And like a God he claspt me with his strength !
And like a God he held me in his heaven ;
And all the air was golden with my God.

“ Alas, that Woman's life divorced from Man's,
And seeking to be one again in love,
So often flies back thro' the grim wide wound !

Alas, that Time should crown with fruit of pain,
That seed from Eden whose fair flower is love !
They tore me from my Love ! they thrust him forth,
Spurned his rich love, and scorned his poverty ;
Rent all the twining tendrils of my life
To shrink back bleeding in their desolate home.
My heart was shivered like the charmed cup
That, breaking, brings the Hall in ruins round ;
And every fragment mirrored the great wrong !

“ And while my mind yet wandered dark and dumb,
They sold me to a Worldling wrinkled, rich
And rotten, who bought Love's sweet name for gold.
They drest me in bride-flowers who should have worn
The white and wimpled weeds of widowhood,
And led me forth, a jewelled mockery !
'Twas like a wedding with the sheeted dead,
In silent hurry, and white ghastliness.
No bosoms beat Love's cymbals music-match ;
No blisses blusht, no bridal-kisses burned.
The ring was on my hand, few saw the chain
By which my Husband drew me to his home,
And many envied me my happiness.
That night as we sat alone I felt his eyes
Burningly brand me to the core, his Slave.

“ I dwelt amid a wildering world of wealth,
Which flamed a glistening glory, bloomed a warmth
Without, within was cold as a fireless hearth.
The Image of Nuptial Love to which they led me
A maiden sacrifice i' the Sanctuary,
That should have raised me, smiled my tears away,
And into quickness all my coldness kist,

And fed with precious oil the lamp of love
That in my heart, as in a tomb, burned on,
Was a gaunt Skeleton whose grave-like arms
Claspt me for ever to a loveless breast.

“ He was a cruel Tyrant, just too mean
To murder, altho’ pitiless as the grave ;
A human ink-fish spreading clouds around
When eyes of tender ruth might come too near.
He had a thin-lipt lust of power which lookt
On torture in no rage of fiery blood,
But with infernal light of his cold eyes.
And yet I strove to love him. O my God !
While reaching from the heights of blessedness,
To pluck the rainbow-fruit Heaven held to me,
How had I fallen into a chasm that closed
Its dark inevitable arms, and crusht
Me, bruised and blind ! I struck, and struck, and
beat

With bleeding strength, in vain. A hundred hands
Fought in the gloom with mine as water weak.
At every step there stirred some hissing snake.
I felt as one that’s bound, and buried alive ;
The black, dank death-mould stamp’d down over-head,
And cried, and cried, and cried, but no help came.

“ I heard the sounds above me far away ;
The feet of hurrying Life, and loitering Love ;
Rich bursts of music, hum of low, sweet talk ;
The dance of Pleasure dancing in her heaven,
And rustling rain of a thousand dear delights.
I knew the pictured world was lighted up,
And bloomed, a bridal-chamber, soft and warm ;
How sang the merry, merry birds of bliss ;

How Beauty's flower-guests stood crowned and drank
The health of Heaven in its own brave wine.
But not a crumb of all the glad life-feast,
Nor drop of all the wanton wealth for me,
And if I stretcht weak arms to clasp my world,
A wormy mouth to my wild warmth was prest,
And if I turned to lift a prayer to God,
Above me burned two eyes like bottomless pits
In which a nest of devils lurk and leer.
And down my night there stoopt no smiling heaven,
With golden chances of a starry throne,
And beckoning looks that bid us come be crowned.

" Around me rose the phantoms of the dark,
The Grave's Somnambules troubled in their dream,
Who walk and wander in the sleep of Death,
And cannot rest, they were so wronged in life.
The crownless Martyrs of the marriage-ring !
Meek sufferers who walkt in living hell,
And died a life of spiritual suttee.
They came to claim their kin in misery,
And show me, as they passed in shadowy train,
Their symbols of unutterable woe,—
Scarred loves that bore the rack and told no tales ;
Tear-drownéd hearts and stifled agonies :
The bleeding lips struck dumb by brutal hands ;
Slow murders of the curtained bridal-bed ;
The silent tortures and the shrouded deaths.

" I wandered with them in the pitiless night
Who seek the jewel fallen from Life's crown ;
Of stumbl'g, bled upon the cruel thorns,
But rose, and struggled on. I strained mine eyes

Upon the dark, and raised mine empty cup ;
Surely with one gold drop of honey-dew,
Somewhere the heavens ran o'er t' enrich my life ?

“ Then came to me a thing most sweet and strange,
As tho' an angel kist me in the night,
Or Magic Rose flusht sudden in the gloom.
A loosening charm wrought in my brain ; the weight
That ached to be dasht out in utter death,
Was melting like a wintry clod in flowers.
In love's dead ashes burst a spark. I cried,
' O sweet light-bringer, in a bloom of dawn
Rise, let me see what treasure I have found !
My rich, warm jewel, crimson with sweet life,
Come shiue where now I cross but empty palms,
And clasp the new love-raiment warmly round.
My little Bird shall hurry out the night,
Till all my world is toucht with rosy gold :
My little Bird of God shall sit and sing
The dear day long, the dearer for the dark !

“ ‘ If thou rise beautiful from Sorrow's sea,
As Venice, Sorrow's Child, is Beauty's Queen,
Perchance thy little smiles, my Babe, may bring
Some human softness in his face, and I
Shall press the hand that hurts, for thy dear sake.
And I shall walk with thee, my Child, with thee,
Beneath new heavens, on an enchanted earth.
When I enfold thee in my arms, sweet Babe,
My heart will scarcely breathe lest it should wake
The sleeping wings of its new-nestling bliss.
When thou art born, my Child, all will be well ;
*For surely Love but vanisht in the dark
To come back in the morning with my Babe ;*

And all the sweetness liveth on when all
The bitterness is past ; and eyes that yearn
Wet thro' the gloom are glorified at last.
Soft baby-fingers feeling round my heart
Shall melt its frost ; and baby-lips shall draw
My tears in milk, and suck my sorrows dry.
All hell may wrestle in one human heart ;
All heaven will nestle in my drop of dew.'

"It came, my dazzling dawn's re-orient hope !
My tiny babe, with its sweet mournful eyes !
And the pale innocent but fanned his hate
To frenzy ; for, in many a desolate day,
And midnight, lying with my heart awake,
I had turned tearfully to look upon
A precious picture worn by Memory,
And in its beauteous image grew my Babe :
Its luminous look had gathered all the light
That lost beloved Presence left with me.

"He poured his poison in the brimming glass
My babe-joy-bearer lifted to my lips,
And dasht the new love-vintage in the dust.
I ran the gauntlet of his hell for years,
And fell down on the threshold mad. My Child !
They took my Babe from me, my pleading Babe ;
And when the pretty one pined for me, and cried,
Straining his dim eyes for me till he died ;
They called the Mother in to see her child
That lay there in the little shroud with all
Its beauty folded up for God in heaven :
Dead ! dead ! its dear eyes closed by stranger hands.

"Much misery hath not made my spirit meek :
Mine agony rends the bridal-veil : I cry,
Come see what ghastly wounds bleed hidden here !
Behold where all the Tortures of the Past
Are stored by Law, and sanctified for use.
I drag my burthen to a nation's throne,
And pray deliverance from this Tyrant's power.
Pity me, all good people, as ye sit
Within the happy circle of sweet marriage,
Loving and loved, glorying and glorified ;
Whose love makes life so dear, that when ye die
And sit on heavenlier heights, your eyes will search
To find the garden where Love's fruitage grew ;
The nest from whence your pretty nurslings flew ;
Our old World smiling thro' its cloudy fold,
And love it for the marriage love of old."

She ceased, and from afar methought there came
Across the night an echo sad and low,
Love answering love, heart crying unto heart.

"IN the merry spring-tide when green buds start,
Wings break from the husk of care,
And the dead beauty blossoms again in my heart,
As I dream of the things that were ;
The buried Past lifts up a radiant brow ;
A phantom-bark touches life's shore ;
And it floats me far from the sorrowful Now,
Into Love's happy Nevermore.

"She rises before me, that Darling of mine,
Whom I lost in the world so wide ;
O come to me, come to me, let thine arms twine
About me, my life ! my Bride !

Ah me ! I am breaking my heart to see
But the Image enshrined at its core ;
Yet Memory's sighs bring a balm to me,
Out of Love's happy Nevermore.

" How I poured all my life in a beaker of bliss
For her ! how I held the cup,
As the leaves, though the wanton winds will kiss,
Their tremulous dew's hold up !
And my mind it walkt in a raiment white,
Where starry thoughts reared a dome ;
And the feast was spread, and the chamber alight
For the guest that never came home.

" Lovely she was as the lily is white,
When the beauty of morn it wears :
Pure she was as the perfect light
That haloeth happy tears.
Hearts straightway rose from the shadow and cloud,
Where the light of her presence kist ;
Yet over the might of the proudest she rode,
Like Music, as she list.

" Love, rosy clear, in her cheek's faint dyes,
Its first sweet bloom just took ;
Love came trembling up in her eyes,
As the stars in a happy brook :
Dear eyes ! they were dreams of heaven, with a dance
Of light in their deep rich gloom ;
Whence the smiling heart lookt like the golden glance
From the pansy's purple bloom.

" O Darling of mine ! does she ever think
Of the old-time thoughts and things ?
O Darling of mine ! does she come to drink
At these wormwood spirit-springs ?
For I sometimes dream as I bend above,
That the touch of her lip clings there,
*And the fading balm of her breath of love
Is eloquent in the air.*

“If we met unaware, just to ease her heart’s pain
Would she fall on my bosom and sob ?
Or would old memories glide thro’ her brain
With never an added throb ?
Is her pillow wet in the dead night-hours ?
When the heat of the day is o’er,
Will she turn, like me, for a handful of flowers,
Into Love’s happy Nevermore ?

“O there is no heart that loves on earth
But may live to be loved again :
Some other heart hath the same dear birth,
And aches with the same sweet pain.
And Love may yet come with a golden ray
Shall lighten my life’s despair :
But Love hath no second shaft can slay
The first love nestling there.

“In the merry spring-tide when green buds start,
Wings break from the husk of care,
And the dead beauty blossoms again in my heart,
As I dream of the things that were :
The buried Past lifts up a radiant brow,
A phantom-bark touches life’s shore :
And I am borne far from the sorrowful Now,
Into Love’s happy Nevermore.”



All this was but the imagery of dream ;
For when the Morn in restless radiance rose,
Her breath of beauty palpitating light,
With clouds of colour smiling from the ground ;
A sparkling *ecstasy* in the blue air ;
And I with *marvelling* eyes had broke the seal

Of slumber, read the letter of my Dream,
Lo, Charmian in her summer-sumptuous beauty !
And oft the dimple gleamed upon her cheek,
To vanish like a dew-drop in a rose ;
And oft her laugh with reckless richness rung,
And shook a shower of music-pearls around.
I peered into the luminous dark of her eyes,
As one might come by light of day to look
Adown the glade where he had seen the dance
Of weird Elves in the night, but finds no trace.
An aspect of the Graces ! who could know
The wreathen face that writhéd in my dream ?

But still, as in my dream, I see her stand,
Too living for a picture in romance,
'Telling the wild stern story of her wrongs,
Holding the great Curse up to heaven for ever,
To call God's lightning down, altho' it kill
Her with her wedded Curse. And in my Dream
The kings and queens of prospering love go by,
And little heed this Martyr by the way ;
This poor weak woman trembling 'neath her load ;
This life fast fettered to a festering corse ;
This love that bleeds to death at many wounds :
This passing Tragedy of Soul within
Our five acts of the Sense, that breaks its way
Thro' human hearts i' the Theatre of a world.

WAR WAITS.

WAR WAITS.

LIKE peeping Children down some distant lane,
 What time with pealing pomp and pageantry
 The Battle in its bravery blazons by,
 We peered into the passing world of War—
 Its crowning Heaven a-glow with starry hopes—
 Its crowded Hell of red and writhing pain;
 With hearts that ached or burned, as kindled cheeks
 Flamed up in reddening shame, or bloom of pride,
 And told the story as the pictures rose.
 How England swooned beneath the kiss of Peace,
 And languished in her long voluptuous dream,
 While weed-like creatures crept along her path.
 Where leapt of old proud waves of glorious life,
 The sluggish channels choked with golden sand.
 The hills of light rose shining far away,
 Where she should stand and touch the hem of Heaven;
 But, day by day she darkened deeper down.
 The cold, grim shadow stretcht o'er half the earth,
 Came freezing round her watchfire's dying flame,
 While spirit-finger-pointings signalled her,
 And spirit-rustlings stirred the air in vain.

A tearless anguish flamed from Poland's eyes
 When the red Deluge closed above her head:
Sodden with suffering and unwept tears,

The heart of Hungary pled in silence stern :
Poor Italy lay in her guarded grave,
Her life all crouching in one listening sense,
To catch aught stirring in the upper world :
Out of the North the brute Colossus strode,
With grimly solemn pace, proud in the might
That moves not but to crush, and terribly towered
Its growing shape thro' Battle's bloody gap
Where Nations fell ; and like a Cyclop's eye
Its one idea lit it to the prey :
While pale Expediency paltered for
Our peaceful chance of being eaten last.

And England slumbered in the lap of Peace,
Beneath her grand old Oak, which, hale and strong,
Rode down the storm, and wrestled with the winds,
To rise in pomp of bloom, and pæan of song,
Green with the sap of many hundred springs ;
And tossed its giant arms in wanton life,
Like Victory smiling in the sun of Glory.
She saw not how the worms ate out its heart.
Life deftly masks the hiding-place of death ;
And Ruin leads his Bride in a garland green
For sacrifice. So England slept in peace.
And in the glamour of her dream she saw
Brave fancies foot it holding Freedom's pall,
Waving their funeral links for bridal lights.

Came Nemesis, her lightnings stabbed the dark,
To show the way, and startled England woke !
Behold the glorious creature leaping from
Delilah's lap, to the battle-chariot,
Like Sternness stript for strife. Grim-wooing War
Mirrors his terrible beauty in her face ;

On fire to bring the death-strokes hand to hand.
Her heart is dancing to a loftier tune ;
For God hath called His Chosen once again,
And the Old Guard of Freedom takes the field.
Rejoicing in the glory of her strength,
Like some proud cataract she shouts for the strife,
And hurls her hurrying waves of valour down.
The glorious shudder of intrepid blood
Hurtles through all her veins, and Victory's voice
Cries from the inmost oracle of her soul.
Her swift avenging armaments shall flame
O'er land and sea, sublime as when of old
With a colossal calm she rode the waves
Of War, that heaved magnificent in storm.
The noble prophecy of ripened age
Was on her youthful brow ; fulfilment comes.
She lifts the Ark of Freedom in her arms,
Safe through the deluge of a warring world.

ENGLAND GOES TO BATTLE.

Now, glory to our England,
 She arises, calm and grand,
 The ancient spirit in her eyes,—
 The good sword in her hand !
 Our royal right on battle ground
 Was aye to bear the brunt :
 Ho ! brave heart ! for one passionate
 And take thy place in front !
 Now glory to our England,
 As she rises, calm and grand,
 The ancient spirit in her eyes—
 The good sword in her hand !

Who would not fight for England ?
 Who would not fling a life
 I' the ring to meet a Tyrant's gage,
 And glory in the strife ?
 Her stem is thorny, but doth burst
 A glorious Rose a-top !
 And shall our dear Rose wither ? Fir
 We'll drain life's dearest drop !
 Who would not fight for England ?
 Who would not fling a life
 I' the ring, to meet a Tyrant's gage,
 And glory in the strife ?

To battle goes our England,
All as gallant and as gay
As Lover to the Altar, on
A merry marriage day.
A weary night she stood to watch
The crimson dawn up-roll'd ;
Her spirit leaps within, to match
The daring deeds of old.
To battle goes our England,
All as gallant and as gay
As Lover to the Altar, on
A merry marriage-day.

Now, fair befall our England,
On her proud and perilous road :
And woe and wail to those who make
Her foot-prints red with blood !
Up with our red-cross banner,—roll
A thunder-peal of drums !
Fight on there, every valiant soul,
And courage ! England comes !
Now, fair befall our England,
On her proud and perilous road :
And woe and wail to those who make
Her foot-prints red with blood !

Now, victory to our England !
And where'er she lifts her hand
In Freedom's fight, to rescue Right,
God bless the dear Old Land !
And when the Storm has pass'd away,
In glory and in calm,
*May she sit down i' the green o' the day,
And sing her peaceful psalm !*

Now, victory to our England !
And where'er she lifts her hand
In Freedom's fight, to rescue Right,
God bless the dear Old Land !

TROOPS LEAVING EDINBURGH.

FOR Freedom's battle march auld Scotland's brave,
 And Edinburgh streets are piled with life to-day.
 High on her crags the royal City sits,
 And sees the files of war far-winding out,
 And with the gracious golden Morning smiles
 Her proudest blessing down. Old Arthur's Seat
 Flings up his cap of cloud for brave success ;
 But the old castle standeth staidly stern,
 As some scarred Chief who sends his boys to battle :
 While the Sea flashes in the sun, our Shield,
 So rich in record of heroic names !

The gay Hussars come riding through the town,
 A light of triumph sparkling in their eyes ;
 The Music goeth shouting in their praise,
 Like a loud people round the Victor's car ;
 And Highland plumes together nod as though
 There went the Funeral Hearse of a Russian host :
 The bickering bayonets flutter wings of fire,
 And gaily sounds the march o' the Cameron Men.

*The War-steeds sweeping—men to battle going—
 The wave of Beauty's hand—meed of her eyes—*

'The banners with old battle-memories stirred—
The thrilling Pibroch, and the wild war-drum,
The stern sword-music of our grand Hurrah,
And answering cheer for death or victory—
All make me tingle with a triumph of life,
And I could weep that I am left behind,
To see the tide ebb where I may not follow.

And there the gallant fellows march afield ;
To win proud death, or larger life, they leave
Home's rosy circle ringed with blessings rich,
For the far darkness and the battle-cloud,
Where many have fall'n, and many yet must fall
In spurring their great hearts up to the leap,
For such brave dashes at unconquered heights.
The shadow of solemn Sorrow falls behind,
Where sobbing Sweethearts look their loving last,
And weeping Wives hold up the little ones.
The sun sets in their faces, life grows grey,
And sighs of desolation sweep its desert.
The winter of the heart aches in the eyes
Of Mothers who have given their all, their all.

And yet methinks the Heroic Time returns,
Such look of triumph lights the meanest face
To-day : there seems no heart so earthy but
Has some blind gropings after nobler life,
With hands that reach toward God's Gate Beautiful.
Our England bright'ning thro' the battle smoke,
Has touched them with her glory's lovelier light.
*And though their darlings fall, and though they die
In this death-grapple in the night with Wrong;
The memory of their proud deeds cannot die.*

They may go down to dust in bloody shrouds,
And sleep in nameless tombs. But for all time,
Foundlings of Fame are our beloved Lost.
For me, this day of glorious life shall be
One of the starry brides of Memory,
Whose glittering faces light the night of soul.

DOWN IN AUSTRALIA.

QUAFF a cup, and send a cheer up for the Old Land !
 We have heard the Reapers shout,
 For the Harvest going out,
 With the smoke of battle closing round the bold
 Land ;
 And our message shall be hurled
 Right across the ringing world,
 There are true hearts beating for you in the Gold Land.

We are with you in your battles, brave and bold Land !
 For the old ancestral tree
 Striketh root beneath the sea,
 And it beareth fruit of Freedom in the Gold Land !
 We shall come, too, if you call,
 We shall Fight on if you fall ;
 Cromwell's land shall never be a bought and sold Land.

The standard of the Lord wave o'er the Old Land !
 For the waiting world holds breath
 While she treads the den of Death,
 With the peaceful sleeve stript up from her bare bold
 hand ;
 And her rose in blood must bloom
 On the bosom, and the tomb
Of her many heroes fallen for the Old Land.

But, a terror to the Tyrant is that bold Land
 He remembers how she stood,
 With her raiment roll'd in blood,
When the tide of battle burst upon the Old Land ;
 And he looks with darken'd face,
 For he knows the hero race
Strike the Harp of Freedom—draw her Sword with
 bold hand.

Let thy glorious voice be heard, thou great and bold
 Land !
 Speak the one victorious word,
 And fair Freedom's wander'd Bird
Shall wing back with leaf of promise from the Old
 Land ;
 And the people shall come out
 From their slave land with a shout
For the spring that greeneth in the Future's Gold Land.

When the smoke of Battle rises from the Old Land,
 You shall see the Tyrant down !
 You shall see the ransom'd crown
On the brow of prisoned peoples won with bold hand :
 She shall thresh her foes like corn,
 They shall eat the bread of scorn,
And we'll sing her song of triumph in the Gold Land.

Quaff a cup, and send a cheer up for the Old Land.
 We have heard the Reapers shout,
 For the Harvest going out,
Seen the smoke of battle closing round the bold Land ;
 And our answer shall be hurl'd
 Right across the ringing world,—
There are true hearts beating for you in the Gold Land.

THE LILIES OF FRANCE AND OUR OWN RED ROSE.

LIKE a stern old friend, War grimly comes
 To the temple of peaceful Life ;
 With the well-known nod of his beckoning plumes,
 He hurries us into the strife.
 And we meet once more, in the fields of fate,
 With our chivalrous Enemy,
 Who knows, by the grip of our hands in hate,
 What the strength of our love may be.
 O ! the Lilies of France and our own Red Rose
 Are twined in a Coronal now ;
 At War's bloody bridal it glitters and glows
 On Liberty's beautiful brow.

We have dasht together like waves and rocks !
 We have fought till our shirts grew red !
 We have met in the shuddering battle-shocks,
 Where none but the freed soul fled !
 Now side by side, in the fields of fate,
 And shoulder to shoulder, are we ;
 And we know, by the grip of our hands in hate,
 What the strength of our love may be.
 O ! the Lilies of France and our own Red Rose
 Are twined in a Coronal now ;
At War's bloody bridal it glitters and glows
On Liberty's beautiful brow.

Then gather ye, gather to battle, ye Braves,
 In the might of your old renown !
 And follow ye, follow ye, over the waves,
 Where Liberty's sun went down !
 By the bivouac-fire, in the battle-shower,
 Remember your destiny grand,
 To set in the thrones of their olden power
 The peoples of many a land !
 For the Lilies of France and our own Red Rose
 Are twined in a Coronal now ;
 At War's bloody bridal it glitters and glows
 On Liberty's beautiful brow.

Till the last fetter'd nation that calls us is free,
 Let us fall upon Tyranny's horde !
 Brave Italy, Poland, and Hungary, see,
 With their praying hands seek for a Sword.
 Till the Storm-God is roused in each suffering land,
 Let us march thro' the welcoming world ;
 And till Freedom and Faith shall go hand-in-hand,
 Let us keep the war-standard unfurl'd !
 For the Lilies of France and Old England's Red
 Rose
 Are twined in a Coronal now ;
 At War's bloody bridal it glitters and glows
 On Liberty's beautiful brow.

AFTER ALMA.

OUR old War-banners on the wind
 Were dancing merrily o'er them ;
 The hope of half the world behind—
 The sullen Foe before them !
 They trod their march of battle, bold
 As death-devoted freemen ;
 Like those Three Hundred Greeks of old,
 Or Rome's immortal Three Men.
 Ah, Victory ! joyful Victory !
 Like Love, thou bringest sorrow ;
 But, O ! for such an hour with thee,
 Who could not die to-morrow ?

With towering heart and lightsome feet
 They went to their high places ;
 The fiery valour at white heat
 Was flashing in their faces !
 Magnificent in battle-robe,
 And radiant, as from star-lands,
 That spirit shone which girds our globe
 With glory, as with garlands !
 Ah, Victory ! joyful Victory !
 Like Love, thou bringest sorrow ;
 But, O ! for such an hour with thee,
 Who could not die to-morrow ?

They saw the Angel Iris o'er
Their deluge of grim fire ;
And with their life's last tide they bore
The Ark of Freedom higher !
And grander 'tis i' the dash of death
To ride on Battle's billows,
When Victory's kisses take the breath,
Than sink on balmiest pillows !
Ah, Victory ! joyful Victory !
Like Love, thou bringest sorrow ;
But, O ! for such an hour with thee,
Who could not die to-morrow ?

Brave Hearts, with noble feeling flusht,
In ripe and ruddy riot
But Yesterday ! how are ye husht
Beneath the smile of Quiet !
For us they poured their blood like wine,
From life's ripe gather'd clusters ;
And far thro' History's night shall shine
Their deeds with starry lustres.
Ah, Victory ! joyful Victory !
Like Love, thou bringest sorrow ;
But, O ! for such an hour with thee,
Who could not die to-morrow ?

We laid them not in Churchyard home,
Beneath our darling daisies :
But to their rude mounds Love will come,
And sit, and sing their praises.
And soothly sweet shall be their rest
Where Victory's hands have crown'd them ;
To Earth our Mother's bosom prest,
And Heaven's arms around them.

Ah, Victory ! joyful Victory !
Like Love, thou bringest sorrow ;
But, O ! for such an hour with thee,
Who could not die to-morrow ?

Yes, there they lie 'neath Alma's sod,
On pillows dark and gory,—
As brave a host as ever trod
Old England's fields of glory.
With head to home and face to sky,
And feet the Tyrant spurning,
So grand they look, so proud they lie,
We weep for glorious yearning.
Ah, Victory ! joyful Victory !
Like Love, thou bringest sorrow ;
But, O ! for such an hour with thee,
Who could not die to-morrow ?

They in Life's outer circle sleep,
As each in death stood Sentry !
And with our England's Dead still keep
Their watch for kin and country.
Up Alma, in their red footfalls,
Comes Freedom's dawn victorious ;
Such graves are courts to festal halls !
They banquet with the Glorious.
Ah, Victory ! joyful Victory !
Like Love, thou bringest sorrow ;
But, O ! for such an hour with thee,
Who could not die to-morrow ?

Our Chiefs who matcht the men of yore,
And bore our shield's great burden,—
The nameless Heroes of the Poor,—
They all shall have their guerdon.

In silent eloquence, each life
The Earth holds up to heaven ;
And Britain gives for Child and Wife,
As those dear hearts have given.
Ah, Victory ! joyful Victory !
Like Love, thou bringest sorrow ;
But, O ! for such an hour with thee,
Who could not die to-morrow ?

The spirits of our fathers still
Stand up in battle by us ;
And, in our need, on Alma hill,
The Lord of Hosts was nigh us.
Let Joy or Sorrow brim our cup,
'Tis an exultant story,
How England's Chosen Ones went up
Red Alma's hill to glory.
Ah, Victory ! joyful Victory !
Like Love, thou bringest sorrow ;
But O ! for such an hour with thee,
Who could not die to-morrow ?

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.

HURRAH ! we grip the Tyrant now !
 And there's no heart so lowly
 But burns to strike a battle-blow,
 And win a cause so holy !
 The Brave look fearless in the eyes
 Of Death, nor cry him quarter ;
 And grand promotion waits them, Boys,
 Who fall by land or water !
 Sing O ! but a jubilant carouse
 Awaits us in our far land,
 When we shall thrust up conquering brows,
 And take our Country's garland.

O, think how happy eyes will brim
 To greet us on the beaches,
 With blissful looks of love that swim
 Thro' long luxurious reaches !
 They watch us now from out the West,
 But all too proud to sorrow
 For us who rest on Victory's breast,
 Or wear her wreath to-morrow.
 Sing O ! but a jubilant carouse
 Awaits us in our far land,
 When we shall thrust up conquering brows,
 And take our Country's garland.

We'll seek the bed of Death, to win
Fair Freedom's dream of beauty,
Or wrest her from the Tyrant, in
The loving arms of duty.
Then gaily thro' the ocean foam
Shall sail our nobler Argo,
And proudly to our Island-home
We'll bear the precious cargo.
Sing O ! but a jubilant carouse
Awaits us in our far land,
When we shall thrust up conquering brows,
And take our Country's garland.

To-day the ancient valour starts ;
The spirit of old story
Shall flash from out heroic hearts,
And kindle England's glory.
Wild voices wail across the sea,—
They cry from many a woe-land,—
Revenge ! remember Sinope !
Revenge ! remember Poland !
Sing O ! but a jubilant carouse
Awaits us in our far land,
When we shall thrust up conquering brows,
And take our Country's garland.

Now Soldiers up to conquest stride,
Let not one spirit falter :
For Victory is your plighted Bride,
The breach your solemn altar !
Thro' all this bloody cemet'ry
Behold what seed lies sleeping ;
God ! but thy sun should stand while we
Our harvest field are reaping.

Sing O ! but a jubilant carouse
Awaits us in our far land,
When we shall thrust up conquering brows,
And take our Country's garland.

Now, Sailors, fight your Ships to-day
As Grenville fought the Spaniard !
If Battle's bloodiest game they play,
Have at them grip-and-poignard.
One thrilling shout for England, Ho !
Then, naked for the fight, men,
Dash in like fire upon the foe,
And God defend the Right, men !
Sing O ! but a jubilant carouse
Awaits us in our far land,
When we shall thrust up conquering brows,
And take our Country's garland.

TWINE A GARLAND FOR THE GRAVE.

TWINE a garland for the grave
 Of our Beautiful ! our Brave !
 And their names in glory grave
 Who have died for us.
 High the battle-banner wave !
 They have perisht but to save,
 They have leapt a Curtian grave
 In their pride for us.

How they conquer, gallant guarders, with the red wet
 sword in hand !
 How thy life, at their brave ardours, crimsons high
 with health, Old Land !
 How they run the race of glory ! how they light these
 darkened years !
 In our land's heroic story, 'tis the proudest tale of
 tears.

In the Alma's vineyards ruddy, did they toil for our
 increase ;
 In the fields of battle bloody, they shall plant our
 palms of Peace.
 They may rest by Alma river ; they may die in
 deserts drear ;
 But for *ever, and for ever*, shall our country hold them
 dear.

With her smile the Angel Duty lit their brows as
with a crown ;
And for love of her dear beauty they to death go
daring down.
Eyes may weep the unreturning ; hearts will break
with Mother and Bride ;
But, on Britain's front no mourning glooms for those
who thus have died.

Twine a garland for the grave
Of Our Beautiful ! our Brave !
And their names in glory grave
Who have died for us.
High the battle-banner wave !
They have perisht but to save,
They have leapt a Curtian grave
In their pride for us.

THE DEATH-RIDE.

Sit stern in your saddles ! grip tighter each blade !
 We charge thro' their guns, or thro' blood we shall
 wade !

To-day win a glory that never shall fade.
 Old England for ever ! Hurrah !

O the lightning of life ! O the thunder of steeds !
 Great feelings burn in us like fiery seeds,
 Swift to flame out a red fruitage of deeds.
 Old England for ever ! Hurrah !

O the wild joy of Warriors going to die,
 All Sword, and all Flame, with our brows lifted high !
 Ride on, happy band, for thy glory swims nigh.
 Old England for ever ! Hurrah !

Chariots of fire in the dark of death stand ;
 To crown all who die for their own dear land :
 My God, what a time ere we come hand to hand !
 Old England for ever ! Hurrah !

The Sea of Flame wraps us now ! take one long
 breath,
 And plunge for the prize of Immortals, beneath.
 Silence *the cannonade*, shouting to Death :
 Old England for ever ! Hurrah !

Spring to now ! dash thro' now ! and cleave crest and
crown !

For each foe round you strown now, a wreath of
renown !

In a red rain of Sabres ride down, dash them down.
Old England for ever ! Hurrah !

Charge back : once again we must ride the death-ride,
You Victor-few smiling in terrible pride !

Charge home ! smoking hell of horse, grim, glorified !
Old England for ever ! Hurrah !

Now cheer for the living ! now cheer for the dead !

Now cheer for the deed on that hill-side red !

The glory is gathered for England's head.

Old England for ever ! Hurrah !

OUR HEROES.

AH, weep not for the Heroes whom we never more
shall see ;

Ah, weep we were not with them in their ruddy
revelry !

God of Battles ! but 'twere glorious to have mounted
Victory's Car,

When the Chivalry of England smote the squadrons
of the Czar !

'Tis brave, while banners wave, to be where Freedom's
Champions are,

And burst upon the Enemy like Gods from clouds of
war !

Our Old Land beauteous leans above her darlings as
they die,

And, bosom'd in her arms of love, her slain ones
richly lie.

We blessed them for the Battle, who but marcht to
the Bier ;

Some were riper for the Bridal—some were Fathers
grey and sere ;

With a kiss for Child and Wife, some went out in
War's red wrack ;

*And to the land that gives us life, who'd grudge to
give it back ?*

I had a gallant Brother, loved at home, and dear to
me—

I have a mourning Mother, winsome Wife, and
Children three—

He lies with Balaklava's dead. But let the Old Land
call,

We would give our living remnant, we would follow
one and all !

We speak a few weak words ; but, the great hearts
gone to God,

They have fought with their Swords—won our battles
red wet-shod !

While we sat at home, brave laurels for our Land
they went to win ;

And with smiles Valhalla lightens as our Heroes
enter in.

They bore our banner fearless to the death, as to the
fight,

They lifted England peerless to the old heroic height.

We weep not for the Heroes whom we never more
shall see,—

• We weep we were not with them in their ruddy
revelry.

OUR ENGLISH NIGHTINGALE.

"You brave, you bonny Nightingale,
 You are no summer Bird ;
 Your music sheathes an Army's wail
 That pierces like a Sword."
 All night she sings, brave Nightingale,
 With her breast against the thorn ;
 Her saintly patience doth not fail,
 She keepeth watch till morn.

"Ah, sing, you bonniest Bird of God,
 The night is sad and long ;
 To dying ears—to broken hearts—
 You sing an Angel's song !"
 She sings, she sings, brave Nightingale,
 And weary warrior souls
 Are caught up into Slumber's heaven,
 And lapped in Love's warm folds.

"O sing, O sing ! brave Nightingale,
 And at your magic note
Upon Life's sea victoriously
The sinking soul will float.

O sing, O sing ! brave Nightingale,
And lure them back again,
Whose path is lost and spirit crost,
In dark wild woods of Pain."

She sings, she sings, brave Nightingale,
She breathes a gracious balm ;
Her presence breaks the waves of war,
She smiles them into calm.
She sings, she sings, brave Nightingale,
Of auld Langsyne and Home ;
And life grows light, the world grows bright,
And blood runs rich with bloom.

Day unto day her dainty hands
Make Life's soiled temples clean,
And there's a wake of glory where
Her spirit pure hath been.
At midnight, thro' that shadow-land,
Her living face doth gleam ;
The dying kiss her shadow, and
The Dead smile in their dream.

Brave Bird of Love, in Life's sweet May,
She rose up from the feast,
To shine above our Banner,
Like God's Angel in the East.
"Brave Bird of Life, wave healing wings
O'er that grey Land o' the Dead ;
God's heaven lie round you like a shield,
Earth's blessings on your head."



The Rose did lift her veil, and blush
At her bower-door like a bride ;
The shy brown birds came back with Spring,
In our merry green woods to hide.
But there she sang, our Nightingale !
Till War's stern heart grew mild ;
And, nestling in the arms of Peace,
He slumbered like a Child.

INKERMAN.

'Twas Midnight ere our Guns' grim laugh o'er their
wild work did cease,
And at the smouldering fires of War we lit the pipe of
peace.

At Four, a burst of Bells went up thro' Night's Cathed-
ral dark,

It seemed so like our Sabbath chimes, we could but
lie, and hark !

So like the Bells that call to prayer in the dear land
far away ;

Their music floated on the air, and kist us—to betray.

Our camp lay on the rainy hill, all silent as a cloud,
Its very heart of life stood still—and the white Mist
brought its shroud ;

For Death was walking in the dark, and smiled His
smile to see

How all was ranged and ready for a sumptuous jubilee.

O wily are the Russians, and they came up thro' the
mirk—

Their feet all shod for silence in the best blood of the
Turk !

*While in its banks our fiery tide of War serenely
slept,*

Their subtle serpentry unrolled, and stealthily they
crept !
In the Ruins of the Valley do the Birds of Carnage
stir ?
A rustle in the gloom like wheels ! feet trample—
bullets whir—
Blessed God ! the Foe is on us. Now the Bugles with
a start
Thrill—like the cry of a wrongéd Queen—to the red
roots of the heart ;
And long and loud the wild war-drums with throbbing
triumph roll,—
A sound to set the blood on fire, and warm the shivering
soul.

The war-worn and the weary leapt up ready, fresh, and
true !
No weak blood curdled white i' the face, no valour
turned to dew ;
Majestic as a God defied, arose our English Host—
All for the peak of peril pusht—each for the fieriest
post !
Thro' the mist, and thro' the mire, and o'er the hill-
brow scowling grim,
As is the frown of Murder when he dreams his dread-
ful dream.
No Sun ! but none is needed,—Men can feel their way
to fight,
The lust of Battle in their face—eyes filled with fiery
light ;
And long ere dawn was red in heaven, upon the dark
earth lay
*The prophesying morning-red of a great and glorious
day.*

As Bridegroom leaves his wedded Bride in gentle
slumbers sealed,
Our England slumbered in the West, when her War-
riors went a-field.

We thought of her, and swore that day to strike im-
mortal blows,

As all along our leaguered line the roar of battle rose.
Her Banners waved like blessing hands, and we knew
it was the hour

For a glorious grip till fingers met in the throat of
Russian power.

And at a bound, and with a sound that madly cried to
kill,

The Lion of Old England leapt like lightning from the
hill.

And there he stood superb, thro' all that Sabbath of
the Sword,

And there he slew, with a terrible scorn, his hunters,
horde on horde.

All Hell seemed bursting on us, as the yelling legions
came—

The Cannon's tongues of quick red fire lick't all the
hills a-flame !

Mad whistling shell, wild sneering shot, with devilish
glee went past,

Like fiendish feet and laughter hurrying down the
battle-blast.

And thro' the air, and round the hills, there ran a
wrack sublime

As tho' the Eternal's Ark were crashing on the shores
of Time.

On Bayonets and Swords the smile of conscious victory
shone,

As down to death we dasht the Rebels plucking at our
Throne.

On, on they came with face of flame, and storm of shot
and shell—

Up! up! like heaven-scalers, and we hurled them back
to Hell.

Like the old Sea, white-lipped with rage, they dash
and foam despair

On ranks of rock, and what a prize for the Wrecker
Death was there!

But as 'twere River Pleasaunce, did our fellows take
that flood,

A royal throbbing in the pulse that beat voluptuous
blood:

The Guards went down to the fight in grey, but now
they're gory red—

Christ save them, they're surrounded! Leap your
ramparts of the dead,

And back the desperate battle, for there is but one
short stride

Between the Russ and victory! One more tug, you
true and tried—

The Red-Caps crest the hill! with bloody spur, Ride,
Bosquet, ride!

Down like a flood from Etna foams their valour's
burning tide.

Now, God for Merrie England cry! Hurrah for
France the Grand,

And charge *the foe together*, all abreast, and hand to
hand!

He caught a shadowy glimpse across the smoke of
Alma's fray

Of the Destroying Angel that shall blast his strength
to-day.

We shout and charge together, and again, again, again,
Our plunging battle tears its path, and paves it with
the slain.

Hurrah ! the mighty host doth melt before our fervent
heat ;

Against our side its breaking heart doth faint and
fainter beat.

And O, but 'tis a gallant show, and a merry march,
as thus

We sound into the glorious goal with shouts victo-
rious !

From morn till night, we fought our fight, and at the
set of sun

Stood Conquerors on Inkerman—our Soldiers' Battle
won.

That morn their legions stood like corn in its pomp of
golden grain !

That night the ruddy sheaves were reapt upon the
misty plain !

We cut them down by thunder-strokes, and piled the
shocks of slain :

The hill-side like a vintage ran, and reel'd Death's
harvest-wain.

We had hungry hundreds gone to sup in Paradise that
night,

And robes of Immortality our ragged Braves bedight !
They fell in Boyhood's comely bloom, and Bravery's
lusty pride ;

*But they made their bed o' the Russian dead, ere they
lay down and died.*

We gathered round the tent-fire in the evening cold
and gray,
And thought of those who rankt with us in Battle's
rich array,
Our Comrades of the morn who came no more from
that fell fray !
The salt tears wrung out in the gloom of green dells far
away—
The eyes of lurking Death that in Life's crimson
bubbles play—
The stern white faces of the Dead that on the dark
ground lay
Like Statues of Old Heroes, cut in precious human
clay—
Some with a smile as life had stopt to music proudly
gay—
The household Gods of many a heart all dark and
dumb to-day !
And hard hot eyes grew ripe for tears, and hearts sank
down to pray.

From alien lands, and dungeon-grates, how eyes will
strain to mark
This waving Sword of Freedom burn and beckon thro'
the dark !
The Martyrs stir in bloody graves, the rusted armour
rings
Adown the long aisles of the dead, where lie the
warrior Kings.
To the proud Mother England came the radiant
Victory
With Laurels red, and a bitter cup like Christ's last
agony.

She took the cup, she drank it up, she raised her
laurelled brow :

Her sorrow seemed like solemn joy, she lookt so noble
now.

The dim divine of distance died—the purpled Past
grew wan,

As came that crowning Glory o'er the heights of
Inkerman.

NICHOLAS AND THE BRITISH LION.

CZAR NICHOLAS called to North and South,
 "Come, see the world's great show !
 I'll thrust my head in the Lion's mouth,"
 And he laught, "Ha ! Ha ! Ho ! Ho !"
 "I am the Lion-Tamer dread—
 I make the old brute quail!"
 The Lion he shook his incredulous head,
 And wagged his dubious tail.

O the Lion lay down in the pride of his might ;
 'Twas a brave, magnanimous beast !
 O the Lion leapt up to his shaggiest height ;
 The lord of a bloody feast !
 Now hold, now hold, thou desperate man,
 Or thy braggart cheek may pale ;
 Terror is towering up in his mane,
 And Vengeance tugs at his tail.

Like a statue of Satan, Nick, alas ! stood,
 And he chuckled in a low lying laugh ;
 "The world is my Knoutship's whipping-top ;
 Hot blood for wine I quaff !"
 He called to North, he called to South,
 "Come, see the old brute quail :
 I'll thrust my head in his mumbling mouth :
 The Lion he wagged his tail.

He thrust his head in the Lion's mouth :
Ho ! Ho ! but the sport was rare !
The Lion smelt blood in the giant's breath,
And his clencht teeth held him there.
Then he cried, from between the gates of death,
With the voice of a Spirit in bale,
" Now God-a-mercy on my soul !
Does the Lion wag his tail ? "

Then each one strove to say him Yea,
But each one held his breath ;
For the fires of hell lit the Lion's eyes,
His looks communed with Death !
The Giant's heart melts like snow in his mouth,
His voice is a woman's wail ;
An Avenger knocks at the door of his life,
In that lash of the Lion's tail.

A low, dread sound, as from underground,
Now signals the realms of the dead ;
And the Tamer lies tamed on the earth full-length ;
That is, except—a head.
And the poor old beast, at whose aspect mild
The meanest thing dared rail,
Shakes his mane like a Conqueror's bloody plumes,
And—quietly wags his tail.

A SOLDIER'S WIFE.

" AROUND us the night closes dense as a wood,
The Stars down the darkness like eerie eyes brood ;
While out through the nightfall my fearless thoughts
flee
To him who is fighting far over the sea.

" Across the mirk moorland the birds of night cry ;
A wind stirs my flesh as of Ghosts gliding by ;
Oh, clasp thy hands, pretty one, kneel down with me,
And pray for thy father far over the sea.

" O, brave is my Darling, and gallant and gay
He'll flash through the fight in the wild, bloody day ;
He'll crest the high waves upon Valour's red sea ;
God shield him ! God send him back safely to me !"

He's lying, poor Wife ! with the valiant and tried,
Who to-night poured their life on a ruddy hill-side :
And still she sings tenderly, " Over the sea,
Blow, breezes, and bring back my darling to me."

Her soul it sat smiling, all meek as a dove,
In her pure perfect face that was lighted with love ;
Her child to the full heart endearing she drew,
And bow'd like a Flower with its blessing of dew.

Some luminous Beauty glides over the place,
A white mist of glory ! a white spirit face !
And a starry shape comes slow and sweet from the
gloom ;
God help thee, poor Widow ! thy Husband is home !

She knows not the Presence that hovereth nigh,
Nor whence fell the slumber that healed her heart's-
cry ;
But she weeps in her vision, and prayerfully
Still murmurs, " God send him back safely to me ! "

A WAR WINTER'S-NIGHT IN ENGLAND.

WILD is the wintry weather !
 Dark is the night, and cold !
 All closely we crowd together,
 Within the family fold.
 A mute and mighty Shadow flies
 Across the land on wings of Gloom !
 And thro' each Home its awful eyes
 May lighten with their stroke of doom.
 Life's light burns dim—we hold the breath—
 All sit stern in the shadow of Death,
 Around the household fire—
 This Winter's-night in England,
 Straining our ears for the tidings of War,
 Holding our hearts, like Beacons, up higher,
 For those who are fighting afar.

Oh, talk of Britain's glory ;—
 Oh, sing some brave old song ;—
 Or tell the thrilling story
 Of her wrestle with the wrong,
 Till we clutch the spirit-sword from the strife,
 And into our Rest would rather fall
Down Battle's cataract of life,
Than turn the white face to the wall.

Sing, O, for a charge victorious !
And the meekest face grows glorious !
 As we sit by the household fire,
 This Winter's-night in England,—
Our souls within us like steeds of War !
 And we hold our hearts, like Beacons, up higher,
For those who are fighting afar.

And oft in silence solemn
 We peer from Night's dark tent,
And see the quivering column
 Like a cloud by lightning rent.
For death, how merry they mount and ride !
 Those swords look keen for their lap of gore !
Such Valour leaps out Deified !
 Such souls must rend the clay they wore !
How proud they sweep on Glory's track !
So many start ! so few come back
 To sit by the household fire,
 On a Winter's-night in England,
And with rich tears wash their wounds of War,
 Where we hold our hearts, like Beacons, up
 higher,
For those who are fighting afar.

We thrill to the Clarion's clangour,
 And harness for the fight :
With the Warrior's glorious anger,
 We are nobly mad to smite :
No dalliance, save with Hate, hold we,
 Where Life and Death keep bloody tryst,
And all the red Reality
 Reels on us through a murder-mist !

Wave upon Wave rolls Ruin's flood,
 And the hosts of the Tyrant melt in blood,
 As we sit by the household fire,
 This Winter's-night in England,
 And our colour flies out to the music of War,
 While we hold our hearts, like Beacons, up
 higher,
 For those who are fighting afar.

Old England still hath Heroes
 To wear her sword and shield !
 We knew them not while near us,
 We know them in the field !
 Look ! how the Tyrant's hills they climb,
 To hurl our gage in his grim hold !
 The Titans of the earlier time,
 Tho' larger-limb'd, were smaller-soul'd !
 Laurel, or Amaranth, light their brow !
 Living or dead, we crown them now !
 As we sit by the household fire,
 This Winter's-night in England ;
 From the white cliffs watching the storm of War,
 Holding our hearts, like Beacons, up higher,
 For those who are fighting afar.

O ! their brave love hath rootage
 In the Old Land, deep and dear,
 And Life's ripe, ruddy fruitage
 Hangs summering for them here !
 And tender eyes, tear-luminous,
 Melt thro' the dark of dreamland skies,
While, pleading aye for home and us,
The heart is one live brood of cries !

Old feelings cling! O how they cling!
And sweet birds sing! O how they sing
 Them back to the household fire,
 This Winter's-night in England,
Where we wait for them weary and wounded from
 War,
 Holding our hearts, like Beacons, up higher,
For those who are fighting afar!

Ah, me! how many a Maiden
 Will wake o' nights, to find
Her tree of life, love-laden,
 Swept bare in this wild wind!
The Bird of bliss, to many a nest,
 Will come back never, never, never!
So many a goodly, gallant crest
 That waved to victory, low for ever!
We pray for them, we fear for them,
And silently drop a tear for them,
 As we sit by the household fire,
 This Winter's-night in England,
Each life looking out for its own love-star!
 Holding our hearts, like Beacons, up higher,
For those who are fighting afar.

But, there's no land like England,
 Wherever that land may be!
Of all the world 'tis king-land
 Crown'd, by its Bride, the Sea!
And they shall rest i' the balmiest bed,
 Who battle for it, and bleed for it!
And they shall be head of the Glorious Dead,
 Who die in the hour of need for it!

And long shall we sing of their deeds divine,
In songs that warm the heart like wine,
As we sit by the household fire,
On a Winter's-night in England,
And the tale is told of this night of War,
How we held our hearts, like Beacons, up higher,
For those who were fighting afar.

THE MARTYRS' HILL.

SITTING in her sorrow lone,
 Still our Mother makes her moan
 For the Lost ; and to the Martyrs' Hill her thoughts
 in mourning go.

O, that desert of the Dead,
 Who lay down in their death-bed,
 With their winding-sheet and wreath of winter snow !

Into glory had they rode
 When the tide of triumph flowed,
 Not a tear would we shed for the heroes lying low.
 But our hearts break for the Dead,
 In their desolate death-bed,
 With their winding-sheet and wreath of winter snow.

Praying breath rose white in air,
 Eyes were set in a stern stare,
 Hands were stretcht for help that came not as they
 sank in silence low :
Our grand, our gracious Dead,
Who lay down in their death-bed,
 = *With their winding-sheet and wreath of winter snow.*

Now the winter snows are gone,
And Earth smiles as though the Dawn
d come up from it in flowers—such a light of grace
doth glow
All about our darkened Dead,
Who lay down in their death-bed,
th their winding-sheet and wreath of winter snow.

But, never, never more,
Comes the Spring that will restore
their own love, their own land, the dear ones lying
low
On the Martyrs' Hill, our Dead
Who lay down in their death-bed,
th their winding-sheet and wreath of winter snow.

Till with victory God replies,
Shall our Battle storm the skies,
d our living heroes think, as they grapple with the
foe,
Of our perisht, peerless Dead,
Who lay down in their death-bed,
th their winding-sheet and wreath of winter snow.

Through a hundred battles red,
Shall their fame float overhead ;
o everlasting flowers shall their martyr memories
blow.
So we crown our glorious Dead,
Who lay down in their death-bed,
th their winding-sheet and wreath of winter snow.'

THE AUSTRIAN.

How shall I help thee, Mother, in thy need ?
I cried, and lookt my life out thro' mine eyes,
Across the smoke of thy great Sacrifice.
Give me some perilous post, or daring deed.
O might I breathe in Song heroic breath,
And strike my harp, as Lightning smites his wires,
To bear God's message with celestial fires !
Sing how the Glory of our land hath risen ;
Sing midnight pæans by the Martyrs' graves.
Walk War's red highways, voyage grim wide waves :
Or in an English cheer go down to death,
Where the soul bursts in wings on Battle's wind !
No ! England waves her Minstrels forth to find
Our Lion Heart again in Austria's prison.

THE EXILE TO HIS COUNTRY.

How dimmed is all thy glory, and how dark the
shadow falls !

And wild the sorrow waileth thro' thy hamlets and
thy halls !

Thy banner burns no longer on the mountain and the
lea,

And O ! the dead are blessed who thy suffering may
not see.

How are thy brave ones scattered on many an alien
strand !

Thy darlings leal and true to the dear old Mother-
land.

They have bound thee in the grave-clothes, but we
watch with tears and sighs,

Till Freedom comes like Christ, and thou like Lazarus
shalt rise.

Thy pale, pale face, my Country, yet shall flush with
ripening bloom,

As Nature's colour kindles when the breath of Spring
doth come.

O ! come thou Spring of promise ; mighty Hope, put
forth thy hand,

And *build thy arch of triumph* for the dear old
Motherland.

The Birds that follow Summer, they come and they
depart,

For the Land of my love, and the home of my heart :
And, like a wounded Bird, my spirit trembles in the
wind,

And flutters down ! and they are gone, and I am left
behind !

O my Dovelets in the nest ! O the spoiler's bloody
hand !

And I so far away from the dear old Motherland.

Sometimes when life is darkest, a glory bursts its
glooms,

As Lightning thro' the startled night, the face of
things illumines ;

A sudden splendour smites me, and ere the thunders
roll,

I see thy face look radiant thro' the darkness of my
soul !

And thou art sitting at the feet of Freedom great and
grand,

Thy children happy in thy smile, thou dear old
Motherland.

O thou among the nations, for thy might shall yet be
themed,

Thy fatal curse of Beauty by Love's blessing all
redeemed !

The red wounds where they pierced thee, shall to scars
of glory turn,

*And in thy tearful eyes the light of boundless life
shall burn !*

The heavens are filled with Martyrs, but the earth
still holds a band
Who will meet in battle yet for the dear old Mother-
land.

O! many are the gallant hearts will never answer
when
The clarion-cry shall call us up to the field again!
And many are the tears must fall, and prayers go up
to God,
But swift the vintage ripens, and the wine-press shall
be trod!
The Harvest reddens rich for death, the Reapers
clench the hand,
And Victory comes to claim his Bride, thou dear, dear
Motherland.

•

CATHCART'S HILL.

THEY have died, our true and tried, ere our flag
victorious flew

O'er the burning battle-hell, we must ride to conquest
through.

But they died, our Glorified! on the field of their
renown;

And they died when the pride of the Foeman's power
went down.

Bury them on Cathcart's Hill, 'tis a famous grave!

Bury them on Cathcart's Hill with our bravest Brave.

A proud flame in the Death-wind waved the War-
rior's soaring plume:

Stern in his shroud of fire, the Foe glared from his
burning tomb!

Victory's shouts were ringing as they flasht from out
the strife,

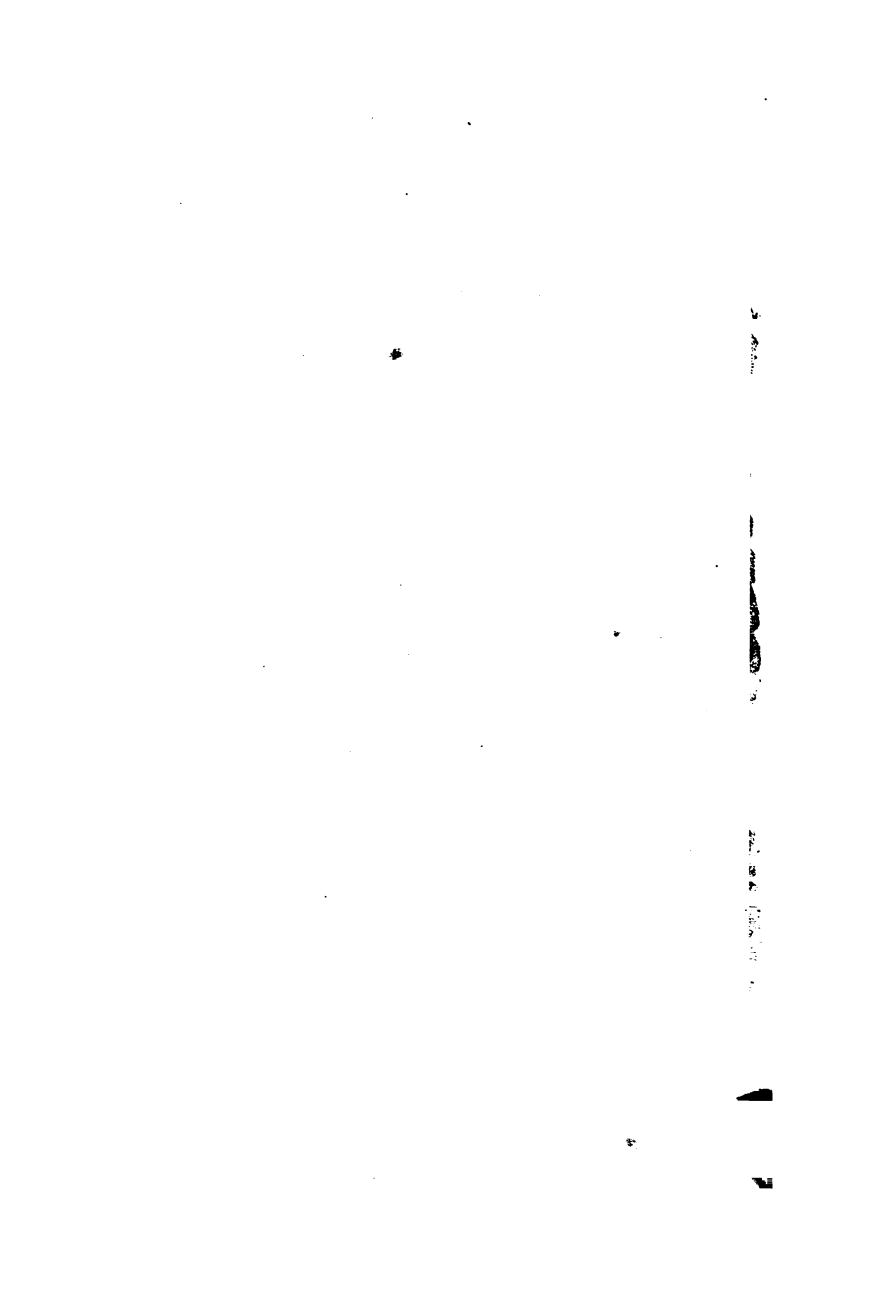
To meet God's angels bringing garlands for the Kings
of Life.

Bury them on Cathcart's Hill, 'tis a famous grave!

Bury them on Cathcart's Hill with our bravest Brave!

*Bear them to that grave in a solemn march and
slow,*

Let Music talk in tears o'er the great ones lying low





CATHCART'S HILL.

"Bury them on Cathcart's Hill,
'Tis a famous grave"—P. 112.

They will sleep calm and deep when the battle-bugles
blow ;

And ye shall build their monument when next ye meet
the Foe !

Bury them on Cathcart's Hill, 'tis a famous grave !

Bury them on Cathcart's Hill with our bravest Brave !

We quaff our cup o' the vintage, and from darkened
depths arise

The bubbles, like the tears that plead in Desolation's
eyes ;

Yet there's glory in our grief,—'tis a glory that shall
grow

When our sorrow hath no morrow, and 'twas centu-
ries ago.

Bury them on Cathcart's Hill, 'tis a famous grave !

Bury them on Cathcart's Hill with our bravest Brave !

Bury them on Cathcart's Hill,—their glory from its
crest

Shall flame, a terror to the North, a watchfire to the
West !

Cross their hands and lay their brands upon the martial
breast,

They have done with their work, lay them down to
their rest.

Bury them on Cathcart's Hill, 'tis a famous grave !

Bury them on Cathcart's Hill with our bravest Brave !

THE COALITION AND THE PEOPLE.

O SUFFERING people, this is not our fight,
 Who called a holy crusade for the right.
 The Despot's bloody game our tricksters play,
 And stake our future, chance by chance, away.
 O darkened hearts in desolate home-stead !
 O wasted bravery of our mighty dead !
 The flower of men fall stricken from behind :
 The Knaves and Cowards stab us bound and blind.
 With faces turned from Battle, they went forth :
 We marcht with ours set stern against the North.
 They shuffled lest their feet should rouse the dead :
 We went with resurrection in our tread.
 They trembled lest the world might come to blows :
 We quivered for the tug and mortal close.
 They only meant a mild hint for the Czar :
 We would have bled him through a sumptuous war.
 While they were quenching Freedom's scattered fires,
 We kindled memories of heroic Sires.
 They'd have this grand old England cringe and pray,
 " Don't smite me, Kings ; but if you will, you may :"
 We'd make her as in those proud times of old,
 When Cromwell spoke, and Blake's war-thunders rolled.
 They to the passing powers of darkness fawn :
 With warrior joy we greet this crimson Dawn.
 To crowned Bloodsuckers they would bind us slaves :
 We would be free, or sleep in glorious graves.

ate-Spiders, Here or There, weave webs alike ;
ese hold the victims, while the others strike.
e Dwarfs drag our great Banner in the mire :
e ask for men to bear it high and higher.
stop their fiddling over War's grim revel,
nd pitch them from your shoulders to—the Devil.

ENGLAND AND LOUIS NAPOLEON.

THERE was a poor old Woman once, a daughter of our
 nation,
 Before the Devil's portrait stood in ignorant adoration.
 "You're bowing down to Satan, Ma'am," said some
 Spectator civil:
 "Ah, Sir, it's best to be polite, for we may go to the
 Devil."

Bow, bow, bow:
 We may go to the Devil, so it's just as well to bow.

So England hails the Saviour of Society, and will
 tarry at
 His feet, nor see her Christ is he who sold him, curst
 Iscariot.
 By grace of God, or sleight of hand, he wears the royal
 vesture,
 And at thy throne, Divine Success! we kneel with
 reverent gesture,
 And bow, bow, bow:
 We may go to the Devil, so it's just as well to bow.

*O when the Sun is over us, we venerate the sun-light;
 But when Eclipse is over it, we venerate the dun-light,*

No matter what is uppermost, upon all-fours we revel,
And when Hell triumphs over heaven—conciliate the
Devil,

And bow, bow, bow :

We may go to the Devil, so it's just as well to bow.

Ah, Louis, had you come to us despised and rejected,
You might have gone to—Coventry, unnoticed and
neglected :

But as you've done one Nation so, and left another un-
done,

We kiss you, Sire, at Windsor—crown you more than
king in London,

And bow, bow, bow :

We may go to the Devil, so it's just as well to bow.

Our Idol's hands are red with blood, with blood his
eyes are sodden,

But we know 'tis only guilty blood which he has spilt
and trodden !

He wears the imperial purple now, that plotting prince
of evil ;

He lets us share his glory if we bow down to the
Devil ;

And we bow, bow, bow :

We may go to the Devil, so it's just as well to bow.

With hand to hilt, and ear to earth, waits Revolution,
breathless,

To catch the resurrection sound of Liberty the death-
less !

We see no Danger hug us round—no Sword hang o'er
us gory,
While to this mocking Mirage in the sunset of our
glory
We bow, bow, bow:
We may go to the Devil, so it's just as well to bow.

Back, back, you foolish Peoples, slink into your weep-
ing places,
Quench Freedom's torch in tears, and put her light out
in your faces:
The heart of England beats no more to the old heroic
level ;
The poor old Woman bows before her Portrait of the
Devil.
Bow, bow, bow:
She may go to the Devil, so it's just as well to bow.

ALL OVER.

FADES the New Aurora
 That so glorious shone afar,
 We but saw its fair face smiling
 In the ruddy waves of war.
 The peace-fool to his pillow
 Now may sneak, and sleep :
 But a glory gone for ever,
 We must weep ; let us weep.

Sleep the buried thunders ;
 Their reverberations cease :
 And the grim old War-God
 Must smile—a painted Peace.
 Wild eyes are mad-house windows
 Of Souls that plead in vain !
 Over their old dark sorrow
 Greeneth the soft spring-rain.

Had we struck for Freedom
 One immortal battle-blow,
 Like the men who rose for England,
 Two hundred years ago,—
 The dead Nations lying
 Where they fought and fell of old,
 Would have risen from their prison,
 And their buried flags unrolled.

Cowards in the Council !
Heroes in the field !
Is our short sad story
By the blood of Martyrs sealed.
On those lone Crimean ridges
In the night our dead arise ;
Hear the Norland winds come wailing
With their curses, and their cries.

Sublime in all her suffering !
In the fight so brave !
Poor old England's victories
Bow her to the grave.
And the world may see her yet
Low and lonely lie
Upon her rock, while Tyrants mock
As they go riding by.

HOOD.

HOOD,

WHO SANG THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

'Twas the old story !—ever the blind world
 Knows not its Angels of Deliverance
 Till they stand glorified 'twixt earth and heaven.
 It stones the Martyr ; then, with praying hands,
 Sees the God mount his chariot of fire,
 And calls sweet names, and worships what it spurn'd
 It slays the Man to deify the Christ :
 And then how lovingly 'twill bind the brows
 Where late its thorn-crown laught with cruel lips—
 Red, and rejoicing from grim Murder's kiss !
 To those who walk beside them, great men seem
 Mere common earth ; but distance makes them stars.
 As dying limbs do lengthen out in death,
 So grows the stature of their after-fame ;
 And then we gather up their glorious words,
 And treasure up their names with loving care.
 So Hood, our Poet, lived his martyr-life :
 With a swift soul that travell'd at such speed,
 And struck such flashes from its flinty road,
 That by its trail of radiance through the dark,
 We almost see th' unfeatured Future's face,—
 And went uncrown'd to his untimely tomb.
*Certes, the World did praise his glorious Wit—
 The merry Jester with his cap and bells !*

And sooth, his wit was like Ithuriel's spear :
But 'twas mere lightning from the cloud of his life,
Which held at heart most rich and blessed rain
Of tears melodious, that are worlds of love ;
And Rainbows, that would bridge from earth to
heaven ;

And Light, that should have shone like Joshua's sun
Above our long death-grapple with the Wrong ;
And thunder-voices, with their Words of fire,
To melt the Slave's chain, and the Tyrant's crown.
His wit ?—a kind smile just to hearten us !—
Rich foam-wreaths on the waves of lavish life,
That flasht o'er precious pearls and golden sands.
But, there was that beneath surpassing show !
The starry soul, that shines when all is dark !—
Endurance, that can suffer and grow strong—
Walk through the world with bleeding feet, and
smile !—

Love's inner light, that kindles Life's rare colours,
Bright wine of Beauty for the longing soul ;
And thoughts that swathe Humanity with such glory
As limns the outline of the coming God.
In him were gleams of such heroic splendours
As light this cold, dark world up as a star
Array'd in glory for the eyes of heaven :
And a great heart that beat according music
With theirs of old,—God-likest kings of men !
A conquering heart ! which Circumstance, that frights
The Many down from Love's transfiguring height,
Aye mettled into martial attitude,
He might have clutcht the palm of Victory
In the world's wrestling-ring of mightiest deeds ;
But he went down a precious Argosy
At sea, just glimmering into sight of home,

With its rare freightage from diviner climes.
The world may never know the wealth it lost,
When Hood went darkling to his tearful tomb,
So mighty in his undevelop't force !
With all his crowding unaccomplished hopes !
Th' unuttered wealth and glory of his soul !
And all the music ringing round his life,
And poems stirring in his dying brain.
But blessings on him for the songs he sang—
Which yearn'd about the world till then for birth !
How like a bonny bird of God he came,
And pour'd his heart in music for the Poor ;
Who sit in gloom while sunshine floods the land,
And feel through darkness, for the hand of Help
And trampled Manhood heard, and claimed his crown ;
And trampled Womanhood sprang up ennobled !
The human soul lookt radiantly through rags !
And there was melting of cold hearts, as when
The ripening sunlight fingers frozen flowers.
O ! blessings on him for the songs he sang !
When all the stars of happy thought had set
In many a mind, his spirit walkt the gloom
Clothed on with beauty, as the regal Moon
Walks her night-kingdom, turning clouds to light.
Our Champion ! with his heart too big to beat
In bonds,—our Poet in his pride of power !
Aye, we'll remember him who fought our fight,
And chose the Martyr's robe of flame, and spurn'd
The gold and purple of the glistening slave.
His Mausoleum is the People's heart,
There he lies crown'd and glorified,—our King
In state, with singing robe wrapt richly round.
*But 'tis not meet, my England, his dear dust
Should lie where splendid flatteries flaunt on tombs,*

As treachery serves to brighten wanton tears—
With not a line of letter'd love to tell
What mighty heart lies quencht and broken there.
So let us build our Poet's monument !
With passionate hearts of love for corner-stones,
And tears that temper for immortal fame.
And it were well, my England, shouldst thou come
To weep some honest drops above his grave.
Our Hood is worthy of eternal praise
And blessings, and dear heart-amenities,
As warrior Wellington, who rode to fame
On Death's white horse, by Battle's crimson path.

LADY LAURA.

LADY LAURA.

I.

THE Rainbow ! lo, its living arch
 Of glory spans the sparkling green,
 Like Spirit Bridge that all unseen,
 We passed thro' on the midnight march.

Midsummer Morn her silvery-gray
 Rain-veil uplifteth fold on fold ;
 And purple-tinged, and topped with gold,
 The white clouds kindle and float away

Over the violet-shadowed hills
 That take from heaven their soft attire ;
 With fragrance and with sheeny fire
 All the blue round of Ether fills.

Into rich flames of emerald break
 The woods against the ruddied light.
 A dance of radiance bickers bright
 As laughter o'er a dimpling cheek ;

In sapphire rain heaven ripples down :
 The sweet south-winds waft opened wide
 The glory-gates of Summer-tide ;
 A starry sweep of flowers is strown

Down the green meadows ; white and gold,
It laughs along the glowing ground :
Such throng of blessings dance around
The old World's heart ; lo, these unfold.

At wee green palace-portals peer
Quick eyes of Birds that sing i' the sun ;
Their hearts with music overrun ;
Listens each leafy forest-ear.

And cups of flowery wine brim high,
By the way-side, on brier and bush ;
As lifted in a waiting hush
By unseen hands for passers by.

Her ripe cheek on the air, red Rose !
She leaneth from her fragrant bower ;
Like lady from her latticed tower ;
And by sweet force of beauty blows !

Bright-hearted with a golden dream,
The little daisy lifts its head ;
Its wee lips glister wet and red ;
Its look is thankful as a hymn.

The wildest weed the wind hath sown,
And commonest grass, are glorified,
Even as the Tulip in her pride ;
The trumpet of her beauty blown.

All Life lies in a bath of balm,
Feeling the lavish glory flow ;
With nought to do but thrill and grow
In strength, and joy, and luscious calm.

Now love breathes dewier delight,
In cool green ways, and tender gloom ;
Being hath such a dazzling bloom ;
Its sun of bliss grows over-bright.

O balmy Morn ! O tender type !
What tearful wooings of the May
Have brought about this bridal-day
Of Earth the rathe with June the ripe.

But, we must turn where Greed for Toil
Hath closed and claspt Morn's pictured book ;
Where Nature hath a Gnome-like look,
And from her features dies the smile.

II.

PLEASANTLY rings the Chime that calls to Bridal-hall
or Kirk ;
But the Devil might gloatingly pull for the peal that
wakes the Child to work !
“ Come, little Children,” the Mill-bell rings, and
drowsily they run,
Little old Men and Women, and human worms who
have spun
The life of Infancy into silk ; and fed, Child, Mother,
and Wife,
The factory's smoke of torment, with the fuel of human
life.
O weird white face, and weary bones, and whether they
hurry or crawl,
*You know them by the factory-stamp, they wear it
one and all.*

The Factory-Fiend in a grim hush waits till all are in,
and he grins
As he shuts the door on the fair, fair world without,
and hell begins !
The least faint living rose of health from the childish
cheek he strips,
To run the thorn in a Mother's heart : and ever he
sternly grips
His sacrifice ; while life's soiled waters turn his
wilderer wheels ;
He shouts, till his rank breath thickens the air, and
the Child's brain Devil-ward reels.

From cockcrow until starlight, very patiently they
plod ;
A sea of human faces turning sadly up to God.
O wan white winter world that hides no coloured
dreams of Spring !
No summer sunshine brightens ; no buds blossom ;
no birds sing.
In at the windows Nature looks, and sings, and smiles
them forth,
To walk with her, and talk with her, and see the
summering Earth ;
And drink the air that cools the heart in pathways
dim with dew ;
While the miracle of Morning raises glorified life
anew.
But they are shut from the heavenly largess ; they
must stint and moil,
*Tho' Death stare ghastly in their face, and life is end-
less toil.*

Did you mark how vacantly they eyed this land of
loveliness,
The Flower of Sleep into their eyes, your heart would
ache to press.
The moving glory of the heavens, their pomp and
pageantry,
Flame in their shadowed faces, but no soul comes up
to see.
They see no Angels lean to them ; they stretch no
spirit-hand ;
Melodious Beauty sings to them ; they cannot under-
stand.

Yet here, where the sweet flower of life may hoard
no precious dew,
To feed its heart of greenness, keep the glory of
its hue ;
Here, where the fingers of Work and Want are writing
silent, slow,
Their warrant for the grave on many a Mother's
darling's brow ;
Here, where the Fiend doth trample out the soul-
sparks day by day ;
Here, where such seed of God is rotting in the killing
clay ;
Some Saviour-Seraph walks the waves of sorrow and
of sin,
And some poor wrestler doth not sink the wrecking
gulfs within ;
And aye she rises with her charge in loving arms
caressed,
*As Morning rises out of night, her love-star on her
breast.*

III.

IN a grand old Gothic Palace,
The Lady Laura dwells :
It crowns the warm green valleys,
High as the surge of summer swells.
There, with her emerald chalice, Spring
Kneels, offering beauty's wine ;
There, in a land of enchantment, sing
The birds thro' shower and shine.
'Tis a noble solitude serene,
Where the sudden glory glows !
In a happy nook of nestling green,
That virginal flower blows,—
Just in the sweetness of the bud,
Brimming with brightness and balm ;
The tenderest glimpse of Womanhood
Golden, and sweet, and calm.
She is the Lily of the land ;
Born neither to spin nor toil :
She can rest her fair cheek on her dainty white hand,
While the human honey-bees moil.
O the world of rich visions that peer in her eyes !
Around her what fantasies dance !
As she leans in her air of paradise,
And the bower of dalliance :
But her earnest life is sorrowfully
O'ershadowed from above :
She feels the ache of Life's mystery,
And she feels the hurt of Love.
The Lady Laura's soul is sad
For the suffering under the sun :
*She looks on the world, and is only glad
For the duties to be done.*

She might have moved by in the pageant grand,
Sweet slip of a lordly line !
Nor soiled the glory of her white hand,
And fairy fingers fine ;
And swam in this world's wine and oil,
With those who sink for the next,
Faint with delight and plundered Toil
With no strange thought perplex.
O the burnisht stream would have bravely borne
Her, dancing down in its whirl ;
And the dark wreck-kingdom have proudly worn
On its bosom the pure queen-pearl.
But Sorrow hath toucht her young, young years,
When their rose-light was smiling and fair ;
And her eyes have wept the sharp, sharp tears,
That pierce through all mirage of air,
Ah, the Poor ! with her finer sense she hears
How they moan in their cloud of care.
They will tell you down in the valleys
What the Orphan Heiress hath done ;
How the grand old Gothic Palace
With Love's new wine doth run.
She is Dawn on the cold hill-tops that divide
The poor from their neighbour Rank ;
The first bright wave of a sluggish tide
Hath overleapt its bank.
And to Lady Laura by the window and door,
Hearts climb with the Roses up,
Their blessings to breathe, and their pride to pour,
In many a crowning cup.
Rebel hindrance she treads queenly down,
Where it stands in her Throne's high way.
O Factory-Fiend with the fearful frown,
She will bloom in your desert to-day.

IV.

THE lady Light hath Daughters seven,
In sovereign state sit smiling fair
On their cloud-throne ; but down the air
They float from arms of clasping Heaven :

For they their lofty home will leave,
To winnow, on their golden plumes,
Through ocean-bowers, and water-glooms ;
And wondrous spells of beauty weave

To clothe the sea-shells in their trance
So lone and cold, with coloured lights,
And jewel-flames ; till their dim Night's
Alive with shapes of radiance.

On Alpine heights a little Flower
From its snow-cradle soft doth reach ;
And with its tiny hands beseech
Thy vesture-hem, Eternal Power !

Then straightway help of heaven descends,
And vital influences run
Down golden ladders of the sun,
And pleading life wins spirit-friends.

Thus souls in barrenest solitude
Oft bring the kindly powers down,
To lighten on them with a crown,
Or cheer them with immortal food.

And thus on one poor Worker's sight
Dawns Lady Laura through the mirk,
Much marvelling how there may lurk
A presence toucht with tender light.

His life stands still to hear what fate
Comes with the step of mystery ;
And husht for some event to be,
In conscious calm the waters wait.

She sees a prayer for rest and air
In every face, but, in his eyes
Alone, are childish memories ;
And his the only spirit there

That waves the Seraph-wand of fire,
To fright the Serpent flickering near.
One jewel in that dark Mine ! and clear
It flashes as she brightens nigher.

And all beside how dull and grim !
O saintly show of maiden grace !
From out a golden mist, her face
Seems floating, floating on to him.

Daughter of Light ! she seems to swim,
As on the wings of mighty love ;
Sad-smiling that blind world above ;
Sunning that human forest dim.

She speaks to him ; she takes his hand ;
With such a gracious tenderness !
*The tears up in his eyes will press ;
Life's waste in sudden flower doth stand.*

As when the spirit of Winter old
Passes away in a dream of spring,
The quick buds burst, and shimmering
All into fluttering wings unfold,

And wave so strong, and thrill so free,
As they the wakened world would wing
Along the warm way of the Spring,
Where they are drawn deliciously :

So from his life a burst of wings
Is thrilling leaf-like for the light ;
And in that Splendour's wake of white,
They make melodious murmurings.

Light, Music, Fragrance, seem to kiss
And swathe him in a bloom of fire ;
Make shining beauty his attire,
And bury his dead past in bliss.

At her soft touch ethereal dies
The old dark, as Morning's spear of light
Doth gently touch the dying night,
And from it Day, a white Spirit, doth rise.

v.

THE Lady Laura took him, in her kind and queenly
way,
*From out that cruel iron world, to the tender human
day.*

There all the folded bloom of life like a banner rich
unfurled,
And waved luxuriant in the air of a glad and glorious
world.

She fed his mind, she led his mind, thro' vistas strange
and sweet ;
Ah, blessed boon to toil and lay the fruitage at her
feet !
She took his widowed Mother ; bless her full and
flowing hand !
To rest her weary bones from toil, and live upon
her land.

Their barren world of poverty with flowers she girdled
round,
Till life that toiled with bleeding feet can walk on
softer ground.
My Lady comes ; my Lady goes ; his being doth re-
joice,
A breaking sea of rapture ; every wave uplifts a
voice.

Like dungeoned foe that seeth the King's daughter
walking nigh,
He blesseth the revealing dark for the beauty thronéd
high.
And in the beating of his heart, and flashing of his
eye,
A new life climbeth,—waving glory,—as she pass-
eth by.

My Lady comes ; my Lady goes ; he can see her day
by day,
And bless his eyes with her beauty, and with bless-
ings strew her way.

My Lady comes ; my Lady goes ; she passes from
his sight,
As daylight dies into the skies, and at her gate stands
Night.

VI.

AH, little thinks my Lady
Of the subtle seedling sown ;
But, fruitful was the silence
Where its secret life hath grown.
From human love's great ocean
It draws the nursing springs ;
And 'tis fed on hidden manna
That her fragrant beauty brings.

Ah, little thinks my Lady,
As the days and seasons roll ;
How she took him by the hand,
To pass in to his soul.
There she lies in a light of smiles ;
And like a soft caress,
Her voice goes soothing, soothing
With a kiss of tenderness.

O Love, tho' shut without, will laugh
All barriers above ;
And higher as they soar, still towers
The stature of mighty Love.
And bud by bud, the climbing seed
Into a tall tree springs !
Ah, little thinks my Lady
What the Bird in the branches sings !

VII.

"She smiled on me, she smiled on me,
And I walk in a glory now ;
'Tis writ on my cheek in a rose of pride ;
'Tis read in a light on my brow.

"She smiled on me, she smiled on me,
I think as I sit alone ;
And my heart o'er its tender secret
Is brooding with love's sweet moan.

"She smiled on me, she smiled on me,
And that surging smile of light,
In a happy silence, thro' my life
Goes circling out of sight.

"She smiled on me, she smiled on me,
And my soul with bliss doth ache ;
So many a clue to happiness,
I know not which to take !

"She smiled on me, she smiled on me,
And the human world goes by—
In a sound as of Angels talking,
And a feel as if Heaven swum nigh.

"She stoopt to kiss me with her smile,
Thro' the clouds where I darkly lay ;
As she glided thro' my night, Sweet Moon !
High on her heavenly way.

"She stoopt to kiss me with her smile,
And life soared up in flame !
*But, for my worship, not my kiss,
The glorious phantom came.*

“She smiled on me, she smiled on me ;
Ah me, that in her smiles
My heart might break, in a wide love-wave,
On her bosom’s happy Isles!”

VIII.

As earliest flowers, the sweet first-love of Spring,
Are tenderest in their fragrance—saintliest pure,
Love’s firstlings, budding in the heart, unfold
Most precious sweet of all the lusty year ;
And all his life is with their fragrance filled.
In shy and shady nooks he steals, to brood
O’er what his heart for worship lifteth up.

With a ripe flush in his warm face the Dawn
Uplifts the veil of dew-mist from the shape
Of Beauty sleeping on the lap of Earth :
So down into his secret soul he peers,
To see the veiled Beauty thro’ its mist,
And bows to bless her where she lies alight,
Unconscious of the reddening dawn of love.

A face, like nestling luxury of flowers ;
Soft hair, on which Light drops a diadem ;
A mouth of roses wet with damask wine ;
The sweetest eyes,—ah, when in their far heaven
Shall Love rise up and beckon with the palm ?—
And all the beauty hid from mortal sight,
Like lily-bud in leaves of cool green light.

*His happy eyes o’erflow with holy dew,
Gathered in the rich air of secret love.*

Anon his heart goes wandering like a wind
That reels thro' meads of spice, o'er hills of myrrh,
Drunk with flower-fragrance, and the wine of love,
And making music at the lightest touch,
Till faint with sweets it wearies into rest.

IX.

LADY of the forest
Is the Silver Birk ;
Shimmering in the sunshine ;
Shivering at the mirk ;
Rocking in her rapture ;
A dancing Psaltress slim !
Her hair a shower of beauty !
Her motion a faëry swim !
Or, when dewy Quiet
Pours its chrism of balm,
And her tremulous tresses
Are bound with a tender calm ;
Rustling in her richness,
A Glory in the land ;
Veiléd when the gloaming
Is gray with shadows grand ;
'Mid the dance of colours,
And semitones of green,
Gleams this daintier Spirit
That in leafdom is the Queen.
Of all the trees o' the forest,
He loves the Silver Birk,
Shimmering in the sunshine,
Shivering at the mirk.

So like the Lady Laura
In her purity and grace ;
Dreaming in its shadow,
Often rose her face !
And as when a Sunburst
Goldens the green aisles,
The woodland water smileth,
So his heart within him smiles.

X.

“ Just a smile i’ the face of Nature ;
Just a mirror of May-morn ;
Is the shining, comely creature,
Worshipt by the peasant-born.

“ Beauty has no rarer blossom,
Budding fain, or flowering fair ;
Nestling to a Mother’s bosom,
If a lover’s hand should dare.

“ She is graceful as the greenly
Waving boughs in summer wind ;
And her beauty calm and queenly
Wears its royal crown of mind.

“ Might I bear Love’s shield above her ;
Might I snood her silken hair ;
How my heart would round her hover
On the tender wings of care !

“ Ah, dear Heaven, all blessings shower
On her sweet life’s balmy bud ;
Till it lift immortal flower,
In the blooming fields of God.”

XI.

A DAZZLING wonder in the dark of Dreams,
His heart-hid Jewel gleams ;
And for a peerless richness it doth range
The zones of radiant change.
Breathing soft hues the glorious thing doth shine,
With lustres Opaline.
The shifting Sapphire lovingly beguiles,
With dewy azure smiles.
The Ruby now with soul of crimson yearns,
Or like a blood-drop burns.
The Topaz in transparent hand doth hold
Imprisoned flame of gold.
Now twinkles from soft shade the Emerald tender,
A drop of cool green splendour.
Or, with love-drooping eye, the Pearl o' the deep
Melts in a sea of sleep.
And now, wide ope, it lights the inner night,
A starry Chrysolite.
And aye, for a peerless richness it doth range
The zones of radiant change.

XII.

ONE of the silent Poets of the world who find no word
To utter their dumb soul of love, so, like the shy night-
bird,
They *break their hearts in music ; die in sorrow's soli-
tude ;*

One Autumn eve he sat beneath the white Grace of
 the Wood ;
 Where Birds of Thought so often brought his love
 ambrosial food ;
 When all the spirits of the flowers stole forth i' the
 hush of night,
 And all the greeny silence slumbered in a dream of
 light.

The world lay in a purple calm and tenderness of
 tears ;
 In every pulse of being lived the tenderness of years.
 He had wrestled with his passion,—caught up in its
 wild caress—
 Voluptuous as a Bride of Fire, with arms as pitiless.
 He had wept his pain in a fiery rain, and a hush came
 o'er his tears,
 As a vision of sweet Peace comes treading down War's
 cruel spears.
 Then in a trembling confidence of love to himself he
 talkt,
 And sang above his whispering heart, that felt what
 Spirit walkt.

“ We cannot lift the wintry pall
 From buried life ; nor bring
 Back, with Love's passionate thinking, all
 The glory of the Spring.
 But soft along the old green way
 We feel her breath of gold ;
 Her radiant vesture ripples gay,—
 She comes ! and all is told.

“ So in Her absence Memory
Aye strives, but cannot paint
The Vision of meek Majesty ;
The beauty of my Saint.

She comes ! like dawn in spring her fame !
My winter-world doth melt ;
The thorns with flowers wave a-flame !
She smiles ! and all is felt."

Is it a vision ! or the pure pale face
Of Lady Laura, coming thro' the trees ?
Strange fire consumes the rich dew of her eyes !
Trembles her lip ; her soul, tho' very calm,
Gleams like a naked sword from its soft sheath.
Ah, she has found his secret in its nest ?
And will she crush him with her silent scorn ?
He dare not know. She speaks ; he scarcely hears ;
So loud the blood goes singing through his brain.
" I am no longer mistress at the Hall ;
False friends usurp my place and heritage,
And keep them till the Law shall do me right.
I leave to-morrow morn. I think you have
The mounting spirit to rise where'er you fall,
And shall rejoice to mark your fortunes shine."

She paused ; he raised his eyes to hers, and saw
The unuttered something that could not be told.
She passed ; her rustling robe thrilled all his life,
And her light footsteps died upon the night.

XIII.

LIKE one caught in the Tempest's arms unseen,
Dasht overboard unheard, and left all night
With the mad waves, blindfolded by the gloom,
All thro' that desolate dark he wrestled lone ;
Tossing tumultuous in a storm of soul ;

And lived his life o'er in the agony stern ;
As on the drowning rushes all the past.

Again he saw her in the Silk-mill stand
Complete in beauty, crowned with meekest calm,
As missioned Angels down to Hell wing when
Some suffering spirit's time is up in Heaven.
He went with her among the Poor where fell
Her smile as sunshine on the harvest land ;
And from the folded flowers of thorny life,
Her presence charmed a kindlier spirit forth ;
He, hoarding up their blessings in his heart.

He saw her in the spring-dawns gliding down,
Like Morning on the world, to tend the flowers
That from her touch sprang thrilling with delight.
Darkened into himself, he watcht, all eye,
Like Spirit that sees its mortal love go by,
Itself invisible.

In languorous noons
Of summer, when, a Shape of fragrant warmth,
Nature seems glowing thro' her sumptuous robe ;
With all her beauty rounding tenderly ;
And from behind the tapestry of flowers,
Her passion takes you with ambrosial breath ;
He in the cool, green shadows would lie down,
O'er him the leaves a lowe of glimmering gold,
To kiss where the beloved foot had toucht,
With lip of crimson fire, and fondling cheek,
All tingling thro' and thro' with lightning life.

*He saw the visible Divinity
O' the time and place, taking her twilight walk,*

Starrily moving in an air of smiles ;
The serious sea-blue dreaming in her eyes ;
Her lofty beauty robed about with heaven ;
And drank the wine of wonder as she went.
So tender hour by hour, love grew in his heart ;
A dew-drop in the flower's cup held toward heaven.

Ah, happy times, when on the top of life
He saw her beauty's daily sunrise, heard
Her voice, and breathed the air made holy by her,
And in her presence cloud-like sunned himself,
With such sweet silent awe ; while all his heart
With rich love trembled as 't would break for bliss ;
Like shaken dews in jewelled cups of morn !

Ah, happy nights, and lustrous darks, in which
He watcht her casement when the house was mute,
And Silence took the place in loving arms,
Where the tall Chestnuts husht her beauty round,
Uplifting in their hands a light of flowers !
There with its speechless yearning strove his heart,
O'erflowing till the night was filled with love.

How often thro' the winter wind and rain,
His spirit fluttered to her, winged with blessings.
And he stood clothed and warmed with thoughts of
her ;
And thro' the darkness and the cold, his love
Glowed like a watch-fire in a wilderness ;
Or glistened upward in a light of tears ;
Soul-diamonds of the purest water—tears
Trembling with tenderness, alive with light ;
Such as the Angels wear for jewels in heaven.

Ah, happy times that wave their sad farewells,
To come no more, no more, O Nevermore !
To him, who, tasting the forbidden tree,
Now sat at Eden gates, and they were closed.

Sudden a thought struck new life thro' him as strikes
Land on the swimmer's feet as he gave up lost !
He who could die for her, could he not live
For her, and help her win her rightful throne ?
He sat not down on shore to mourn his wreck ;
Not his the heart to wail when he might work.

That night hath passed ; but from its death-bed rose
A Star, to sing and sparkle in his soul,
And light him to some crowned accomplishment.

XIV.

O MIGHTY mystery London, there be children still,
who hold
Her palaces are silver-rooft, her pavements are of
gold ;
And blindly in that dark of fate, they grope for the
golden prize,
For somewhere hidden in her heart the charmed
treasure lies.
Such glory burning in the skies, she lifts her crown of
light
Above the dark, we see not what we trample in the
night.
*O merry world of London ! O aching world of moan,
How many a soul hath stooped to thee, and lost its
starry throne !*

There Circe brims her sparkling ruby, dancing wel-
come,—laughs
All scruples down with wicked eye, and the crazed
lover quaffs,
Until the fires of Hell have left white ashes on his
lips ;
And there they pass whose tortured hearts the worm
that dies not grips.
The stricken crawl apart to die. There, many a bosom
heaves
With merry laughters mournful as the dancing of dead
leaves.
There griping Greed rich-heaps the yellow wealth of
Bank and Shop,
As Autumn leaves grow goldenest when rotten-ripe
to drop :
And many melt the marrow of their Manhood, burn
its bloom,
In Passion's serpent arms, and with her kiss of fire
consume :
And Vanity sideling seeks a mirror in each passing
face.
But through the dark some luminous lives flash up
and pray Heaven's grace.

All beauteous stand her Idols shining on their azure
height,
And from their fairy heaven lean veiled Shapes, half-
dim, half-bright ;
They draw us with a dream delicious to the aching
sight ;
Armfuls of warm delight, white waists, ripe lips, and
merry Brides ;
*Beds of lilies and roses ! low sweet music, world
besides !*

And day by day, on each highway, from many a sunny
shire,

The country life comes green to wither for the hungry
fire.

All into London leaping, leaping flows the human sea,
Where, wreck at heart, or prize in arms, the waves
flash merrily.

With a prayer to God on high, he sees the tumult,
hears the strife,

And dives, from out the gulfs to snatch a nobler-
crownéd life.

The Lady Laura leaneth like a bending heaven above,
And his life is safely steadied with the anchor of his
love.

Three times into the City's heart there ran the news
of Spring :

Sweet primrose-time is come again, and silver showers
sing.

The cloudy imagery of heaven sails o'er him day by
day,

He watches parching as the Palm when rain floats
far away,

All thirsty, as the Hero's soul with glory's burning
drouth !

And yearning, as the dying yearn for a death-bed in
the South !

For Spring's warm breath, and bright caress, and
pleasant feel of leaves,

And all her beauty wet with morn, his heart within
him grieves.

*The country memories rich inlaid, so fragrantly are
stirred,*

*As spice-winds whisper something low, or sings a care-
less Bird.*

The green-woods beckon spirit-like thro' dreams of
 azure sky ;
All heaven looks out from a flower as from his
 Beloved's eye,
And visions of a lovelier-lighted life go glimmering by.

Above that wilderness o' the weary oft he sat alone,
Watching the surges of his soul, which, ever and anon,
Revealed the proud wave-wrestler Hope for ever
 battling on !
And ever thro' the dark the Lady Laura smiling
 shone.
Ah, the dear night was all his own, life rose fantastic-
 towered ;
Full-honeyed with its folded Spring, his shut heart
 bud-like flowered.
Upon the stream that pined all day, the calm of heaven
 doth rest ;
Its Star of love, tho' far above, keeps bridal on its
 breast.
Pure, painéd, Loveliness ! she walks a world of wrong
 and guile,
Yet nightly looketh in his face with the same sweet,
 patient smile.
While ever and forever goeth up to God for doom,
The City's breath of life and death, in glory or in
 gloom ;
And there it rings each spirit round, of light or dark-
 ness woven,
And they shall wake and walk their self-unfolded hell
 or heaven.
Nightly a merry harvest-home the Devil in London
 drives,
And gathers on the shores of hell the wreck of human
 lives.

While God sits over all, in heaven, and in His hand
doth hold,
The Flower of Silence shedding worlds like seed of
sunny gold.

XV.

A LONELY life, a lonely lot ;
He climbs his mountain day by day ;
But finds beside the stoniest way
Love's wild rock-honey, and fainteth not.

He sees the Vision shine afar ;
Sweet wedded lives in happy home ;
And strains his eyes against the gloom,
Like Nuns that throb at prison-bar,

Woody by a dear and dazzling dream,
When thro' the mirk Love's glory burns.
The hearth of Home warm welcome yearns ;
His face is glowing with the gleam

And sparkle of their brimming cup,
Who round the home-altar dance and sing,
All in a golden marriage-ring,
And light with love Life's picture up.

They sit in nestling nook, and see
The ripening promise of the years ;
The budding quicks, the springing ears ;
Flowers honey-wet, and fruits to be.

As bridal-gifts from God above,
The Children bring their glad new spring ;
Past joy's refrain their voices ring,
All loud with mirth, or low with love.

Fine actions feed Love's holy fire,
Like sandal-wood of fragrant gold ;
Till heavenward, glorious to behold,
It breaks, in many a splendid spire.

There, hand in hand, they reach across
A double range of rich delights ;
And climb in safety where the heights
Of Life have many a chasm of Loss.

A happy soul goes singing aloft,
Ere closes their day-book of bliss,
So gently clasped with a kiss,
While loving eyes grow still more soft.

“ O blessed Bird that soars and sings,
And moves in heaven on triumphing wings ;
Then drops to rest
Within my breast,
And aye some balm of blessing brings.

“ O Flower of mine, Life's stream may start
Thy trembling leaves, but cannot thwart
Love's calm below,
Where wed roots grow
In twin strength, smiling heart to heart.

“ O crest of beauty on my brow ;
O light of love upon my prow ;
To the death-dark,
I row my bark ;
You gild with glory as we go.”

'Tis merry to walk the deck of life,
 Tho' billows beat, and the wild winds blow ;
 And proudly feel they rest below ;
That precious freightage, weans and wife.

But, he drifts on, in lonely bark,
 Past shining home, and singing isle.
 Fine Apparition, with a smile
Like spirit-music ! in the dark

Thy sudden beauty lightens near,
 And bows him to the knees in prayer.
 He needs long draughts of heavenly air,
Who dives to clutch a pearl so dear.

XVI.

TO-DAY, with his work done, the Victor stands ;
His brows are bound by Lady Laura's hands.
He conquered. To her feet he brought the prize ;
Twin worlds of bliss were throbbing in her eyes.
Sparkled her smiling soul like that of a child,
And smiling, all her life in love-light smiled.

She gloweth happy as the tender South,
When Spring doth kiss her on the flowery mouth,
The lilies white upon the stream of life
Stir with the sweet feel of its dancing strife.
If but one favouring breath of heaven move,
Into his bosom drops the fruit of love.

He lookt into the windows of her eyes
To see Love, sitting by the hearth, arise
And let him in, and lead him to his throne,
For love and worship thro' all worlds his own :
Then from the heart's heaven a sweet simple Grace
Came blushing all the secret in her face,
Dyeing her beauty daintier for embrace.

On her white holy hand the ring of gold
Exults its branch of glory to enfold.
Comes forth in greeting all the country side,
To welcome Lady Laura home, a Bride.
Ring, merry bells, ring, blithesome bridal bells !
To the tune of happy hearts your triumph swells.

Upon his life now leaneth dewily
The rose of her ripe beauty fair to see.
In honeyed light, and sweet with pleasant showers,
Lies all the land, a coloured flame of flowers ;
And with a sidelong grace smiles of the sight,
Heaven shakes its bridal torch and laughs delight.

XVII.

“ MY life lay like a Sea-bud, dark upon the watery wold,
That feels when Spring is in the world, and striveth to unfold,
The breath of Love passed o'er me, and the Spring went
laughing by,
Till on a sudden I was 'ware, Beloved, thou wert nigh !
The Bird of Love to my window came, and sang a strain
divine.
*Sweet Bird ! he makes his nest, I said, 'neath other eaves
than mine :*

But many a day hath come and gone, and still he sits and
sings
His song of happy futures, and of dear remembered things.

“ My life went darkling like the Earth, nor knew it shone a
Star

To that dear Heaven on which it hung in worship from afar.
O, many bared their bravery like flowers to the bee ;
She might have ranged through sunny fields, but nestled down
by me :

A King upon his Throne might have smiled her to his side ;
But, with a lowly majesty she came to me, my Bride,
And gladly gave her love to me, the dearest thing on Earth,
Like one who gives a jewel, all unweeting of its worth.

“ O, was it an Immortal Child, left by a fair Dream-Bride,
Seen in a world of vision with mine eyes stretcht spirit-wide ?
Or was the Image pictured, by the sun of another life,
In secret soul, that I might know its living like my Wife ?
I know not ; but, when luminous she floated on to me,
Methought she flamed from out the mist of some far memory.
The hiding Love just stirring the spring-roses of her face ;
The picture of sweet Saintliness ; the glory and the grace.

“ 'Twas when the Earth her green lap spreads for Summer's
gorgeous gifts ;
And plump for kisses of the Sun, her ripened cheek uplifts ;
When May among her flowers was caught in lusty arms of
June ;
She newly strung my harp of life, and played its sweetest
tune.
O, I had been content to live in a cottage of the clay,
So I might see and bless her, when she chanced to pass
that way ;
But she came down from her heaven, with a look of glorious
pride,
And I clasp my heart's sweet Vision ; lo ! a nestling human
Bride.”

XVIII.

CALM is their sheltered shore of life, caressed
By gentle tides of peace, whose murmurs are
Of storms at rest, and sorrows sanctified.
But not for them alone the honey-time,
And bliss of being ! hearts were all too full
Of lusty longings for all human good,
And happiness was only meant to share.
That luminous revealer, hallowing Love,
Gave them the seeing eye, not drooping lid.
His chosen are but caught up into Heaven,
For wider vision of a suffering Earth.
Their lavish bliss ran over to make rich,
And kindle with a spring of joyful life
The poor world kneeling at the feet of theirs.
And not forgotten was that Factory-world,
Which like a doomed Ship far away i' the night
Pleaded—each port-hole lighted up for help !

Christ on the Cross for eighteen hundred years,
And still His Poor their long redemption wait—
Still tempted of the Devil in the Desert.
Still are they, crouching by the fireless hearth,
In the dead winter often driven to burn
The bravest hangings of their house of life,
To scare the gaunt wolf Hunger, whose eyes glare
In at the window lit with bloody lust !
Sometimes a cry runs throbbing thro' the night,
As tho' Creation quickened with the birth
Of new life strange and monstrous, in our world.
Then startled Fear from his high lattice looks,

With face as white as death-toucht Want's below :
There rage a people like a forest of fire !
Grim on the banner Labour's challenge flames,
" Leave to live working, or die fighting."

Fear

Sends forth his Guards, and to his pillow slinks.
Red Murder leaps up sudden in their midst ;
The gathering of fierce suffering breaks in blood :
Begins again the old long agony,
And Order reigns ! tho' many a day the Ghost
Of Revolution at his banquet sits ;
Or standeth Sentry at his door o' nights.

O hopeless Poor, and impotently Rich !
O hurrying host of battling enmities,
That, fighting, feel no earthquake rock the ground !
O human world, panting without the pale
Of harmony, the universal law,
Like Soul, with troublous wail, shut out of bliss !
Shall it not come, the time of which we dream,
To crown long years of strife, and blood, and tears,
When from the Book the Poet's thought shall step
Clothed on with human lineaments, and live ?
And this Ideal of our hopeful Brave
Come down and dwell with us in daily life,
And Earth and Heaven lie in each other's arms ?

They deem so, who, with visionary eyes,
Have held communion with that world to come ;
Our wedded pair : their faith made quick by love ;
They look within—its Shadow comes that way.
*And they will make their outer life a dial,
On which the inner light may rise and shine ;*

And touch with radiance soft some sullen spot
Where falls the Devil's shadow, till a smile
Is on its face as it turns up to God.
Ho for the New World and its golden age
Of delicate dream-work, and of rich romance !

They bought the Factory : turned its stream of toil
To a flood of Joy, on Lady Laura's lands.
There Life, whose dark and stagnant waters swarmed
With hideous things, in merry radiance runs ;
Brightens with health, and breaks with frolic spray ;
Peeps thro' a garland green, and laughs in light ;
Its rest, blessed as tho' the calm high heavens
Had lookt it into some transfiguring trance,
Then with light-hearted morrow sparkling on—
So to the dark arch Death, thro' which the stream
Bickers or blackens for the shoreless sea.

They built their little world, wherein the Poor
Might grow the flower of Hope, and fruit of Love ;
And human trees, with outstretcht arms of cheer,
Might mingle music, wreath in bud and bloom,
And in their branches nest the birds of God,
That in immortal beauty whitely hover,
But come not down to build while boughs are bare.

They bought and sold, they ploughed, and sowed, and
reapt.

Cheapness, Free Trade, and such Economy
As suck their strength from human blood and tears ;
Feeding on Beauty's waste, and Childhood's spring ;
Shredding with wintry hand life's leafy prime ;
They bowed not down to—Baal of the strife

That gives the Devil his own vantage-ground,
Where each man's hand is at his brother's throat ;
The knight in golden mail combats the naked !
And hearts must run with never-tiring wheels !
The weak go down ; the Victors merciless
Still wield the Sword of Selfish interest,
To win their crown of Individual gain,
And throne of Isolation cold and lone.

Not this, but life of freedom, law of love ;
The wine-press trod by each, the cup for all ;
In this serener world—this morning star
That rises out of chaos and the night,
Like throbbing heart of some Millennial Day.
Here, life is no soul-sickening round of toil ;
No need to blink the Spirit's longing sight.
Here, simple Childhood opens vernal eyes,
And young blood dances thro' the veins of Age.
White Cottage homes rise from the sea of green,
Like clouds where happy spirits sit and sing.

The old wild-brier, Labour, from which spring
The radiant Roses of a warmer world,
With kindlier nurture blossoms forth anew,
A glory of Flowers, and wears immortal green ;
Breaks the stern granite, sparkling into beauty,
And precious jewels glow from common stones :
Soft white hands smoothe the brow of wrinkled Wrath ;
The gentle balm of Love makes hard eyes soft,
And melted hearts to swim thro' woe-worn looks,
With sweet and delicate human tenderness.
*The trampled battle-field of sin-scarred faces
Is healéd with the harvest of ripe love ;
Its frowning furrows crowned with ridgéd smiles.*

Over their World where Passion hurtled down
Burning instead of beauty, as its sun,
And all around was black eternal night ;
Love's radiant shadow sheds an atmosphere
Of soft celestial brightness, calm, and peace.
And Life goes hand in hand with happy things ;
In lovely shadow-lands with spirits talks ;
There with all gracious Shapes of Beauty walks,
And wins their motion, majesty, and mien ;
And rears his temple rich for God, inlaid
With precious jewels and colours fair, and cries,
" Behold how good and joyful a thing it is
To dwell together in peace and unity."

Thus Lady Laura and her peasant lord
Built o'er the dead past their proud monument,
That signals to far times their word of love :
And God was with them smiling on their work.
They wrought not without hindrance, sorrow and pain :
Who work for Freedom win not in an hour :
Their cost of conquest never can be summed !
They toil and toil thro' many a bitter day,
And dark, when false friends flee, and true ones faint.
The seed of that great Truth from which shall spring
The forest of the future, and give shade
To those who reap the harvest, must be watcht
With faith that fails not, fed with rain of tears,
And walled around with life that, fighting, fell.

THE BRIDEGROOM OF BEAUTY.

THE BRIDEGROOM OF BEAUTY.

WHO wears a singing-robe is richly dight,
 Said Mabel ; he is greater than a King.
 I would I were a Poet borne on wings,
 Up like a Lark i' the morning of the times,
 To sing above the human harvesters ;
 Drop fancies, dainty-sweet, to cheer their toil,
 And hurry out a ripe luxuriance
 Of life in song, until my heart should break ;
 And sing them sweet and precious memories,
 And golden promises, and throbbing hopes ;
 Hymn the great Future with its mystery,
 That startles us from out the dark of time
 With secrets numerous as a night of stars :
 Those days hung round with loftier heavens, where move
 The larger souls with grandly solemn pace :
 Or send wronged Nations to the battle-field
 With eyes that weep and burn—stir as with fire
 The grand wild beast of Valour, till it leapt
 The red Arena fiery for the fight :
 Then bind with garlands brave the Patriot's brow.
 Anon I would sing songs so sweetly pure,
 That they might pillow a budding Maiden's cheek,
 Like spirit-hands, and catch her tender tears ;
 Or nestle next her heart lapt up in love :—
Songs that in far lands, under alien skies,

Should spring from English hearts like flowers of home.
I'd strive to bring down light from heaven to read
The records writ on Poverty's prison walls,
The signs of greatness limned in martyr blood,
And make worn faces glow with warmth of love
Into the lineaments of heavenly beauty.

Who wears a singing-robe is richly dight ;
The Poet, he is greater than a King.
He plucks the veil from hidden loveliness :
His gusts of music stir the shadowing boughs,
To let in glory on the darkened soul.
Upon the hills of light he plants his feet
To lure the people up with harp and voice ;
At humblest human hearths drops dew divine
To feed the violet virtues nestling there.
His hands adorn the poorest house of life
With rare abiding shapes of loveliness.
All things obey his soul's creative eye ;
For him earth ripens fruit-like in the light ;
Green April comes to him with smiling tears,
Like some sweet Maiden who transfigured stands
In dewy light of first love's rosy dawn,
And yields all secret preciousness, his Bride.
He reaps the Autumn without scythe or sickle ;
And in the sweet low singing of the corn,
Hears coming Plenty hush the pining Poor.

The shows of things are but a robe o' the day,
His life down-deepens to the living heart,
And Sorrow shows him her wise mysteries.
*He knoweth Life is but a longer year,
And it will blossom bright in other springs.*

The soul of all things is invisible,
And nearest to that soul the Poet sings ;
A sweet, shy Bird in darkling privacy.
He beckons not the Pleasures as they pass,
And lets the money-grubbing world go by.
He hath a towering life, but cannot climb
Out of the reach of sad calamity :
A many carking cares pluck at his skirts ;
Wild, wandering words are hissing at his ear ;
He runs the gauntlet of world-woes to reach
The inner sanctuary of better life.
But tho' the seas of sorrow flood his heart,
Some silent spring of roses blossoms there.
His spirit-wounds a precious balsam bleed.
The loveliest ministrants that visit him,
Rise veiled when his heart-fountains spring in tears.
And when this misty life hath rolled away
The turmoil husht ; all foolish voices still ;
The bonds that crusht his great heart shattered down,
And all his nature shines sublimely bare ;
Death whitens many a stain of strife and toil,
And careful hands shall pluck away each weed
Around the spring that wells melodious life.



Many are called, Aurelia replied,
But few are crowned. I knew a Poet once ;
One of the world's most marvellous might-have-beens ;
A strange wild harper upon human heart-strings.
Life's morning-splendour round him prophesied
That he should win his garland in the game.
But he was lost for lack of that sweet thing,

A wife, to live his love's dear dream of beauty,
And wandered darkling in his dazzling dream.
Life's waters—troubled till that Angel comes—
Never grew calm above the jewel he sought,
Till in Death's harbour all their surges slept.

He was betrothed to Beauty ere his birth—
That silent Spirit of the universe,
Which seeks interpreters of her dumb shows,
'Mong human lovers whom she may not wed !
This Spirit arose from many things, as soars
The soul of harmony from many sounds.
She beckoned him for her Evangelist,
Out of the byeway of his lonely life,
And straightway he arose and followed her,
And in the shadow of her loveliness,
Or in her wake of glory, walkt the world.

That shining Shape, in her sweet mystery, seemed
Some beauteous miracle of silent love.
Thro' smiles, and tears, he saw his visioned Bride,
With gorgeous grace, and twinkling limbs of light,
Aye dancing on in her delightsomeness.
His love-dream glided silent thro' his life,
Like rosy-handed Day 'twixt Earth and Night,
And came betwixt his mind and all its glooms ;
Her sandals wet and fragrant with Heaven's dew.
She set the barren thorns in jewelled glow,
And sowed the furrows of his life with flowers.
He followed with wild looks and heart a-fire,
And that rich mist of feeling in the eyes,
Whose alchymy half-creates the thing we see.

She rose at dawn in sparkling clouds of dew,

And kept the Morning's ruddy golden gates ;
Stood high in sunrise on the mountain-top ;
Or in her bower of the silvery air
Sat, shedding her rich beauty on the sea,
Which of her likeness took some trembly tints ;
Voyaged like Venus in her car of cloud
About the sapphire heaven's lake of love,
Or danced on sunset streams to harp of gold :
Then twilight mists would robe more faint and fair
Her dim, delicious, dreamy loveliness.

The Flowers that startle at the voice of May
And open gamesome eyes, had been with her ;
Their subtle smile said what they could reveal.
Among the boughs of balm rainbowed with bloom ;
The coloured clouds that kindle and richly rise
From out the bosom of Earth's emerald sea ;
Hedge-roses set in dewy radiance green ;
The lush Laburnums, all a rain of gold ;
She seemed to have fled and left her robe afloat.
An Ariel, soft she murmured in the pines ;
He heard, but knew no magic word or wand.
A wavy Naiad, she rippled the cool brooks
That round her dallied, babbling in their dreams.
The fragrant feeling of the languorous air
Was as the soft endearment of her touch,
And wound him in a tremulous caress.

Not by appointment do we meet Delight
And Joy ; they heed not our expectancy ;
But round some corner in the streets of life,
They, on a sudden, clasp us with a smile.
So on him rose his visitant divine,
From many a magic mirror of the mind ;

With elfin evanescence came and went.
When, thronged with life, the Year in beauty burst,
Lifted her lids, and blossomed from the trees,
She smiled in all the gateways of the spring.
In burnisht bark swam down the summer-tide
That floods the valleys, breaks o'er all the hills,
In sparkling spray of flowers, and leafy life.
She rooft the Autumn forests with the wealth
Of melted rainbows, caught from summer heaven.
And winter trees stretcht fingers weird to win
Her perfect pearl, and her white purity.

Where'er she went Earth lookt up with a smile.
Thro' Music's maze she glode at hide-and-seek ;
Played with the Storm, then in her rainbow-shape
Laught from the purple skirts of Heaven, as laughs
Some radiant Child from Mother's hiding robe.
Adown dim forest-windings he would peer ;
Surprise his beautiful at her woodland bath,
And in a solemn hush of heart stand still
Like fixéd flame ! for lo, how softly glowed
Her dainty limbs in depth of dissolved pearl !
Then swift as runs a wind-wave over grass,
He saw her garments gleam in leafy light.
Were those love-whisperings among the leaves,
Or elvish laughters twitting thro' the trees ?
Sometimes the boughs let in her haunting face ;
But the old forest kept the secret still,
And husht it round with grave unconscious look.

In vernal nights so tender, calm, and cool,
When eerie Darkness lays its shadowy hands
On earth, and reads her sins with searching eyes,

Like a Confessor o'er a kneeling Nun ;
He stood in God's wide whispering gallery,
And breathed his worship : down from visible heaven
Her influence fell, and thrilled in music thro'
The silences of space, and soothed his soul,
Till life was folded up brimfull of beauty,
As the flower folds its pearl and droops to dream.

At times, from out the curtains of the dark,
Her face would meet him thro' the glowing gloom.
Sometimes she passed ; her rippling raiment toucht
His brows, and sphered him with diviner air,
Like honeysuckles brusht at dewy dusk.
The fragrance of her breath made old earth young.
From mystery to mystery, like a Bride,
The dainty-waisted darling led him on,
And dropt love-tokens in his pilgrim path.
The red Rose peering from its cool green leaves
Like warm Love lifting half its hiding veil,
Symbolled her soft red mouth held up to him.
A virgin whiteness in a dream of bloom,
Gave to her tender cheeks their taking tint.
Her eyes were orbs of thought that on him burned
Fervent as Hesper in the brow of Eve.

He walkt as in a clime of golden eves.
The vineyard of his life reeled lusty ripe ;
He ached to press the wine upon her lips,
But aye she melted from his love's embrace,
To float him far away in faery lands.
The wooing wind would murmur of her fairness,
And round him breathe in many whispers sweet ;
Bring dews of healing as from Hermon hill ;

Creep to his burning heart with drink of life,
And cool him with her kisses. Oft he husht,
As one who pauses on a midnight heath,
To catch the footfall felt on Fancy's ear.

When he awoke in Dreamland, 'twas to find
He had been floated thro' some starry dark,
Far from earth's shore, on an enchanted sea :
And he lay pillowed 'twixt her white warm breasts,
In glowing arms of glorifying love :
A light of love-dreams on her features shone,
And she had laid her daylight mask aside ;
All the sweet soul of things lay bare, as lies
The mirrored moon in silver sleeping seas.

A shimmering splendour from the By-gone broke,
As the ship leaves a luminous wake behind ;
And, looking back, his Childhood's world she ringed
With rich auroral hues of summer dawns.
When weird, dark shapes of sorrow hunted nigh
With their slow solemn eyes, and silent aim,
She dropt the gold cloud of her tresses round him.
When o'er him hung the night of adverse fate,
She was a light along his perilous path,
And thro' the darkness of his soul there broke
A heaven of worlds all tenderness and peace.

At times he walkt with glad and dauntless step,
As inner wings to heroic music moved ;
*And men who read his lighted look might deem
His life a summer story told in flowers.*
But often he would falter weeping-weak,

With claspéd hands, and very lowly heart.
Then she rose radiant in finer light,
Seen thro' the altar-smoke and mist of tears.
So his life grew to beauty silently,
And shaped his soul into an orb of song.
He sang of Her his beautiful Unknown !
And to his music she would coyly come;
He ceased—to look on her—and she was gone.
He sang of Her his beautiful Unknown,
Heart-wild, as some glad bird that sings of spring,
And all Earth's voices rang a rich refrain.
He would have made the world her worshipper :
The sceptic world that flung him Christ's old crown.
One day our passionate pilgrim sat him down
By the wayside of life, and thus he sang.

“ LIKE a tree beside the river
Of her life that runs from me,
Do I lean me, murmuring ever
In my love's idolatry.
Lo, I reach out hands of blessing ;
Lo, I stretch out hands of prayer ;
And, with passionate caressing,
Pour my life upon the air.
In my ears the siren river
Sings, and smiles up in my face ;
But for ever, and for ever,
Runs from my embrace.

“ Spring by spring the branches duly
Clothe themselves in tender flower ;
And for her sweet sake as truly
All their fruit and fragrance shower.
But the stream, with careless laughter,
Runs in merry beauty by,
And it leaves me yearning after,
Lorn to droop and lone to die.

In my ears the siren river
 Sings and smiles up in my face;
 But for ever, and for ever,
 Runs from my embrace.

"I stand mazéd in the moonlight,
 O'er its happy face to dream;
 I am parchéd in the moonlight
 By that cool and brimming stream:
 I am dying by the river
 Of her life that runs from me,
 And it sparkles by me ever,
 With its cool felicity.
 In my ears the siren river
 Sings, and smiles up in my face;
 But for ever, and for ever,
 Runs from my embrace."



"O THOU Beloved! O thou Beautiful!
 On our perfection throned for pedestal:
 O spirit as the lightning wild and bright,
 Come from thy palace of the purple light.
 Come down to mortal arms a living form,
 With heavenly height of brow, and bosom warm.
 Glow human from the mist, thou Shape of Grace;
 Thou tender wonder, fold me face to face.
 Art thou not mine, thou delicate Delight?
 Hast thou not visited me noon and night?
 Freightèd with my dead Hopes I follow thee,
 Like some Norse sea-king flaming out to sea.
 Say, are the pleasant bowers far away,
 Deckt by thy dear hands for our marriage-day,
 Where we the gardens of delight shall roam
In endless love? When wilt thou lead me home,
To find our bliss in heaven's honeyed heart;
Live secret soul to soul, never to part!

"O awful Glory, felt, but never found ;
I have but seen thy Shadow on life's ground.
I know thee now, Immortal! show the way
To thine Elysium, I could die to-day.
Break into wings this chrysalis of my life,
That I may soar to thee my spirit-wife.
Thy dark bower-door, the Grave, gives me no fear ;
When I emerge beyond, thou wilt be near."



O'er all his face the sudden splendour smiled,
Sweet as first love, and sad as wailing winds.
His soul had rent the veil 'twixt life and life.
Slowly the shining vapours orb a Star,
By fine degrees before his fixéd eyes.
The spirit he had sought thro' all the world,
Turned full upon him face to face at last.
She laid her hand upon his throbbing harp ;
She prest her lips upon his passionate life ;
And both stood still. He found his Bride in death.

THE MOTHER'S IDOL BROKEN.

Tenderly did he usher us within
The holy of holies of a Father's heart,
Where gloomed the first great sorrow still and stern—
The dark, unfeatured Guest—now fading slow
In hallowed, healing light.

Ah, few there be
But miss some sweetest thing Earth lifted up
In her old arms to take Heaven's blessing—pure
As white foam-spirit flashing to the Moon,
And gone as quickly from our mortal night.

THE MOTHER'S IDOL BROKEN.

I.

TWICE the Mother had divéd down
 Into her sea of sorrow ;
 O my love ! O my life ! my own sweet Wife !
 God send you a merry good-morrow.
 Betide her weal, or betide her woe,
 Her smile it was calm and fearless ;
 And proud were her eyes as she rose with the prize,
 A pearl in her palms ! my peerless !

O found you a little sea-siren,
 In some perilous palace left ?
 Or is it a little child-angel,
 Of her high-born kin bereft ?
 Or came she out of the Elfin-land,
 By earthly love beguiled ?
 Or hath the sweet Spirit of Beauty
 Taken shape as our starry Child !

Dear, do but look in her love-nest of sweets,
 Where she lies in a smiling calm :
Wee armful of fruitage ; a sheaf of ripe bliss ;
On a bosom breathing balm.

Fresh as the drop of dew cradled at morn,
On leaves of a lily in blossom ;
Sweet as the fragrance newly born
In a violet's virgin bosom.

II.

God's Butterfly on our love's flower alight !
It seemeth the beautiful thing,
At the first surmise of the heaven she hath left,
For the winterless world will wing.
So we fold her about with our love as 'twere
heaven,
Around her weave many a wile ;
And our hearts up-leap, living fountains of joy,
In the golden dream of her smile.

III.

ON my ripely rounding Rose-tree,
Dreaming of life are three flowers :
One pusheth up her ruby-rose-cup,
For the rain of God's quickening showers.
With a magical burst of beauty, one glows
Dewily dear in the sheen of love ;
And one pretty Softling, our baby-bud-rose,
Lies tenderly shut in the green of love.

IV.

O FAIR befall my dainty flowers,
Summering on their stem ;
Smiling up to the crowning Rose,
As she smileth down upon them.

Smiling up to their Queen in her beauty,
That smiles on each bonny breast-gem :
Blossoming, brimming with love for her
Who leans ruddy with love over them !
O fair befall my dainty flowers,
Summering on their stem !
And O the armful of rich love,
My fragrant human Roses !
Smile on them all, sweet Heaven,
And kiss my darling Roses.

V.

THERE be three little maidens ; three loving
maidens ;
Three bonny maidens mine ;
Three precious jewels are set in Life's crown,
On prayer-lifted brows to shine.
Six starry eyes, all love-luminous,
Look out of our heaven so tender ;
Since the honey-moon, glowing and glorious,
Arose in its ripening splendour.

There's Lilybell, duchess of wonderland,
With dance of life, dimples and curls ;
Whose bud of a mouth into red kisses bursts
A-smile with the wanton white pearls :
And Sweetcheek, our rosily-goldening peach
On the sunniest side o' the wall,
But Marian's Mother's darling,
Marian's Idol of all.

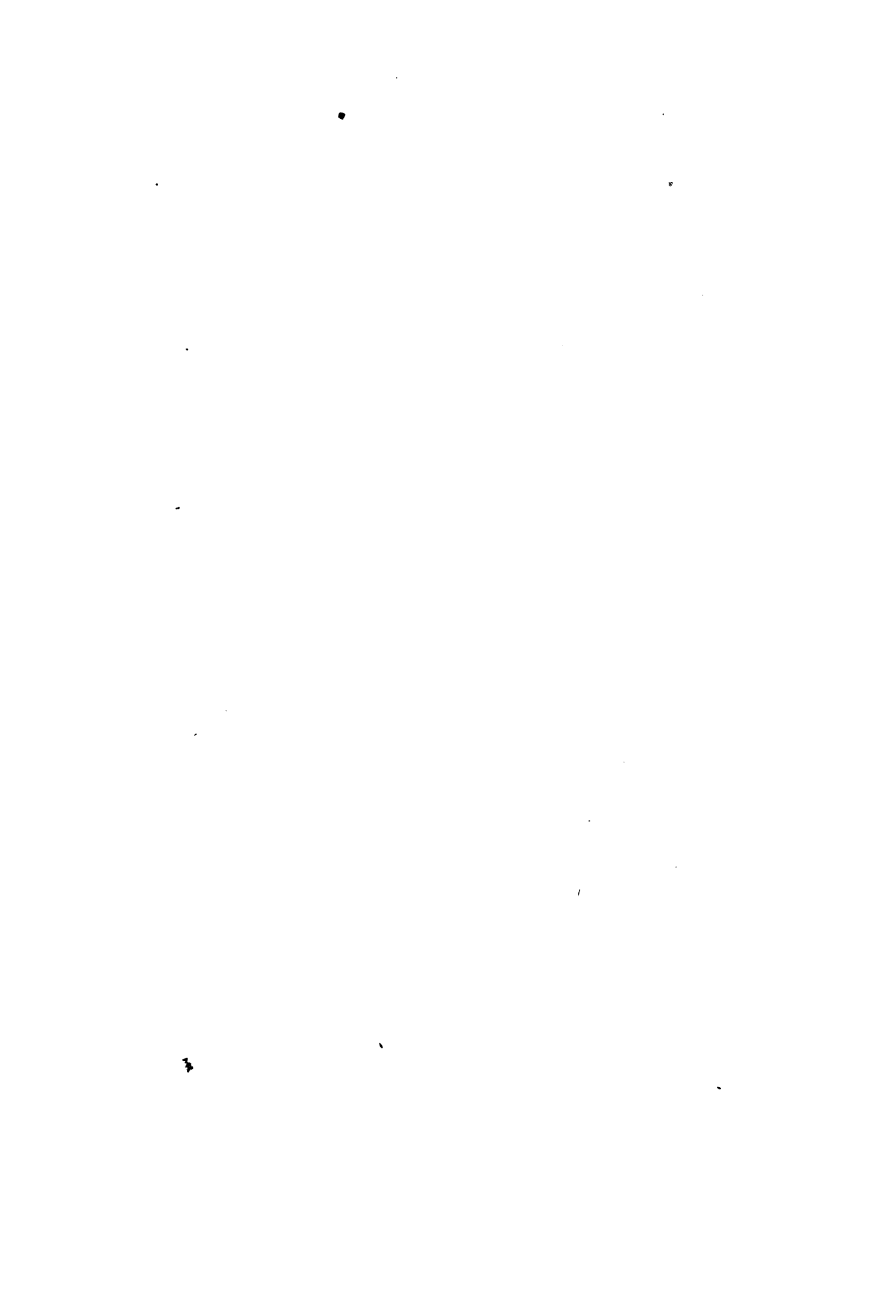
VI.

LIKE the merry voice-bird that sings on the bough,
I sing, O my woman Dove,
To a nest I know in the leaves below,
Full of eyes alive with love.
Two of our little Birds wander on wings,
One can but flutter and fall ;
Sing, Marian Mother's wee darling,
Marian's Idol of all.

VII.

ALL in our marriage garden
Grew, smiling up to God,
A bonnier flower than ever
Suckt the green warmth of the sod.
O beautiful unfathomably
Its little life unfurled ;
Love's crowning sweetness was our wee
White Rose of all the world.

From out a balmy bosom,
Our bud of beauty grew ;
It fed on smiles for sunshine,
And tears for daintier dew.
Aye nestling warm and tenderly,
Our leaves of love were curled
So close and close about our wee
White Rose of all the world.





THE MOTHER'S IDOL BROKEN.

" Snow-white, snow-soft, snow-silently
Our darling bud up-curled,
And dropt !' the grave—God's lap—our wee
White rose of all the world."—P. 185

Two flowers of glorious crimson
Grew with our Rose of light ;
Still kept the sweet heaven-grafted slip
Her whiteness saintly white.
I' the wind of life they danced with glee,
And reddened as it whirled ;
More white and wondrous grew our wee
White Rose of all the world.

With mystical faint fragrance,
Our house of life she filled—
Revealed each hour some fairy tower,
Where wingéd Hopes might build.
We saw—though none like us might see—
Such precious promise pearled
Upon the petals of our wee
White Rose of all the world.

But evermore the halo
Of Angel-light increased ;
Like the mystery of Moonlight,
That folds some fairy feast.
Snow-white, snow-soft, snow-silently,
Our darling bud up-curled,
And dropt i' the Grave—God's lap—our wee
White Rose of all the world.

Our Rose was but in blossom ;
Our life was but in spring ;
When down the solemn midnight
We heard the Spirits sing :

“ Another bud of infancy,
 With holy dews impearled ;”
 And in their hands they bore our wee
 White Rose of all the world.

You scarce could think so small a thing
 Could leave a loss so large ;
 Her little light such shadow fling,
 From dawn to sunset's marge.
 In other springs our life may be
 In bannered bloom unfurled ;
 But never, never match our wee
 White Rose of all the world.

VIII.

THIS is a curl of our poor “ Splendid's” hair !
 A sunny burst of rare and ripe young gold—
 A ring of sinless gold that weds two worlds !
 Our one thing left with her dear life in it.
 Poor Misers ! o'er it secretly we sum
 Our little savings hoarded up in heaven,—
 Our rich love-thoughts heart-hid to dote upon,—
 And glimpse our lost heaven in a flood of tears.
 A magic ring, through which fond sorrow reads
 Of strange heart-histories, and conjures up
 A vanisht face, with its sweet spirit-smiles,
 Babe-wonderings, and little tender ways.
 At birth her hair was dark as it were dipt
 In the death-shadow ; but it rarefied
In radiance as her head rose nigher heaven,
Till she—white Glory !—lookt from a golden midst.
This is her still face as she lay in death !

Spirit-like face ! set in a silver cloud,
It comes to us in silent glooms of night ;
The wee wan face that gradually withdrew
And darkened into the great cloud of death.

O ye who say, " We have a Child in heaven ;"
And know how far away that heaven may seem ;
Who have felt that desolate isolation sharp
Defined in Death's own face ; who have stood beside
The Silent River, and stretcht out pleading hands
For some sweet Babe upon the other bank,
That went forth where no human hand might lead,
And left the shut house with no light, no sound,
No answer, when the mourners wail without !
What we have known, ye know, and only know.

She came like April, who with tender grace
Smiles in Earth's face, and sets upon her breast
The bud of all her glory yet to come,
Then bursts in tears, and takes her sorrowful leave.
She brought us Eden just within the space
Of the dear depths of her large, dream-like eyes,
Then o'er the vista fell the death-veil dark.
She only caught three words of human speech :
One for her Mother, one for me, and one
She crowed with, for the fields, and open heaven.
That last she sighed with a sweet farewell pathos
A minute ere she left the house of life,
To come for kisses never any more.

Pale Blossom ! how she leaned in love to us !
*And how we feared a hand might reach from heaven
To pluck our sweetest flower, our loftiest flower*

Of life, that sprang from lowliest root of love !
Some tender trouble in her eyes complained
Of Life's rude stream, as meek forget-me-nots
Make sweet appeal when winds and waters fret.
And oft she lookt beyond Us with sad eyes,
As for the coming of the Unseen Hand.
We saw, but feared to speak of, her strange beauty,
As some husht Bird that dares not sing i' the night,
Lest lurking foe should find its secret place,
And seize it through the dark. With twin love's
strength
All crowded in the softest nestling-touch,
We fenced her round—exchanging silent looks.
We went about the house with listening hearts,
That kept the watch for Danger's stealthiest step.
Our spirits felt the Shadow ere it fell.

Then the Physician left our door ajar
A moment, and the grim thief Death stole in.
Some Angel passing o'er life's troubled sea,
Had seen our jewel shine celestial pure,
And Death must win it for her bosom pearl.
We stood at Midnight in the Presence dread.
At midnight, when Men die, we strove with Death,
To wrench our jewel from his grasping hand.
Ere the soul loosed from its last ledge of life,
Her little face peered round with anxious eyes,
Then, seeing all the old faces, dropt content.

The mystery dilated in her look,
Which, on the darkening death-ground, faintly caught
The likeness of the Angel shining near.
Her passing soul flasht back a glimpse of bliss.

She was a Child no more, but strong and stern
As a mailed Knight that had been grappling Death.
A crown of conquest bound her baby-brow ;
Her little hands could take the heirdom large ;
And all her Childhood's vagrant royalty
Sat staid and calm in some eternal throne.
Love's kiss is sweet, but Death's doth make immortal.

The Mornings came, with glory-garland on,
To deck heaven's azure tent with hangings brave ;
Birds, brooks, and bees were singing in the sun,
Earth's blithe heart breathing bloom into her face,
The flowers all crowding up like Memories
Of lovelier life in some forgotten world,
Or dreams of peace and beauty yet to come.
The soft south-breezes rockt the baby-buds
In fondling arms upon a balmy breast ;
And all was gay as universal life
Swam down the stream that glads the City of God.
But we lay dark where Death had struck us down
With that stern blow which made us bleed within,
And bow while the Inevitable went by.

And there our Darling lay in coffined calm ;
Beyond the breakers and the moaning now !
And o'er her flowed the white, eternal peace :
The breathing miracle into silence passed :
Never to stretch wee hands, with her dear smile
As soft as light-fall on unfolding flowers ;
Never to wake us crying in the night :
Our little hindering thing for ever gone,
In tearful quiet now we might toil on.
All dim the living lustres motion makes !

No life-dew in the sweet cups of her eyes !
Nought there of our poor "Splendid" but her brow.

A young Immortal came to us disguised,
And in the joy-dance dropt her mask, and fled.

The world went lightly by and heeded not
Our death-white windows blinded to the sun ;
The hearts that ached within ; the measureless loss ;
The Idol broken ; our first tryst with Death.
O Life, how strange thy face behind the veil !
And stranger yet will thy strange mystery seem,
When we awake in death and tell our Dream.
'Tis hard to solve the secret of the Sphinx !
We had a little gold Love garnered up,
To bravely robe our Babe : the Mother's half
Was turned to mourning-raiment for her dead :
Mine bought the first land we called ours—Her grave.
We were as treasure-seekers in the earth,
When lo, a death's-head on a sudden stares.

Clad all in spirit-beauty forth she went ;
Her budding spring of life in tiny leaf ;
Her gracious gold of babe-virginity
Unminted in the image of our world ;
Her faint dawn whitened in the perfect day.
Our early wede away went back to God,
Bearing her life-scroll folded, without stain,
And only three words written on it—two
Our names ! Ah, may they plead for us in heaven !

IX.

VERY softly hold the Rose,
On thy happy breast that blows !
Thus from out my heart there sprang a flower of tender pride.
All too wild my passion burned :
For the cooling dews it yearned :
In my hot hands droopt my gentle flower and died.

Be thy glory meekly worn :
Fairest fruit is lowliest borne :
Mine grew high as Life could climb, and arms could reach above.
O, so proudly heaved my breast ;
All the world should see how blest ;
And the seeing Heavens took my lifted love.

X.

THERE is her nest where balmily smiled
Our Babe, as we leaned above ;
Or her pleading face asked for the tenderest place
In all our world of love. '
Very silent and empty now ! yet we feel
It rock ; and a tiny footfall
Comes over the floor in the thrilling night-hush,
And our hearts leap up for the call
Of our *puir wee lammie* dead and gone ;
Our *bonnie wee lammie* dead and gone.

Last night, with hands to cracking claspt
In the furnace-fire of my heart,
Sitting, I saw the dead world
All into spirit-life start
At the mystic touch of the white Moonlight.
My spirit arose likewise,
And wandered away to the Graveyard,
Where, a jewel in Death's hand, lies
Our puir wee lammie dead and gone ;
Our bonnie wee lammie dead and gone.

Slowly, slowly rose the dead,
All in their robes of white !
Weirdly, weirdly rose the dead,
Up in the silent night !
Like lilies for God, from the dark grave-bed,
They grew in a glory-rain ;
And the crownéd Darling of Heaven, at the head
Of all that glorified train,
Was our puir wee lammie dead and gone ;
Our bonnie wee lammie dead and gone.

In my dream I stood at the death-door dark,
Alone and tremblingly,
Till a Shining One came in a crescent bark,
Moonlike, o'er a purple sea.
She smiled as to say that she knew the way,
And at some secret sign,
A memory of the old life stirred,
And I knew that Angel mine !
Our puir wee lammie dead and gone ;
Our bonnie wee lammie dead and gone.

XL

WITHIN a mile of Edinburgh Town
We laid our little darling down ;
Our first seed in God's acre sown !

So sweet a place ! Death looks beguiled
Of half his gloom ; or sure he smiled
To win our wondrous spirit-child.

God giveth His Beloved sleep
So calm, within its silence deep,
As Angel-guards the watch did keep.

The City looketh solemn and sweet ;
It bares a gentle brow, to greet
The mourners mourning at its feet.

The sea of human life breaks round
This shore of death, with softened sound :
Wild-flowers climb each mossy mound

To place in resting hands their palm,
And breathe their beauty, bloom, and balm ;
Folding the dead in fragrant calm.

A softer shadow Grief might wear ;
And old Heartache come gather there
The peace that falleth after prayer.

Poor heart, that danced among the vines
All reeling-ripe with sweet love-wines,
Thou walk'st with Death among the pines !

Lorn Mother, at the dark grave-door,
She kneeleth, pleading o'er and o'er,
But it is shut for evermore.

Blind, blind ! She feels, but cannot read
Aright ; then leans as she would feed
The dear dead lips that never heed.

The spirit of life may leap above,
But in that grave her prisoned dove
Lies, cold to th' warm embrace of love,

And dark, tho' all the world is bright ;
And lonely, with a City in sight ;
And desolate in the rainy night.

Ah, God ! when in the glad life-cup
The face of Death swims darkly up ;
The crowning flower is sure to droop.

And so we laid our darling down,
When Summer's cheek grew ripely brown,
And still, tho' grief hath milder grown,

Unto the Stranger's land we cleave,
Like some poor Birds that grieve and grieve,
Round the robbed nest, and cannot leave.

XII.

—
AH, the sweet Dream, the singing Dream, that sang
We knew not what, so sweet the melody !
Made dim woe glimmer golden while we slept ;
And when we woke the lulling Dream was gone.

We who had glowed like Angels in the sun,
With life so lighted by her loveliness :
We let her down into the drowning Dark,
Sailing the awful Sea in our World-bark.

God's messenger of death seems blindly stern :
And 'tis so hard to leave a little babe
Within the Grave's cold arms, alone ! while Sorrow
Comes Home and chills the nest her sweet life
warmed.

So little to the world ! but what a world
Of difference in our little world of home !
This stillness where the sweet Bird chirpt to us ;
This good-night-parting and morn-greeting loss.

And yet perchance the kind dark-Angel drew
Her in the secret shadow of his cloud,
Out of our warm and golden air, to hide
Her from some fearful Fate far-hurrying up.

XIII.

TO-DAY, when winds of winter blow,
And Nature sits in dream of snow,
With Ugolino-look of woe :

Wife from the window came to me,
Now leaves were fallen she could see
That wee grave in the Cemetry.

With wintriness all life did ache
For that dead darling's sainted sake ;
And lips might kiss, but hearts would quake.

Ho, ye who pass her narrow house,
By which the dark Leith sea-ward flows ;
O clasp your pretty darlings close ;

And if some tender bud of light
Is drooping, as the snowdrop white,
With looks that weird wild heartstrings smite ;

Think of our babe will never wake,
And fold your own till fond hearts ache,
Sweet souls, for little Marian's sake.

XIV.

O HAPPY tree ;
Green and fragrant tree ;
Spring with budding jewels deckt it like a Bride !
All so fair it bloomed,
And the summer air perfumed ;
Golden autumn fruitage smiled in crowns of pride.

O human tree ;
Waesome wailing tree ;
In the winter wind how it rocks ! how it grieves !
On a little low grave-mound,
All its bravery lies discrowned :
O'er its fallen fruit it heapt the withered leaves.

XV.

" PRETTY flowers on Baby's head ;
Who'll cry flowers when Baby's dead ?"
Singing hearts oft questionéd,
In the sweetest summer fled.

Marian, Marian.

Tearful words, how lightly said !
Mournfully remembered,
Now the sweet new year hath spread
Blossom-life on Baby's bed.

Marian, Marian.

Tender emerald, white and red,
Flowers of her beauty bred :
Breathing all of her that's dead,
Cry, " We crown her Baby-head !"

Marian, Marian.

" Who'll cry flowers when Baby's dead ?"
Praying looks to heaven are led,
And it smiles as tho' it said,
" Early her sweet fame hither sped."

Marian, Marian.

" Faith, look up and firmly tread ;
Poor Bereaved, be comforted ;
I will nurse the Child instead ;
My Flowers garland Baby's head."

Marian, Marian.

God's unguessed reply is read :
Tears that came not, tears that pled
Crying darkly, here are shed :
Soft rest you, Darling ! dead

Marian, Marian.

XVI.

OUR leaves are shaken from the tree,
Our hopes laid low,
That after our Spring-nurslings, we
May long to go.

The warm love-nest our little Doves leave
With helpless moan,
As they for us at heart would grieve
In heaven—alone !

The tender Shepherd beckoningly
Our Lambs doth hold,
That we may take our own when He
Makes up the fold.

LONG EXPECTED.



WOODED AND WON.



THE BRIDAL.



WEDDED LOVE.

LONG EXPECTED.

O MANY and many a day before we met,
 I knew some spirit walkt the world alone,
 Awaiting the Beloved from afar ;
 And I was the anointed chosen one
 Of all the world to crown her queenly brows
 With the imperial crown of human love,
 And light its glory in her happy look.
 I saw not with mine eyes so full of tears,
 But heard Faith's low sweet singing in the night,
 And, groping thro' the darkness, toucht God's hand.
 I knew my sunshine somewhere warm'd the world,
 Tho' I trode darkling in a perilous way ;
 And I should reach it in His own good time
 Who sendeth sun, and dew, and love for all :
 My heart might toil on blindly, but, like earth,
 It kept sure footing thro' the thickest gloom.
 Earth, with her many voices, talkt of thee !—
 Low winds, and whispering leaves, and piping birds ;
 The amorous sunlight, and the virgin dews ;
 Eve's crimson air and light of twinkling gold ;
 Spring's kindled greenery, and her breath of balm ;
 The dance of happiness in summer woods,
 To silver dulcimer of sunny rain.
Thine eyes oped with their rainy lights, and laughter,
In April's tearful heaven of tender blue,

With all the changeful beauty melting thro' them,
And Dawn and Sunset ended in thy face.
And standing as in God's own presence-chamber,
When silence lay like sleep upon the world,
And it seem'd rich to die, alone with Night,
Like Moses 'neath the kisses of God's lips !
The Stars have trembled thro' the holy hush,
And smiled down tenderly, and read to me
The love hid for me in a budding breast,
Like incense folded in a young flower's heart.
Strong as a sea-swell came the wave of wings,
Strange trouble trembled thro' my inner depths,
And answering wings have sprung within my soul :
And from the dumb waste places of the dark,
A voice has breathed, " She comes !" and ebb'd again ;
While all my life stood listening for thy coming.
O, I have guessed thy weird invisible presence,
And felt it in the beating of my heart.
When all was dark within, sweet thoughts would come,
As starry guests come golden down the gloom,
And thro' Night's lattice smile a rare delight :
While, lifted for the dear and distant Dawn,
The face of all things wore a happy light,
Like those dream-smiles which are the speech of Sleep.
Thus Love lived on, and strengthen'd with the days,
Lit by its own true light within my heart,
Like a live diamond burning in the dark.
Then came there One, a mirage of the Dawn :
She swam on towards me sumptuous in her triumph,
Voluptuously upborne, like Aphrodite
Upon a meadowy swell of emerald sea.
A ripe, serene, smile-affluent graciousness
Hung like a shifting radiance on her motion,
As feathered flames upon the Dove's neck burn.

Her lip might flush a wrinkled life in bloom !
Her eyes were an omnipotence of love !
" O eyes ! " I said, " if such your glories be,
Sure 'tis a warm heart feedeth ye with light ! "
The silver throbbing of her laughter pulst
The air with music rich and resonant,—
As, from the deep heart of a summer night,
Some bird with sudden sparklings of fine sound
Strikes all the startled stillness into song.
And from her sumptuous wealth of golden hair
Down to the delicate, pearly finger-tip,
Fresh beauty trembled from its thousand springs :
And standing in the outer porch of life,
All eager for the templed mysteries,
With a rich heart as full of fragrant love
As May's musk-roses are of morning's wine,
What marvel if I question'd not her brow,
For the flame-signet of the Hand divine,
Or gauged it for the crown of my large love ?
I plunged to clutch the pearl of her babbling beauty,
Like some swift diver in a shallow stream,
That smites his life out on its heart of stone.
Ah ! how my life did run with fire and tears !
With what a Titan-pulse my love did beat !
But she, rose-warm without,—God pity her !
Was cold at heart as snow in last year's nest,
And struck like death into my burning brain.
My tears, that rain'd out life, she froze in falling,
And wore them, jewel-like, to deck her triumph !
But love is never lost, tho' hearts run waste ;
Its tides may gush 'mid swirling, swathing deserts,
Where no green leaf drinks up the precious life :
Yet love doth evermore enrich itself,—
Its bitterest waters run some golden sands !

No star goes down but climbs in other skies ;
The flower of Sunset folds its glory up,
To burst again from out the heart of Dawn ;
And love is never lost, tho' hearts run waste,
And sorrow makes the chasten'd heart a seer ;
The deepest dark reveals the starriest hope,
And Faith can trust her heaven behind the veil.

WOODED AND WON.

THE plough of Time breaks up our Eden-land,
 And tramples down its flowery virgin prime.
 Yet thro' the dust of ages living shoots
 O' the old immortal seed start in the furrows :
 And, where Love looketh on with glorious eye,
 These quicken'd germs of everlastingness
 Flower lusty, as of old in Paradise !
 And blessings on the starry chance of love !—
 And blessings on the morn of merry May !
 That led my footsteps to your beechen bower.
 Thus hangs the picture in my mind, sweet wife !
 Clear as a Millais in its tint and tone.
 Nature went by me with her glorious shows.
 The birds were singing on the blossoming sprays,
 With Love's sweet mystery stirring at their hearts,
 Like first spring-motions in the veins o' the flowers.
 A light of green laught up the shining hills,
 That rounded through the mellowing, gloating air,
 As their big hearts heaved to some heart beyond,
 Or strove with inner yearnings for the crown
 Of purple rondure smiling there in heaven !
 The Flowers were forth in all their conquering beauty.
 And, winking in their Mother earth's old face,
 Said all her children should have happy hearts.
Deeper and deeper in the wood's green gloom
I nestled for the fever at life's core :

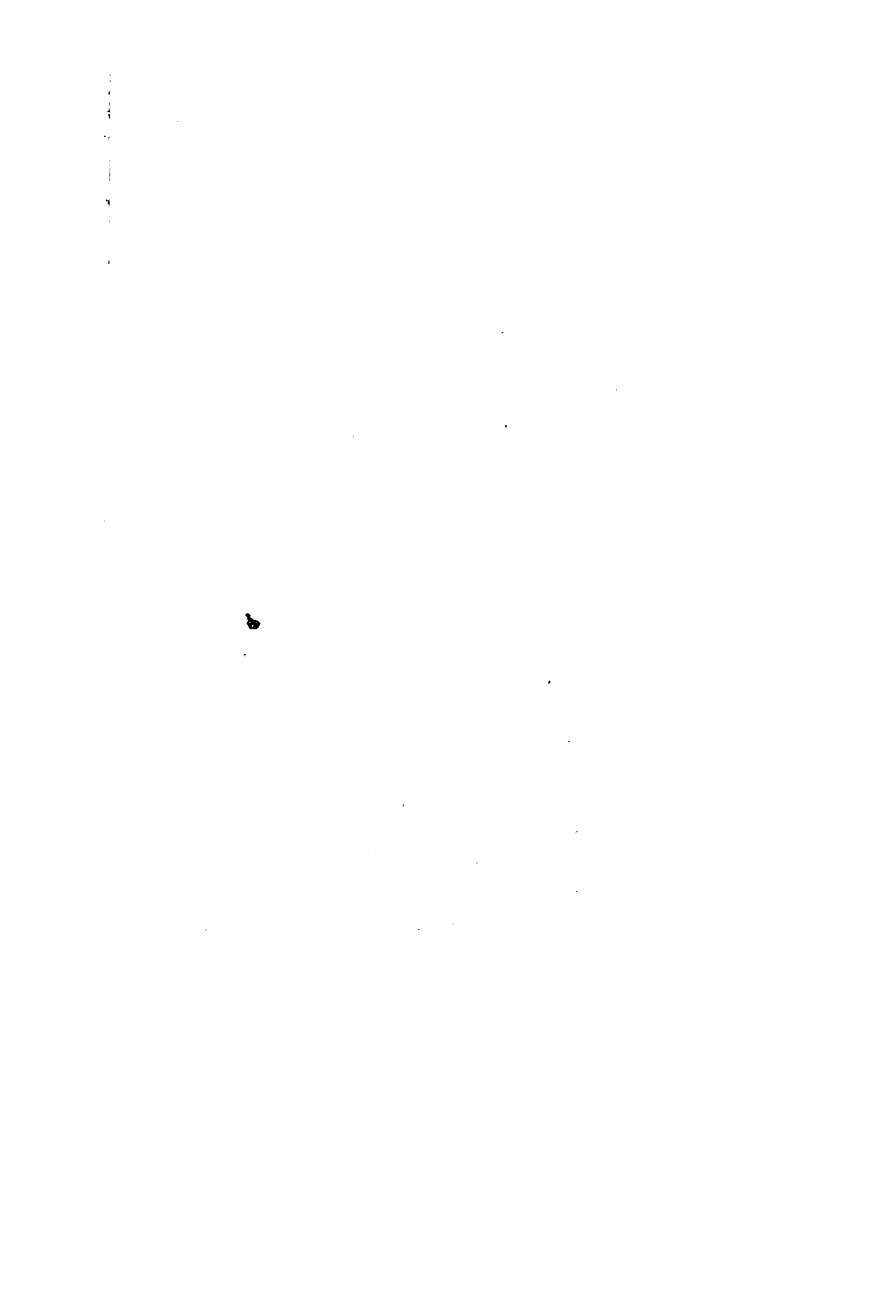
And thirstily my heart was drinking in
Rich overflowings of some Cushat's love ;
When lo ! the air instinct with glory grew,
As if the world, while on her starry journey,
Found sudden harbour in the clime of heaven.
Upon a primrose bank you sat,—a sight
To couch the old blind sorrow of my soul !
A sweet, new blossom of Humanity,
Fresh fallen from God's own home to flower on earth.
A golden burst of sunbeams glinted through
The verdurous roof's lush-leavy greenery,
And on you dropt its crown of wavering light,
Your eyes — half shut, while through their silken
caves

Trembled the secret sweetness hid at heart—
Oped sudden at full, and wide with wonderment !
The sweetest eyes that ever drank sun for soul :
As subtly tender as a summer heaven,
Brimn'd with the beauty of a starry night !
Your face, so dewy fresh and wondrous fair,
Kindled as Love transfiguringly rose
Like heavenward martyr thro' a birth of fire !
The fleetest swallow-dip of a tender smile
Ran round your mouth in thrillings ; while your cheek
Dimpled, as from the arch God's finger-print,
Out flew his signal, fluttering in a blush !
And when your voice broke up the air for music,
It smote upon my startled heart as smites
The new-born babe's first cry a mother's ear,
Yet strangely toucht some mystic memory,
And dimly seem'd an old familiar sound.
That day, with an immortalizing kiss,
You crown'd me monarch of your rich heart-world,
Which heaved a boundless sea of love, whose tides



WOODED AND WON.

**Your face, so dewy fresh and wondrous fair,
Kindled as love transfiguringly rose."—P. 26**



Ran radiant pulsings thro' your rosy limbs.
How the love lights did float up in your eyes,
Star after star from violet depths of night !
Dear eyes ! all craving with Love's ache and hunger !
And all the spirit stood in your face athirst !
And from the rose-cup of your murmuring mouth
Sweetness o'erflowed, as from a fragrant fount.
O kiss of life ! that oped our Eden-world !
The harvest of an age's wealth of bliss
In that first kiss was reapt in one rich minute !
The wanton airs came breathing like the touch
Of fragrant lips that feed the blood with flame !
The very earth heaved bosom-like, and heaven
Clung round and claspt us as in glowing arms,
To crush the wine of all your ripen'd beauty,
Which were a fitting sacrament for death—
Into a costly cup of life for me.

THE BRIDAL

SHE comes ! the blushing Bridal Dawn,
 With her Auroral splendours on !
 And green Earth never lovelier shone :

She floateth on her azure way,
 In dainty dalliance with the May,
 Jubilant o'er the happy day !

Earth weareth heaven for bridal-ring,
 And the best garland of glory, Spring
 From out old Winter's world can bring.

All in white are the hawthorn boughs,
 The green blood reddens in the Rose!
 And every May-bud gleams or glows.

The Apple-tree on its green bough
 Hath caught a cloud of rosy snow ;
 Up in the blue the Chestnuts blow.

Cloud-shadow-ships swim faëriely
 Over the greenery's sunny sea,
 That runs and ripples down the lea.

The birds a-brooding, strive to sing,
Feeling the life warm under the wing :
Their love, too, blossoms with the Spring !

The winds that make the flowers blow,
Heavy with balm, breathe soft and low,
A budding warmth, an amorous glow !

More sweet than the Sabeen South,
They kiss like some endearing mouth,
And balm the splendour's drooping drouth :

Such a delicious feel doth flood
The eyes, as laves the burning bud
When cool rains feed ambrosial blood.

O, merrily Life doth revel and reign !
Light in heart, and blithe in brain ;
Running like wine in every vein.

Alive with eyes, the Village sees
The Bridal dawning from the trees,
And Housewives swarm i' the sun like Bees.

Silence sits i' the Belfrey-Choir !
Up in the twinkling air the spire
Throbs, golden in the bickering fire.

The winking windows burn and blush
With colours rare as flow and flush
Thro' summer sunsets bloom'd and hush.

But, enter : rarer splendours brim,
Such mists of gold and purple swim,
And the light falls so rich and dim.

Even so doth Love Life's doors unbar,
Where all the hidden glories are,
That from the windows shine afar.

Love's lovely to the passers-by,
But they who love are region'd high
On hills of Bliss, with heaven nigh.

Sumptuous as Iris, when she swims
With rainbow robe on dainty limbs,
The Bride's rare beauty overbrims !

The gazers drink rich overflows,
Her cheek a livelier damask glows,
And on his arm she leans more close.

A drunken joy reels in his blood,
He wanders an enchanted wood ;
She ranges realms of perfect good.

Dear God ! that he alone hath grace
To light such splendour in her face,
And win the blessing of embrace !

She wears her maiden modesty
With tearful grace toucht tenderly,
Yet with a ripe Expectancy !

Her virgin veil reveals a form,
Flowering from the bud so warm,
It needs must break the Cestus-charm.

Last night, with her white wedding arms,
And thoughts that throng'd with quaint alarms,
She trembled o'er her mirror'd charms,

Like Eve first-glassing her new life ;
And the Maid startled at the Wife,
Heart-pain'd with a sweet, warm strife.

The unknown sea moans on her shore
Of life : she hears the breakers roar ;
But, trusting Him, she fears no more ;

For, o'er the deep seas there is calm,
Full as the hush of all-heaven's psalm :
The golden-goal,—the Victor's palm !

And at her heart Love sits and sings,
And broodeth warmth, begetting wings
Shall lift her life to higher things.

The Blessing given, the ring is on ;
And at God's Altar radiant run
The currents of two lives in one !

Husht with happiness, every sense
Is crowded at the heart intense ;
And silence hath such eloquence !

Down to his feet her meek eyes stoop,
As *there* her love should pour its cup ;
But, like a King, he lifts them up.

Her flashing face to heaven up-turns,
As for God's gracious kiss it yearns :
Through all her life Hope's sunrise burns !

And now she trembles to his breast,
To proudly crown his loving quest ;
And make it aye her happy nest :

His arms her hyacinth head caress,
And fold her fragrant slenderness,
With all its touching tenderness.

Now, on heaven's coast of crystal, crown'd
Hesper lights life's outward-bound :
And Evening folds her purple round.

A palace rich with glorious shows
She maketh his life's narrow house
To-night : but there he keeps no rouse !

Alone they hold their marriage-feast :
Fresh from the Chrism of the Priest,
He would not have the happiest jest

To storm her brows with a crimson fine ;
And, sooth, they need no wings of wine
To waft them into Love's divine.

So Strength and Beauty, hand-in-hand,
Go forth into the honey'd land,
Lit by the love-moon golden-grand,

Where God hath built their Bridal-bower ;
And on the top of life they tower,
And taste of Eden's perfect hour.

No lewd eyes o'er my shoulder look !
They do but ope the blessed book
Of Marriage, in their hallowed nook.

O, flowery be the paths they press,
And ruddiest human fruitage bless
Them, with a lavish loveliness !

Melodious move their wedded life
Thro' shocks of time, and storms of strife,—
Husband true, and perfect wife !

WEDDED LOVE.

THE summer Night comes brooding down on Earth,
 As Love comes brooding down on human hearts,
 With bliss that hath no utterance save rich tears.
 She floats in fragrance down the smiling dark,
 Foldeth a kiss upon the lips of Life,
 Curtaineth into rest the weary world,
 And shuts us in with all her hid delights.
 The stars come sparkling thro' the tender gloom,
 Like dew-drops in the fields of heaven ; or tears
 That hang rich jewels on the face of Night.
 A spirit-feel comes down the calm, and soft
 The Flowers fold their cups like praying hands,
 And with droopt head await the blessing, Night
 Gives with her Motherly magnanimity.

'Tis evening with the world ; but in my soul
 The light of wedded love is still at dawn !
 And skies my world, an everlasting Dawn.
 My heart rings out in music, like a Lark
 Hung in the charmed palace of the Morn,
 That circles singing to its mate i' the nest,
 With luminous being running o'er with song :
 So my life flutters round its mate at home !
There, with her eyes turn'd on her heart, she reads
The golden secrets written in its heaven,
And broodeth o'er its hidden wealth of love,

As Night i' the hush and halo of her beauty
Bares throbbing heaven to its most tremulous depths,
And broods in silence o'er her starry wealth.

And, fingering in her bosom's soft, white nest,
A fair babe, beautiful as Dawn in heaven,
Made of a Mother's richest thoughts of love,—
Lies like a smile of sunshine among lilies,
That giveth glory—drinketh fragrant life.
Sweet bud upon a Rose ! our plot of spring,
And burst of bloom amid a wintry world !
How dear it is to mark the look of life
Deepen, and darken, in her large, round eyes,—
To watch the little rose put forth its leaves,
And guess the perfumed secret of its heart ;
To catch the silver words that come to break
The golden silence hung like heaven around !

But lo, my hush of thought is thrilling, as
A wood at night is filled with sudden song :
Dear Wife ! with sweet, low voice, she syllables
Some precious music hoarded in her heart,
And I am flooded with melodious rain,
Like Nature standing crown'd with sunlight showers.

“ As the heaving heart o' the Sea yearneth ever-
lastingly

For the Moon, heaven-charm'd by her influence :
And as Star to Star with love palpitateth like a dove,
So my heart yearns up to his bright eminence.

“ For my Love, he seems to stand where Heaven leans
so near at hand,
That from other worlds his lineaments take light :

And he fills my cup of wonder, flooding all my life
with splendour,
As a glorious, golden Moon fills all the night.

“ At his violet-sweet words my heart carols like a
bird’s,
And rich instincts burst from out it like heaven-
flowers ;
Wings bud in me at his kiss, all my being brims with
bliss,
As a valley brims with life in spring-tide hours.

“ For my life was dark and cold as the night-dews on
the wold,
Waiting to be made alive with fire of dawn ;
Till his presence on me lighten’d, and his blessing on
me brighten’d,
And my life like dew lit up for heaven shone.”



NAY, Sweet Heart ! that should be my song, who
search
Love’s lore in vain for meet similitudes
To symbol what thy love hath been to me.
The God lies prison’d in the mountain stone,
The muffled Music slumbers in the strings,
Awaiting the Deliverer’s magic touch !
So, thou belovéd ! did I wait for Thee,
To waken at thy touch. My Tree of being
But made blind gropings in the dark, cold earth,
And moan’d and trembled in the wintry air,

Stretching out naked hands to pluck at life :
Until you came, with all your light, and warmth,
Encircling round it like a summer heaven,
And fed, and clad it with your fragrant beauty,
Till budding branches burst on fire with bloom,
And into ripe fruits mellow'd goldenly.
My life lay barren as a desolate moor
That breaks, and burns, in twinkling green and gold,
When Spring doth greet it with her kiss of life.

As weary earth goes darkling thro' the night,
So my heart toil'd on, tearful with its burthen :
No beacon burn'd thro' all the gloom, to break
The sea of dark, with shining piers of light :
Then on a sudden rose the blessed Morn,
Sun-crown'd my life, made all things beautiful,
And gave the world its Eden-robcs again.
My spirit rose up orient with light ;
Thy presence caught my heart up at the leap,
Wing'd like a young world from the hands of God !
Methought a thousand graves of buried hopes
Could crush it not from its proud eminence.
The Future's dim cloud-curtain rent in twain,
And lighten'd radiant revelation : All
Life's purpose dawn'd, as unto dying eyes
The dark of Death doth blossom into stars.

And since we met, thy life-long thought hath been
To be cup-bearer of the wine of joy
To one leal heart, and to make rich one life.
Pulse after pulse, thy life hath mixed with mine,
Like sea-waves hurrying up the beach to crown
Their shore, and break in starry showers of light.
Thou hast brought radiant sunrise every morn,

Renewing all the glory past away.
Thy tender love hath twined about my life,
Like the fair Woodbine wedded to the Thorn ;
Hiding its harshness with her wealth of flowers !
My heart drinks inspiration at thine eyes,
And lights my brain up as with fragrant flame :
Sweet eyes of starry tenderness, thro' which
The soul of some immortal sorrow looks !
Sorrow that addeth grace to loveliness,
As its sad bloom enricheth blushing fruit.
Dear Eyes ! they have a radiant Alchemy,
And pierce my being with such quickening light
As makes my heart a jewel-mine of love ;
Even as the Sun strikes thro' the dark cold Earth,
And fires her million veins with precious life.

My Life ran like a river in rocky ways,
And seaward dasht, a sounding cataract !
But thine was like a quiet lake of beauty,
Soft-shadow'd round by gracious influences,
That gathers silently its wealth of earth,
And woos heaven till it melts down into it.
They mingled : and the glory, and the calm,
Closed round me, brooding into perfect rest.
O blessings on thy true and tender heart !
How it hath gone forth like the Dove of old,
To bring some leaf of promise in Life's deluge !
Thou hast a strong up-soaring tendency,
That bears me God-ward, as the stalwart oak
Uplifts the clinging vine, and gives it growth.
Thy reverent heart familiarly doth take
Unconscious clasp of high and holy things,
Like little children playing of old with Christ ;
And trusteth where it may not understand.

We have had sorrows, love ! and wept the tears
That run the rose-hue from the cheek of Life ;
But Grief hath jewels as Night hath her stars,
And she revealeth what we ne'er had known,
With Joy-wreaths danced about o'er our blinded eyes.
The heart is like an instrument whose strings
Steal nobler music from Life's many frets :
The golden threads are spun thro' Suffering's fire,
Wherewith the marriage-robos for heaven are woven :
And all the rarest hues of human life
Take radiance, and are rainbow'd out in tears.

Thou'rt little changed, dear love ! since first was wed
To mine, the blossom of thy crimson lips ;
Thy beauty hath climaxt like a crescent Moon,
With glory great'ning to the golden full.
Thy flowers of spring are crown'd with summer fruits,
And thou hast put a queenlier presence on
With thy regality of Womanhood !
Yet Time but toucheth thee with mellowing shades
That set thy graces in a wealthier light.
Thy soul still looks with its rare smile of light,
From the Gate Beautiful of its palace-home,
Fair as the spirit of the evening Star,
That lights its glory as a radiant porch
To beacon earth with brighter glimpse of heaven.

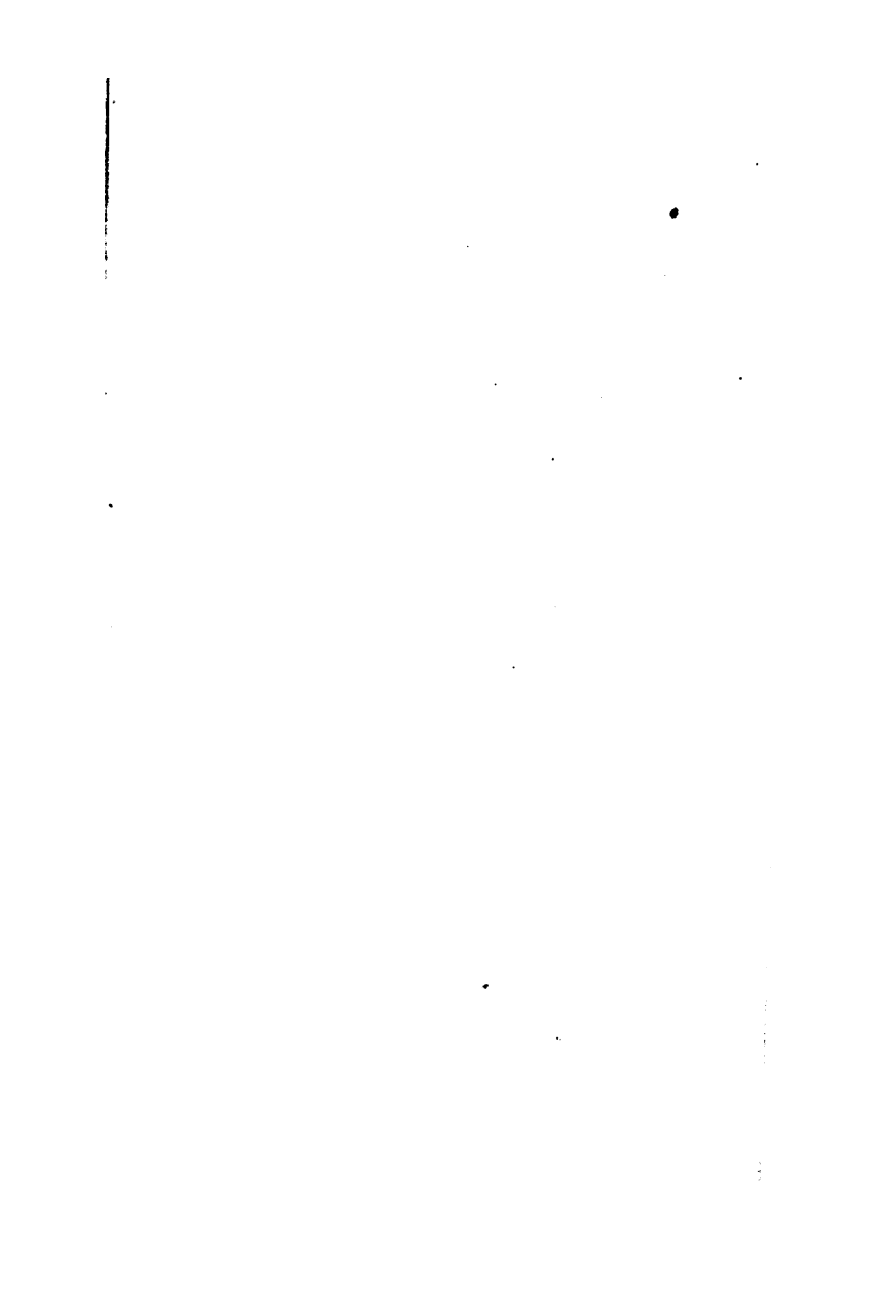
We are poor in this world's wealth, but rich in love ;
And they who love feel rich in every thing.
The heart of Ocean—thick with gems, as earth
With blooms—is jewell'd like a Bride o' the East :
The heart of Heaven swarms with golden worlds :
A subtle heart of wealth hath our old world,
And darks of diamonds, grand as nights of stars :

But richer is the human heart that shrines
God's peerless wealth—th' immortal jewel Love !
So let us live our life ! and let our love,
Our large twin-love, bend o'er our little Babe,
As the calm grand old heavens bend over earth,
Revealing God's own starry thoughts and things
So shall the image of our hearts Ideal—
The angel nestling in her bud of life—
Smile upward in the mirror of her face
A daily beauty in our darken'd ways,
And a perpetual feast of holy things.

O let us walk the world, so that our love
Burn like a blessed beacon, beautiful
Upon the walls of Life's surrounding dark.
Ah ! what a world 'twould be if love like ours
Made heaven in human hearts, and clothed with
smiles

The sweet sad face of our Humanity !
What lives should quicken into sudden spring !
What flowers of glory burst their frozen soil !
Like the red pulse of Dawn thro' cold grey skies,
New life should flush up in the darken'd face
That readeth as a written epitaph
Above the grave of beauty and of soul !
Love-light should glimmer on the Helot's brow,
As mellow moonlight silvers thro' a cloud ;
And God should come into the mirkest being,
As Stars new-kindled, light up nights of space.

LYRICS OF LOVE.



TO A BELOVED ONE.

HEAVEN hath its crown of Stars, the Earth
 Her glory robe of flowers—
 The Sea its gems—the grand old Woods
 Their songs and greening showers :
 The Birds have homes, where leaves and blooms
 In beauty wreath above ;
 High yearning hearts, their rainbow-dream—
 And we, Sweet ! we have love.

We walk not with the jewell'd Great,
 Where Love's dear name is sold ;
 Yet have we wealth we would not give
 For all their world of gold !
 We revel not in Corn and Wine,
 Yet have we from above
 Manna divine, and we'll not pine,
 While we may live and love.

There's sorrow for the toiling poor,
 On Misery's bosom nursed :
 Rich robes for ragged souls, and Crowns
 For branded brows Cain-curst !
 But Cherubim, with clasping wings,
 Ever about us be,
 And, happiest of God's happy things !
 There's love for you and me.

Thy lips, that kiss till death, have turn'd
Life's water into wine ;
The sweet life melting thro' thy looks,
Hath made my life divine.
All Love's dear promise hath been kept,
Since thou to me wert given ;
A ladder for my soul to climb,
And summer high in heaven.

I know, dear heart ! that in our lot
May mingle tears and sorrow ;
But, Love's rich Rainbow's built from tears
To-day, with smiles To-morrow.
The sunshine from our sky may die,
The greenness from Life's tree,
But ever, 'mid the warring storm,
Thy nest shall shelter'd be.

I see thee ! Ararat of my life,
Smiling the waves above !
Thou hail'st me Victor in the strife,
And beacon'st me with love.
The world may never know, dear heart !
What I have found in thee ;
But, tho' nought to the world, dear heart !
Thou'rt all the world to me.



WHEN I COME HOME—P. 225.

WHEN I COME HOME.

AROUND me Life's hell of fierce Ardours burns,
 When I come home, when I come home ;
 Over me Heaven with its starry heart yearns,
 When I come home, when I come home.
 For a feast of Gods garnisht, the palace of Night
 At a thousand star-windows is throbbing with light.
 London makes mirth ! but I know God hears
 The sobs in the dark, and the dropping of tears ;
 For I feel that he listens down Night's great dome
 When I come home, when I come home ;
 Home, home, when I come home,
 Far i' the night when I come home.

I walk under Night's triumphal arch,
 When I come home, when I come home ;
 Exulting with life like a Conqueror's march,
 When I come home, when I come home.
 I pass by the rich-chamber'd mansions that shine,
 O'erflowing with splendour like goblets with wine :
 I have fought, I have vanquisht the dragon of Toil,
 And before me my golden Hesperides smile !
 And O but Love's flowers make rich the gloam,
 When I come home, when I come home !
 Home, home, when I come home,
 Far i' the night when I come home.

O the sweet, merry mouths up-turn'd to be kist,
 When I come home, when I come home !
How the younglings yearn from the hungry nest,
 When I come home, when I come home !
My weary, worn heart into sweetness is stirr'd,
And it dances and sings like a singing Bird,
On the branch nighest heaven,—a-top of my life :
As I clasp my winsome, wooing Wife !
And her pale cheek with rich, tender passion dot-
 bloom,
When I come home, when I come home ;
 Home, home, when I come home,
 Far i' the night when I come home.

Clouds furl off the shining face of my life,
 When I come home, when I come home,
And leave heaven bare on her bosom, sweet Wife,
 When I come home, when I come home.
With her brave smiling Energies,—Faith warm and
 bright,—
With love glorified and serenely alight,—
With her womanly beauty and queenly calm,
She steals to my heart with a blessing of balm ;
And O but the wine of Love sparkles with foam,
When I come home, when I come home !
 Home, home, when I come home,
 Far i' the night when I come home.

ICHABOD.

SEVEN Summers' Suns have set ! and earth is once more
sweetly flooded

With fragrance, for the virgin-leaves and violet-banks
have budded :

Heaven claspeth Earth, as round the heart first brood-
eth Love's rich glow ;

A blush of Flowers is mantling where the lush green
grasses grow !

All things feel summering sunward, golden tides flood
down the air,

Which burns, as Angel-visitants had left a glory there !
But darkness on my aching spirit shrouds the merry
shine,—

I long to feel a gush of Spring in this poor heart of
mine.

Morn opes Heaven's secret portal, back the golden
gates are drawn,

And all the fields of glory blossom with the crimson
Dawn :

But never comes thy clasping hand, or carol of thy lips,
That made my heart soar like a God, when bursting
Death's eclipse.

Sweet voice ! it came like saintly music, quiring angels
make,

When pain sat heavy on my brow, and heart was like
to break :

Methought such love gave wings to climb some starry
 throne to win ;
Thou didst so lift my life's horizon—letting heaven in.
I'm thinking, darling, of the days when life was all
 divine,
And love was aye the silver chord that bound my heart
 to thine ;
When life bloom'd at thy coming, as the green earth
 greeted the sun,
And, like two dew-drops in a kiss, our twin souls wed
 in one.
Ah ! still I feel ye at my heart ! and 'mid the stir and
 strife,
Ye sometimes lead my feet to walk the angel-side of
 Life !
The magic music yearns within, as unto thee I turn,
And those brave eyes, a-blaze with soul, thro' all my
 being burn.
Come back,—come back ; I long to clasp thee in these
 arms, mine own ;
Lavish my heart upon thy lips, and make my love the
 Crown
And Arc of Triumph to thy life. Why tarry ? Time
 hath cast
Strange shadows on my spirit since we met and mingled
 last !
Yet there be joys to crown thee with ; the sunshine
 and the sweet
Are hived, like honey, in my heart, to share them
 when we meet :
How I have hoarded up my life ! how tenderly I
 strove
To make my heart fit home for thee, its nestling Bird
 of love !

God bless thee ! once the radiant world thy beauty
crownlike wore,
But life hath lost the strange sweet feel that cometh
never more !
The flowers will bud again in spring, and happy birds
make love,
With melting hearts a-brooding o'er their passion in
the grove.
But thou wilt never more come back, to clothe my
heart with spring ;
Dear God ! Love's sweetest chord is turn'd to Pain's
most jarring string !
The Glory hath departed ! and my spirit pants to go
Where 'mid Life's troubled waters, 'twill not see the
wreck below.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

O, PROUDLY I stood in the rare Sunrise,
 As the dawn of your beauty brake ;
 But I fear'd for the storm as I lookt at the skies,
 And trembled for your sweet sake !
 And O, may the evil days come not, I said,
 As I yearn'd o'er my tender blossom !
 Strong arm of love ! shelter the dear one's head ;
 And I nestled you in my bosom.
 May the tears never dim the love-light of her eye,—
 May her Life be all Spring-weather !—
 Was the prayer of my heart, ere you, Love, and I,
 Were Husband and Wife together.

But the suns will shine, and the rains will fall,
 On the loftiest, lowliest spot !
 And there's mourning and merriment mingled for all
 That inherit the human lot.
 So we've suffer'd and sorrow'd and grown more strong,
 Heart-to-heart, side-to-side, we have striven,
 With the love that makes summer-tide all the year long,
 And the trust that is its own heaven !
 We clung the more close as the storm swept by,
 And kept the nest warm in cold weather ;
 And seldom we've faltered since you, Love, and I,
 Have been Husband and Wife together !

Like the sweet happy flowers of the wilderness,
You have dwelt life to life with Nature ;
And caught the wild beauty and grace of her ways,
And grown to her heavenlier stature !
In prospering calm, and in quickening strife,
Hath your womanly worth unfolden ;
And sunshine and show'r have enricht your life,
And ripen'd its harvest golden.
There is good in the grimmest cloud o' the sky,
There are blessings in wintry weather :
Even Grief hath its glory, since you, Love, and I,
Have been Husband and Wife together.

O, Life is not perfect with Love's first kiss :
Who would win the blessing must wrestle ;
And the deeper the sorrow, the dearer the bliss,
That rich in its core may nestle !
Our Angels oft greet us in tearful guise,
And our saviours come in sorrow :
While the murkiest midnight that frowns from the
skies,
Is at heart a radiant Morrow !
We laugh and we cry, we sing and we sigh,
And Life will have wintry weather !
So we'll hope, and love on, since you, Love, and I,
Are Husband and Wife together.

LOVE ME.

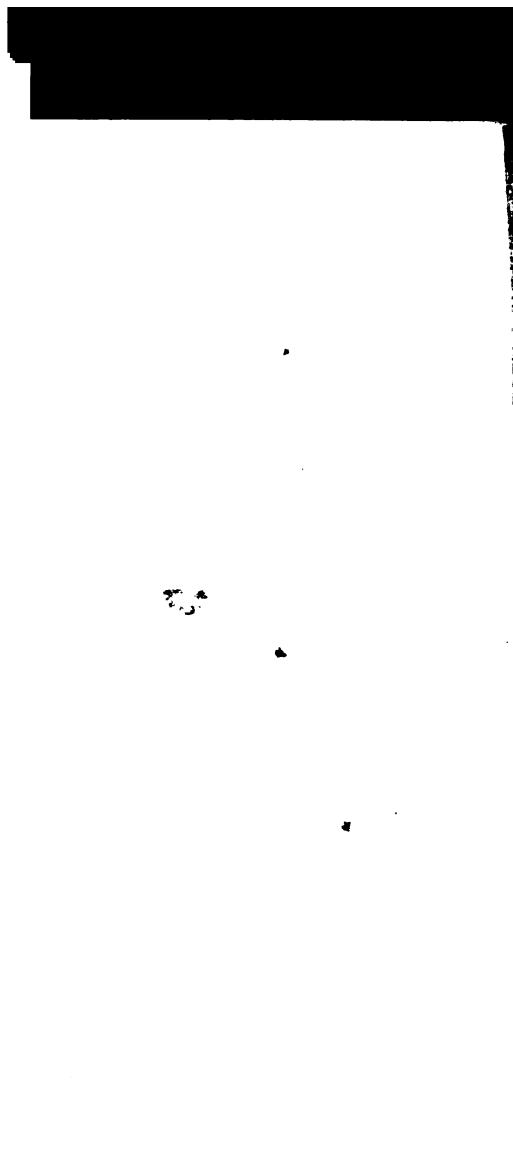
'ALL dear as the feeling when first-flowers start,
 Thou cam'st in thy musical lightness :
 And the cloud wept itself in rich rain on my heart,
 That had hidden thy beauty and brightness.
 'Twas as Life's topmost window oped suddenly, bright
 With the glittering face of an Angel,
 The sweet secret out-flasht on thy forehead of light,
 And I knew thee, my own love-Evangel !
) How shall I crown thee, Love, on my heart's throne,
 Thou art so far, far above me ?"
 And aye, as her dear eyes lookt love in my own,
 The Maiden answered, " Love me."

' My Belovéd is fair as some beautiful star
 That walks in an air of glory ;
 And her large-hearted looks and her lineaments are
 As some Queen's of the old Greek story !
 There's never night now, since those dear eyes of thine
 Smiled on me their soft sweet splendour,
 And I drank of the wine of thy kisses divine :
 O what for such love shall I render ?"
 And aye, as I knelt at my true Love's shrine,
 She bent in her beauty above me :
 And aye, as her sweet eyes lookt love into mine,
 The Maiden answered, " Love me."



LOVE ME.

And aye, as her dear eyes lookt love in my own,
The maiden answered,—‘ Love me.’ ”—P. 232.



"O could my heart, mountain-region'd in bliss,
Thy life with Love's affluence dower,
Thou shouldst have heaven in a world e'en like this,
And the joy of a life in each hour !
Thou shouldst go forth like a conquering Queen,
Reaping rich heartfuls of treasure,
Nor strive where the worn of heart wearily glean
But handfuls, in harvesting pleasure."
And aye, as I knelt at my true Love's shrine,
She bent in her beauty above me :
And aye, as her sweet eyes lookt love into mine,
The Maiden answered, " Love me."

LOVE-IN-IDLENESS.

WE sit serenely 'neath the night,
As still as stars with swift delight ;
In tears, that show how in Life's deep
The hidden pearls of beauty sleep !
And quiet, as of sleeping trees,
And silence, as of sleeping seas.
The channels of our bliss run fill'd,
Their faintest happy murmur still'd.

Upon my forehead rests thy palm,
And on my spirit rests thy calm.
I cannot see thy cheek, but know
Its sea of rose-bloom hath a glow
Like ruby light, and richly lies
The dew i' the shadow of thine eyes :
Deep eyes ! like wells of tenderness,
That ask how they may soothliest bless.

Warm fragrance like the soul o' the South,
Is round us, and thy damask mouth
With the sweet spirit of its breath,
Dissolves me in delicious death.
Musk-roses blowing in the gloom,
Drop fragrance fainting in the room ;
Such sensuous sadness fills the air,
Ripe life a bloom of dew doth wear.

The harping hand hath dull'd the lyre
Of thrilling heartstrings—by their fire
That droops, the dreamy Passions doze
In large luxuriance of repose.

While we our fields of pleasure reap,
Our Babes lie in the wood of Sleep :
One, first love's dream of beauty wrought !
One, the more perfect afterthought.

We sit with silent glory crown'd,
And Love's arms wound like heaven round :
Or on rich clouds of fragrance swim
The summer dusk so cool and dim.
I only see—that thou art near ;
I only feel—I have thee, dear !
I only hear thy beating heart,
And know that we can never part.

LITTLE LILYBELL

WHEN unseen fingers part the leaves,
 To show us Beauty's face,
 And Earth her breast of glory heaves,
 And glows from Spring's embrace :—
 Flowers fairy-like, on coloured wings
 Float up—Life's sea doth swell
 And flush a world of vernal things ;
 Came little Lilybell !

And like a blessed Bird of calm,
 Our love's sweet wants she still'd ;
 Made passion's fiery wine run balm,
 Life's glory half fulfill'd.
 From dappled dawn to twinkling dark,
 Our witching Ariel
 Moves thro' our heaven ! O, like a lark
 Sings little Lilybell ! . .

And she is fair—O, very fair !
 With eyes so like the dove ;
 And lightly leans her world of care
 Upon our arms of love !
 It cannot be that ye will break
 The promise-tale ye tell ;
 Ye will not make such fond hearts ache,
 Our little Lilybell !

As on Life's stream her leaflets spread,
And tremble in its flow,
We shudder lest the awful Dead
Pluck at her from below !
Breathe faint and low, ye winds that start ;
O stream, but softly swell ;
Your every motion smites the heart
For little Lilybell !

We tremble lest the Angel Death,
Who comes to gather flowers
For Paradise, at her sweet breath
Should fall in love with ours !
O, many a year may come and go,
Ere from Life's mystic well
Such streams shall flow, such flower shall blow,
As little Lilybell !

Ah, when her dear heart fills with fears,
And aches with Love's sweet pain,
And pale cheeks burn thro' happy tears,
Like red rose in the rain !
I marvel, Sweet, if we shall see
The sight, and say 'tis well,
When the Beloved calls for thee,
Our dainty Lilybell ?

How rich Love made the lowly sod,
Where such a bud hath blown !
O Love, we love, and think that God
Is such a love full-grown !
Dear God ! that gave the blessed trust,
Be near, that all be well ;
And morn and eve bedew our dust,
For love of Lilybell !

A BALLAD OF THE OLD TIME.

WEET Night, drop down from thy starry bower
 Thy influence dewy mild ;
 Softly bend over my love's tender flower,
 As a Mother bends over her child.
 Rush the hills in a deep, dark dream ;
 Into slumber stretch valley and lea ;
 Fold over all thy purple and pall,
 And bring my Love to me.

Oh white witching Moon, with your beautiful smile;
 You flowers that fondle his feet ;
 Oh weird wee Women of fairyland, wile
 Not my Love with your kisses sweet.
 For him my bower in the old gray tower
 Is dight daintilie :
 All gentle Powers that walk the night-hours,
 Hasten my Love to me.

Count my love's rosary over again,
 With its feelings and fancies and fears ;
 Till it breaks in my brain with the tension of pain,
 And my pearls are but trembling tears !
 Sorrow and sing with the thorn at my breast,
 But mine eyes watch unweariedly :
 Come crown them, and calm them, and kiss them to
 rest ;
 Dear my Love, hurry to me.

The ripe swelling buds that are quick with spring,
Will peep from their silken fold ;
And my broidered belt is too short to cling
Round my waist with its girdling gold.
But my Love he will bring the gay gold ring ;
Base-born his Babe shall not be !
Leal in his love as the heaven above :
He never will lightly me.

My Love he hath little of silver or gold ;
Of land he hath never a sod ;
But my Love is a gay gallant gentleman—
He's a king by the grace of God.
He has borne up the battle-tide broad-sword in hand,
He is comely as any ladye !
O and were I a King's daughter,
None other should marry me.

My Love shall not wait at the Castle-gate,
My Love shall not tirl at the pin ;
My Love he shall climb to my bower-window ;
Sing O, but I'll let my Love in.
The dragon below lieth weary and old,
Sleeping all under the tree ;
While I feast my Love upon apples of gold—
But soft ! He is coming to me.

IN THE NIGHT.

EARTH like a Lover poor and low
 Feasts on Night's queenly beauty now ;
 While I, with burning heart and brow,
 Awake to weep for thee, Love !
 The spangled glories of the Night,
 The Moon that walks in soft, white light,
 These cannot win my charmed sight,
 Or lure a thought from thee, Love !

I'm thinking o'er the short, sweet hour,
 Our fond hearts felt Love's growth of power,
 And summer'd as in Eden's bower,
 When I was blest with thee, Love !
 There burn'd no beauty on the trees,
 There woke no song of birds or bees,
 But Love's cup for us held no lees,
 And I was blest with thee, Love.

Then grand and golden fancies spring
 From out my heart on splendid wing,
 Like Chrysalis from Life's wintering,—
 Burst bright and summeringly, Love !
 And as a Chief of battle lost
 Counts, and recounts his stricken host,
 Stands tearful Memory making most
 Of all that's toucht with thee, Love.

Perchance in Pleasure's brilliant bower
Thy heart may half forget Love's power,
But at this still and starry hour

Does it not turn to me, Love?

O, by all pangs for thy sweet sake,
In my deep love thy heart-thirst slake,
Or, all-too-full, my heart must break :

Break ! break ! with loving thee, Love !

SWEET-AND-TWENTY.

Like a Lady from a far land,
 Came my true Love brave to see !
 As to heaven its rainbow garland,
 Is her beauty rich to me.

Nearest to my heart I wear her ;
 As a bark the waves above—
 O so proudly do I bear her
 On the bosom of my love.

Or as some dim lake may mirror
 One fair star that shines above,
 So my life—aye growing clearer—
 Holds this tremulous star of love.

Look you, how she cometh, trilling
 Out her gay heart's bird-like bliss !
 Merry as a May-morn, thrilling
 With the dew and sunshine's kiss.

Ruddy gossips of her beauty
 Are her twin cheeks : and her mouth
 In its ripe warmth smileth, fruity
 As a garden of the south.

Ha ! my precious Sweet-and-Twenty,
 Husband up your virgin pride !
 Just a month, and this dear, dainty
 Thing shall be my wedded Bride.

A SONG OF HAPPY LOVE.

THE Bird that nestles nearest earth,
 To Heaven's gate nighest sings ;
 And loving thee, my lowly life
 Doth mount on Lark-like wings !
 Thine eyes are starry promises :
 And affluent above
 All measure in its blessing, is
 The largess of thy love.

Merry as laughter 'mong the hills,
 Spring dances at my heart !
 And at my wooing, Nature's soul
 Into her face will start !
 The Queen-moon, in her starry bower,
 Looks happier for our love ;
 A dewier splendour fills the flower,
 And mellower coos the Dove.

My heart may sometimes blind mine eyes
 With utterance of tears,
 But feels no pang for thee, Belov'd !
 But all the more endears :
 And if life comes with cross and care
 Unknown in years of yore,
 I know thou'lt half the burthen bear,
 And I am strong once more.

Ah ! now I see my life was shorn,
That, like the forest-brook
When leaves are shed, my darkling soul
Up in heaven's face might look !
And blessings on the storm that gave
Me haven on thy breast,
Where life hath climax like a wave
That breaks in perfect rest.

KISSES.

ONE kiss more, Sweet !
Soft as voluptuous wind of the west,
Or silkenest surge of thy balmy breast,
Ripe lips all ruddily melting apart,
Drink up the honey and wine of my heart !
On all the bounds of my being let Bliss
Break with its dear drowning sea—
In a Kiss !

One kiss more, Sweet !
Warm as a morning sunbeam's dewy gold
Slips in a red Rose's fragrantest fold,
Sets its green blood all a-blush, burning up
At the fresh feel of life, in its crimson cup !
On all the bounds of my being let Bliss
Break with its dear drowning sea—
In a Kiss.

NOT I, SWEET SOUL, NOT I.

ALL glorious as a Rainbow's birth,
 She came in Spring-tide's golden hours ;
 When Heaven went hand-in-hand with Earth,
 And May was crown'd with buds and flowers !
 The mounting devil at my heart
 Clomb faintlier, as my life did win
 The charmed heaven, she wrought apart,
 To wake its slumbering Angel in !
 With radiant mien she trode serene,
 And past me smiling by !
 O ! who that lookt could chance but love ?
 Not I, sweet soul, not I.

Her budding breasts, Love's fragrant fruit,
 Peer'd out, a-yearning to be prest :
 Her voice shook all my heart's red root !
 Yet might not break a babe's soft rest !
 Her being mingled into mine,
 As breath of flowers doth mix and melt,
 And on her lips the honey-wine
 Was royal-rich as spikenard spilt ;
 With love a-gush, like water-brooks,
 Her heart smiled in her eye ;
 O ! who that lookt could chance but love ?
 Not I, sweet soul, not I.

The dewy eyelids of the Dawn
Ne'er oped such heaven as hers can show :
O Love ! such dear eyes might have shone
As jewels in some starry brow !
Her brow flasht glory like a shrine,
Or lily-bell with sunburst bright ;
Where came and went love-thoughts divine,
As low winds walk the leaves in light :
She wore her beauty with the grace
Of Summer's star-clad sky ;
O ! who that lookt could chance but love ?
Not I, sweet soul, not I.

A POOR MAN'S WIFE.

Her dainty hand nestled in mine, rich and white,
And timid as trembling dove ;
And it twinkled about me, a jewel of light,
As she garnisht our feast of love :
'twas the queenliest hand in all lady-land,
And she was a poor Man's wife !
! little ye'd think how that wee, white hand
Could dare in the battle of Life.

Her heart it was lowly as maiden's might be,
But hath climb'd to heroic height,
And burn'd like a shield in defence of me,
On the sorest field of fight !
And startling as fire, it hath often flasht up
In her eyes, the good heart and rare !
As she drank down her half of our bitterest cup,
And taught me how to bear.

Her sweet eyes that seem'd, with their smile sublime,
Made to look me and light me to heaven,
They have triumph'd thro' bitter tears many a time,
Since their love to my life was given :
And the maiden-meek voice of the womanly Wife
Still bringeth the heavens nigher ;
For it rings like the voice of God over my life,
Iye bidding me climb up higher.

I hardly dared think it was human, when
I first lookt in her yearning face ;
For it shone as the heavens had open'd then,
And clad it with glory and grace !
But dearer its light of healing grew
In our dark and desolate day,
As the Rainbow, when heaven hath no break of blue,
Smileth the storm away.

O ! her shape was the lithest Loveliness,—
Just an armful of heaven to enfold !
But the form that bends flower-like in love's caress,
With the Victor's strength is soul'd !
In her worshipful presence transfigured I stand,
And the poor Man's English home
She lights with the Beauty of Greece the grand,
And the loveliest Raphael in Rome.

LOVE.

O Love ! Love ! Love !
 Its glory smites our gloom,
 And, flower-like flusht with life, the heart
 Doth burgeon into bloom !
 Sweet as the sunshine's golden kiss,
 That crowns the world anew :
 Sweet as in Roses' hearts of bliss,
 Soft, summer-dark, drops dew.

O Love ! Love ! Love !
 May make the brave heart ache ;
 Pulse out its lavish life, and leave
 It, mournfully to break !
 But O how exquisite it starts
 The thoughts that bee-like cling,
 To drain the honey from young hearts,
 And leave a bleeding sting !

O Love ! Love ! Love !
 Its very pain endears !
 And every wail and weeping brings
 Some blessing on our tears !
 Love makes our darkest days, sweet dove !
 In golden Suns go down,
 And still we'll clothe our hearts with love,
 And crown us with Love's crown.

I LOVE MY LOVE, AND MY LOVE
LOVES ME.

THE life of life's ~~when~~ for another we're living,
Whose spirit responds to ours like a sweet Psalter ;
When heart-smiles are burning, and flame-words out-
giving

The fire we have lit on the heart's holy Altar !
O Love, God's religion ! Love, fervid and starried !
The soul must be beautiful where thou art palaced ;
I mark where thy kiss-seal is set on the forehead,
I know where thy dew of heaven's richliest chalice'd.
That radiant brow breaketh thro' cloud and world-
stain,

And strong is that soul in the battle of Duty ;
Smiling May sunshine thro' Life's Winter-rain,
All outer things clothing with inner world beauty !
'Tis writ in the face, whose heart singeth for glee,
" I love my Love, and my Love loves me."

Once I was a-weary of life and the world,
And the voice of Delight on my heart fell accurst,
And my eyes oft with tear-drops unweetingly pearl'd,
I had no one to love, tho' with Love my heart burst :
Then on me a sweet dream of Paradise stole—
Turn'd to radiance the shadows that brooded around
me :

And walking the gardens that Eden my soul,
 One morning, my Love, like another Eve, found me ;
 He lookt, and a maelstrom of joy whirled my bosom ;
 He smiled, and my being ran bliss to the brim :
 He spake, and my eager heart flusht into blossom ;
 Dear Heaven ! 'twas the music set to my Life's
 hymn !
 And up went my soul to God, shouting for glee—
 “ I love my Love, and my Love loves me.”

I know, Love of mine ! time may nevermore bring
 Back the lost freshness that clad my young heart :
 But, looking on thee, dear ! sweet thoughts will up-
 spring,
 As from the cold tomb the green verdure will start !
 I look in thine eyes, and, O joy to the weeper !
 Their love-light makes sunshine of all my dark fears ;
 And what made my heart faint, lifts it now, a strong
 leaper !
 The rivers of bliss flood its channels of tears.
 I had deem'd its wealth flung on sands barren and
 burning,
 And sweet 'tis to find my Life's current again,
 Caught up in thy Love's precious chalice—returning
 Like dew that hath been to heaven, dropping in rain.
 And my heart's perpetual hymn shall be,
 “ I love my Love, and my Love loves me.”

NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE.

ONE of God's own Darlings was my bosom's nestling
 Dove,
 With her looks of love and sunshine, and her voice
 so soft and low ;
 How it trembled thro' my life, like an Immortal kiss
 of love !
 How its music yearns thro' all my memory now !

O ! her beauty rainbows round me, and her sweet
 smile, silverly
 As a song, fills all the silence of the Midnight's
 charmed hours ;
 And I know from out her grave she'll send her love
 in death to me,
 By the Spring in smiling utterance of Flowers.

O ! my Love, too dear for Earth, has gone into the
 land of light ;
 It was hard, she said, to leave me, but the Lord had
 need of her ;
 And she walks the heavens in glory, like a Star i' the
 crown of Night,
 With the beautiful and blessed mingling there.

Gone before me, to be clothéd on with bridal robe of
white.

Where Love's blossom flowers to fruit of Knowledge,
—Suffering's glorified !

And my love shall make me meet and worthy of her
presence bright,

That in heaven I may claim her as my Bride.

THE PATRIOT'S BRIDE

WILL you leave the fond bosom of Home, where
 Joy hath been from your earliest waking?
 Can you give its endearments to come, where
 Life hath many a hot heart-aching?
 Have you counted the cost to stand by me,
 In the battle I fight for Man?
 Shall your womanly love deify me,
 Who stand in the world's dark ban?
 O, a daring high soul you will need, dear love,
 To brave the life-battle with me:
 For your true heart may oftentimes bleed, dear love,
 And your sweet eyes dim tearfully.

Sweet! know you of gallant hearts perishing,—
 The fine spirits that dumbly bow?
 For a little of Fortune's cherishing,
 They are breaking in agony now!
 And without the sunshine that life needeth,
 Alas! Sweet! for me and for you:
 But little the careless world heedeth
 For love like ours, tender and true!
 O, a daring high soul you will need, dear love,
 To brave the life-battle with me:
 For your true heart may oftentimes bleed, dear love,
 And your sweet eyes dim tearfully.

Well, you've sworn, I have sworn, God hath bound
us,

In a covenant the world shall not part :
I have flung my love's war-cloak around us,

And you live in each pulse of my heart !
It may be our name in Earth's story

Shall endure when we are no more ;
For love lives while the Stars burn in glory,

And the Flowers bud on Earth's green floor.
But a daring high soul you will need, dear love,

To brave the life-battle with me :
For your true heart may oftentimes bleed, dear love,
And your sweet eyes dim tearfully.

SWEET SPIRIT OF MY LOVE.

SWEET Spirit of my love !
 Thro' all the world we walk apart :
 Thou mayst not in my bosom lie :
 I may not press thee to my heart,
 Nor see love-thinkings light thine eye :
 Yet art thou with me. All my life
 Orbs out in thy warm beauty's sphere ;
 My bravest dreams of thee are rife,
 And colour'd with thy presence, Dear !

Sweet spirit of my love !
 I know how beautiful thou art,
 But never tell the starry thought :
 I only whisper to my heart,
 " She lights with heaven thy earthliest spot."
 And birds that night and day rejoice,
 And fragrant winds, give back to me
 A music ringing of thy voice,
 And sway my heart's love-tide to thee.

Sweet Spirit of my love !
 The Spring and Summer bloom-bedight,
 That garland Earth with rainbow-showers,—
 Morn's kissing breath, and eyes of light,
 That wake in smiles the winking flowers,

The air with honey'd fragrance fed,
The flashing waters,—soughing tree,—
Noon's golden glory, sundown red,
Aye warble into songs of thee.

Sweet Spirit of my love !
When Night's soft silence clothes the earth,
And wakes the passionate bird of Love ;
And Stars laugh out in golden mirth,
And yearning souls divinelier move ;
When God's breath hallows every spot,
And lapp'd in feeling's luxury,
The heart's break-full of tender thought ;
Then art thou with me, still with me.

Sweet Spirit of my love !
I listen for thy footfall,—feel
Thy look is burning on me, such
As reads my heart ; 'twill sometimes reel
And throb, expectant for thy touch !
For by the voice of woods and brooks,
And flowers with virgin-fragrance wet,
And earnest stars with yearning looks,
I know that we shall mingle yet.

Sweet Spirit of my love !
Strange places on me smile, as thou
Hadst pass'd, and left thy beauty's tints !
The wild flowers even the secret know,
And light and shade flash mystic hints.
Meseems, like olden Gods, thou'lt come
In cloud ; but mine anointed eyes
Shall see the glory burn thro' gloom,
And clasp thee, Sweet ! with large surprise.

DESERTED.

LOVE came to me in a rosy cloud,
 With a golden glory kist ;
 And caught me up, and in heaven we rode,
 Till it melted in mournful mist.
 Gone ! gone ! is the light that shone,
 With the dream of my earlier day :
 And the wild winds moan, and alone, alone,
 I wander my weary way.

The days come and go, and the seasons roll,—
 In their glory they pass me by ;
 And the lords of life and the happy in soul
 Walk under a smiling sky.
 And the sweet springtide comes back to us o'er
 The soothéd winter sea ;
 But He will return no more, no more,
 Never come back to me.

It were better that I lay sleeping
 With his baby upon my breast,
 Where the weary have done with their weeping,
 And the wretched are rockt to their rest.
 The world is a desolate, dreary one,
 And full of sad tears at best :
 God, take back thy wandering weary one,
 Like a wounded bird home to its nest.

DESOLATE.

THE Day goes down red darkling,
The moaning waves dash out the light,
And there is not a star of hope sparkling
On the threshold of my night.

Wild winds of Autumn go wailing
Up the valley and over the hill,
Like yearning Ghosts round the world sailing,
In search of the old love still.

A fathomless sea is rolling
O'er the wreck of the bravest bark ;
And my pain-muffled heart is tolling
Its dumb-peal down in the dark.

The waves of a mighty sorrow
Have whelméd the pearl of my life :
And there cometh to me no morrow
Shall solace this desolate strife.

Gone are the last faint flashes,
Set is the sun of my years ;
And over a few poor ashes
I sit in my darkness and tears.

DOOMED.

As the White Snow crowns the Hills, and the arms
of Ether fills,

With the lustre of its loveliness—a presence as of
light,

And it looks up in Heaven's face with all a Virgin's
trusting grace :

So the Maiden walkt on Purity's white height.

But the Snow will blush for bliss, at the red Dawn's
fervent kiss ;

And fall from its high throne, and lose the bright-
ness from its brow ;

And be trodden on the highways, and be trampled in
the byeways :

So the Maiden's life is stain'd and trampled now.

DEAD !

'Tis Midnight hour, and the Dead have power
 Over the Wronger now !
 He is tortured and torn by the crown of thorn
 That fell from the Suicide's brow.

Wind him around in the toil of thy charms ;
 Nestle him close, young Bride !
 At the Midnight hour he is drawn from thy arms ;
 Thro' the dark with the Dead he must ride.

The rose of her mouth is red-wet, red-warm :
 She smiles in her heaven of calm.
 Tost ! hurried ! and sere in a pitiless storm ;
 Slumber for him hath no balm.

He feels that ghostly groping along
 The Corridor of Dreams !
 And a dark Desolation Lightning-lit
 Is his face by ghastly gleams !

Love's cup flushes up for his crowning kiss,
 With his lip at the burning brim !
Lo, the Dead uncurtain his bower of bliss,
 Stretching wild arms for him !

Wind him around in the toil of thy charms ;
Nestle him close, young Bride !
Yet, at Midnight hour he is drawn from thy arms ;
Thro' the dark with the Dead he must ride.

And the Dark hath a million burning Eyes,
All of his secret tell !
And the whispering winds are damnéd fiends
That hiss in his ears of Hell !

Warm in her bed the young Bride lies,
Breathing her peaceful breath :
Dead Mother and Babe with their drownéd eyes
Stare dim thro' the watery death.

'Tis Midnight hour, and the Dead have power
Over the Wronger now !
He is tortured and torn by the crown of thorn
That fell from the Suicide's brow.

THE SUNBEAM AND THE ROSE.

"PRETTY Rosebud, are thy emerald
 Curtains still undrawn?
 Odalisque of Flowers—
 Tender soul o' the fervid South!
 I am dainty of thy beauty,
 All this dewy dawn;
 I am fainting for the ruddy
 Kisses of thy mouth."

Sweetly sang the Sunbeam,
 With a voice made low to win;
 Round the Rose-heart playing,
 Till it toucht the tenderest strings;
 "Pretty Rosebud, ope thy lattice,
 Let thy true love in."
 And for Heaven down-wavering warm,
 She waved her leafy wings!
 LISTEN, MAIDENS, TO MY SONG O' THE SUNBEAM
 AND THE ROSE.

Out she sprang, kiss-coloured,
 In her eyes the dews of bliss;
 All her beauty glowing
 With a blush of bridal light!

Gave her balm and bloom for banquet
To the golden kiss ;
Proudly oped each chamber
For a princelier delight.

Soon the Serpent of Sweetness,
Found he could no longer stay ;
And away he went, a-wooing
Every flower that blows !
'Twas the reign of Roses
When that Sunbeam passed to-day :
Lonely in her rifled ruin
Droopt the dying Rose.

LISTEN, MAIDENS, TO MY SONG O' THE SUNBEAM
AND THE ROSE.

LITTLE WILLIE.

Poor little Willie,
 With his many pretty wiles ;
 Worlds of wisdom in his looks,
 And quaint, quiet smiles ;
 Hair of amber, toucht with
 Gold of heaven so brave ;
 All lying darkly hid
 In a Workhouse Grave.

You remember little Willie ;
 Fair and funny fellow ! he
 Sprang like a lily
 From the dirt of poverty.
 Poor little Willie !
 Not a friend was nigh,
 When, from the cold world,
 He croucht down to die.

In the day we wandered foodless,
 Little Willie cried for bread ;
 In the night we wandered homeless,
 Little Willie cried for bed.
 Parted at the Workhouse door,
 Not a word we said :
 Ah, so tired was poor Willie,
 And so sweetly slept the dead.

'T was in the dead of winter
We laid him in the earth ;
The world brought in the New Year,
On a tide of mirth.
But, for lost little Willie,
Not a tear we crave ;
Cold and Hunger cannot wake him,
In his Workhouse Grave.

We thought him beautiful,
Felt it hard to part ;
We loved him dutiful ;
Down, down, poor heart !
The storms they may beat,
The winter winds may rave ;
Little Willie feels not
In his Workhouse Grave.

No room for Little Willie ;
In the world he had no part ;
On him stared the Gorgon-eye,
Thro' which looks no heart !
Come to me, said Heaven ;
And if Heaven will save,
Little matters tho' the door
Be a Workhouse Grave.

CRAIGCROOK CASTLE.

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A DAY AT CRAIGCROOK CASTLE.

I.

LIFE is at most a Meeting and a Parting ;
 A glimpse into the world of Might-have-been.
 And standing rapt on some new-trodden height,
 We long to build a tabernacle there.
 A sudden glorious glimpse, a nestling face,
 Will bid the kingly moment live for ever.
 Ah, could we paint their picture in the mind,
 And breathe the blessed breath of Beauty back !

We think how on some heavenly day the Sun
 Gathered his glory for a grand repose ;
 And with her folding stillness Eve came down,
 So meek and shadowy, bringing healing dews,
 While Angels walkt our garden of the soul.
 How on a summer morn the dewy lanes
 In sunny England took us in cool arms.
 Or, in a wondrous Moonlight long ago,
 The face of early Love upturned to us
 Two human stars that swam in bridal dew ;
 With brow of virgin white, and cheek's warm touch ;
 The full heart's sweetness parting young red lips ;
 And, caught by some surprise o' the tender time,
 Our Deity half forgot her veiling cloud,
 And pure soul all in silent beauty smiled.

So Memory maketh rich the house of life,
Where our great moments come as gorgeous guests ;
At Fancy's touch the walls with pictures bloom,
And rosy recollections rise around.

Even so I linger o'er my perfect day,
Whose fruitful round of ripe and crowded life
In its sole glory summed a golden age ;
Whose whispering memory cometh like an air
Of heaven wafting warm immortal breath ;
Then leaves me softly as the Dove of Day,
That shakes down dews of freshness as it goes.

II.

In that sweet season when the Year is green,
And hearts grow merry as spring-groves full of birds,
And young Earth putteth forth the lovely things
She hath been dreaming through long winter nights ;
Taking the May-tide in a golden swim,
Her blithe heart singing for the flooding cheer ;
While life for pleasure ripples as it runs ;
With dainty colour the kindling country dawns ;
Death lieth low ; his hidden footprints bloom ;
Upon his grave Life danceth all in flowers :
And lying shell-like on our shore o' the world,
We are caught up to listening ear of Heaven,
That leaneth down maternal meek to hear
Our inner murmurs of the eternal sea :
Then Craigcrook puts its budding glory on.
An emerald Eden nestling in the North :
To which the mariner worn on life's salt wave,
Might point his prow and find a conqueror's home,
And storm-tost Love up-fold his wearied wings.

A happy island in a sea of green,
Smiling it lies beneath the changing sky,
Well pleased, and conscious that each wave and wind
Is tempered kindly or with blessing rich :
And all the quaint cloud-messengers that come
Voyaging the blue Heaven's summer sea,
Soft, shining, sumptuous, blown by languid breath,
Touch tenderly, or drop with ripeness down. ,
Spring builds her leafy nest for birds and flowers,
And folds it round luxuriant as the Vine
When grapes are filled with wine of merry cheer :
The Summer burns her richest incense there,
Swinging the censers of her thousand flowers :
Brown Autumn comes o'er seas of glorious gold :
And there old Winter keeps some greenth of heart,
When on his head the snows of age are white.

Mid glimpsing greenery at the hill-foot stands
The castle with its tiny town of towers :
A smiling Martyr to the climbing strength
Of Ivy that will crown the old bald head,
And Roses that will mask him merry and young,
Like an old Man with Children round his knees.
With cups of colour how the Roses rise
On walls and bushes, red and yellow and white ;
A dance and dazzle of Roses range all round.

The path runs down and peeps out in the lane
That loiters on by fields of wheat and bean,
Till the white-gleaming road winds city-ward.
Afar, in floods of sunshine blinding white,
The City lieth in its quiet pride,
With castled crown, looking on Towns and Shires,

And Hills from which cloud-highlands climb the
heavens :

A happy thing in glory smiles the Firth ;
Its flowing azure winding like an arm
Around the warm waist of the yielding land.

III.

I ROSE betimes upon my day of days ;
Through faëry forests of the lady fern,
Went up the wooded height to see the Dawn,
That new, eternal Picture fresh from God,
Quicken and colour into perfect life.
Quietly, quietly slept the world beside
The sepulchre of the dark, till Light awoke.
The haunting spirit of each lonely place
Seemed passing through the still and solemn wood.
What breath of life the breeze of morning blew !
What dewy smell and after-sense of showers,
Came wooing like rich airs from secret shores
To those who sail into the eternal dawn !
Bird after bird the waking stillness stirred,
As Earth were warbling some new tune of joy
With which her heart gushes, and its radiance fired
Her face, as she arrayed to meet the morn.
The meek and melting amethyst of dawn
Blushes o'er the blue hills in the ring o' the world ;
Up emerald twilights came the shining sea
Of sunlight, breaking in a silent surge,
Whence Morning like the birth of Beauty rose ;
And, at a rosy touch, the clouds that lay
In sullen purples round the hills of Fife,
Adown her pathway spread their cloaks of gold :

The silvery-green-and-violet sheen o' the sea
Changed into shifting opal tinct with gold :
And like an Alchymist with furnace-face, '
The Sun smiled on his perfect work, pure gold.

The breath of Dawn brought God's good-morning kiss
To bud and leaf and flower, and human hearts
That like pond-lilies open heavenward eyes.
Sweet lilies of the valley, tremulous fair,
Peep through their curtains claspt with diamond dew
By faëry jewellers working while they slept :
The Pansies, pretty little Puritans,
Come peering up with merry eyes to see
How sleeping Beauty wakens as the sun
Doth kiss her in the sly green secrecies !
And arch Laburnum droops her budding gold
From emerald fingers, with such taking grace.
The Lilac is alight with all her stars :
Wall-flowers in fragrance burn themselves away
With the sweet Season on her precious pyre ;
Pure passionate aromas of the Rose,
And purple perfume of the Hyacinth,
Come like a colour thro' the golden day.
A summer soul is in the Limes ; they stand
Low murmuring honied things that wing forth Bees ;
Their busy whisperings done, the Poplars hush !
But lo, a warm wind winnowing odour-rain
Goes breathing by, and there they curtsey meek,
Or toss their locks in frolic wantonness,
And a great gust of joy runs shivering thro' them ;
All the leaves thrill and sparkle wild as wings.
Voluptuously ripening in the sun,
The Meadows swell their bosom plump with life.
The Buttercups spread tiny laps to take

The warm gold showering down from heaven, and oft
Each to its crownéd likeness nods and smiles.
The Birds low-crooning o'er their sweet Spring-tunes
Still touch them with a riper luxury :
That Blackbird with the wine of joy is mellow,
And in his song keeps laughing, he's so jolly,
To think how summer pulps the fruit for him.
The Apple-tree hath felt the ruddying breath
Of May upon her yielding leafy lips,
Look how she flushes over ! warm in white !

Deep after deep the generous heart of Spring,
Full of glad days, hath opened into bloom,
Ripe with all sweetness.

Crown us, lusty leaves !
Shake down your gathered coolness, O green leaves !

IV.

At Craigcrook Castle all that bounteous day
Rare talk we had and sweet society,
To floating filled with bright Olympian life.
Under the tender trees, where rippled grass
Caressed us with its smiles, we sat, and watcht
The rich World in her blooming airy nest,
Warm-burnishing her colours like a Bird
O' the Sun, to soar on silent wings of light ;
And Heaven brooding down with golden eye,
Where Sunlight, seeking hidden Shadow, toucht
The green leaves all a-tremble as they played.
While One whose looks were mild as they had drawn
A Christ-like sweetness from the face of Babes,—
His brow the triumph-arch of royal soul—

A Prodigal of Freedom whose great heart,
Big as the world it floods with wealth to-day,
Must eat to-morrow of the Stranger's husks—
Prometheus on his rock of exile—told
The vision passing solemn thro' his soul.

Ah ! how they drank the breath of Battle, won
Its swarthy bloom, those spirits fiery-fine !
O, gallant hearts, how stalwartly they stood ;
How fought the faithful, how the deathless died !
And there in saviour sepulchres they sleep,
Crowned with the diadem o' the kingly Dead ;
Green graves on earth,—high memories in heaven.
And how the night came down with treachery dark,
But reddened with the light of burning homes,
That lit the Hangman while he knit his noose :
Then silence, at the hush of Death, above ;
Nought but a ghastly Golgotha below.

And O, but hearts flew out, like Freedom's bird,
To flap their wings upon the flag of war.
And fierce looks flasht, and prayers went up to God,
In fiery chariots of our fervent hearts.
And eyes were veiled with noble tears to see
That Exile by the hounds of torture trackt ;
Who, while they tore his stricken life, still drank
His cup of trembling, smiling very calm.

Fight on, thou Hero ! Heaven's glooming look
Frowns only on the wrong. This dark shall break
In resurrection hour. The chariot wheels
Of coming Vengeance spin too swift for sight.
The Nemesis of Nations only waits,
Until the glass of Destiny runs out,

To wake the Murderers with her whip of fire,
Caught by the hair in sudden hands of Hell !
While in a ruddy rain old Earth laughs up.
O, we shall see a sight ere England's sun
Goes down behind her hills of gathered gold !
The time of times, the year of years is nigh !
When Spring's young hopes lie dead, and her sweet
buds

Are low in dust, our Autumn fruitage comes.
Princes shall meet thee in thy Country's gate ;
Thy Banner yet shall crown her topmost height,
And all the world shall see it waving there.

V.

In the green quiet of a neighbouring knoll
There sat and sang a beauteous company.
AURELIA with the royal brows, and breast
Bounding with hurrying heart, wave-wanton, for
A rich repose on some Elysian shore :
A gorgeous passion-flower of Womanhood
Come, golden-natured, to its summer throne :
Her eyes, the stars of burning dreams, so rapt
The spirit moth-like for their fire, you might
Have gone to death by sword-light for their smile,
And sullen beauty of her mouth's ripe bloom.
And MABEL, saintly sweet and fairly fine
As maiden rising from enchanted mere ;
Pale as a lily crowned with moonlight calm :
A queenly creature with her quiet grace,
And dazzling white hand veined cerulean :
*Upon her warm-waved hair the rippled light
Played soft, and fleckt it into cloudy gold ;*

Her eyes of violet-grey were coloured rich
With gloom of tender thought, and mirrored large
Within them, starry futures swam and shone :
Ah ! what a smile to fill a life with light,
And make the waking heart to sing in sleep !
How precious in some costly cup of love,
The perfect pearl of her star-purity !
And stately CHARMIAN with her grander calm,
Like a Greek Goddess Statue that had raised
The veil of being in some diviner dawn,
And yearning Love did woo her into Woman.
With merry melting mouth and subtle eyes,
And warm heart glowing her white silence through,
She rose up in her crown the Queen of Smiles
With all the old majesty, unweeting of
The old worship conscious hearts in silence pay ;
Our English vesture cannot mask her mould.
And She, with dancing sparkle in her eyes,
Like sun-kist waters twinkling sapphirine,
Our SEERESS with whose soul the Spirits walk :
Who told strange mysteries in Waking Sleep,
And held your hand and read your Book of life ;
Whose presence weirdly took the throbbing heart
Bird-like, as it were caught in spirit-fingers ;
Whose visioned face would shine so glorified,
You lookt with heavenward instinct up to see
Whence came such beauty as brake thro' Raphael's
dream.

They sang those wailing old Scotch songs that set
The heart-strings all a-tremble for their harp :
In which melodious Passion breaks its heart
For evermore, and finds no spousal words.
*And mingling oft in Music's airy storm,
Spirit with spirit crossed in tingling touch ;*

Till every nerve seemed an immortal sense,
For Life to draw the hovering heaven down.

VI.

SOME played at bowls upon unwrinkled sward,
And drank old ale with ruby flame in it,
Where sunny laurels twinkled silver lights ;
While others traced the footprints of grey Time,
Long fossilized : some by the Sea—that glowed
In living azure and inviolate calm—
Peered in the portal of its wonder-world.
Some showered playful palms down in the path,
And deckt with flowers the marriage-robe of One
Who brought his beauteous Bride in triumph home:
A jolly Briton, princely to the poor.
His rich heart-warming ruddiness of look
Might make an east wind reel off mellow and mild :
So sunnily his inner ripeness smiled :
And stalwart stood the sheltering wall of his life,
For climbing flower and fruit to bud and bear.
Her fragrant weight of warm and loving life,
That dwined with tender want of folding arms,
Half-sad with sweetness like a dew-droopt flower,
Stirs in his smile and rises ruddy and white,
With breath that maketh dim his dallying eyes :
Glowing imperial as the sun-toucht Rose !
A young Aurora of the Bridal-Dawn.
Her eyes wide-waken'd by Love's quickening kiss,—
Sweet drunken with the wine of tears,—foreshow
How Love hath hived his honey in her heart.
And there they walk their rosy marriage time,
With gracious words that brighten listening brows

Like crowns of splendour, as the first pair walkt
Their morning of the world in Paradise.

Our Poet, Rubens, scoffed at Wedded Love,
And drew a piteous picture of our friend
In harness, drawing the matrimonial car,
Heavily laden, along the ruts of life,
But in his voice there hissed a thirsty sound,
As when the dry leaves rustle for the rain.
With longing eyes he mockt the laughing grapes,
And six weeks after held out eager hands,
To take the bonds that bind for evermore :
And quietly joined the herd of pastured Slaves,
Where nuptial Love thro' sweet tears on him smiled.

Up spoke our Host. A sunny life was his
Among his children, breathing blooms of health ;
He, like a rennet Apple wrinkle-ripe,
Hived full of sweetness, fragrant to the taste,
Tho' Sorrow's tooth should strike the brave heart's
core—

He had the happy soul which, like the Bee,
Rocks with delight upon a thistle-top,
Or finds voluptuous honey on wild moors.
And cheerily he chirped of Wedded Love,
And home our refuge from the mad-world-strife,
Where we may keep the spirit-sandals clean,
We soil so on our treadmill of a world ;
And open heaven in the shut-up heart :
Where love may help us hand-in-hand across
The dark stream of Eternity, as Life
Goeth on starry stepping-stones to God.
Ah ! how it made him turn to his dear nest,
And proudly yearn o'er his dear marriage guest,

Who made their little world so bright with bliss,
It drew God's Angels blessing-laden down.
And as he spoke, the dead flowers in our hearts
All pressed and precious, softly stirred with life ;
Bloomed on our brows, and shed a fragrance round.
In silence sat our Crimean Hero, he
Who told us how they fought at Inkerman :
His heart swam up in tears at thoughts of Home.
The roar and rack of Battle over and gone :
No more surprises in the bloody trench,
Where midnight swarmed with visions horrible,
And earth was like a fiery coast of hell !
All that long aching wintriness of soul,
Warm-melted in the arms of Wedded Love,
That drew him from the bloody battle-press,
And claspt him safe in their serene of heaven,
Where Past and Future crown him as they kiss.
And with dumb eloquence his poor armstump moved,
As it were dreaming of a dear embrace.

VII.

A SILVERED Sage like some old pictured Saint,
Smilingly took the crucial hand of Doubt,
And thrust stern fingers in his spirit-wounds ;
And told us how he hunted shadows once,
And felt his spiritual pulse ten times an hour,
With thoughts of Self fatal as Herod's worms.
And how the Child rose up and led the Man
Back very lowly to their Mother's knee :
Worshipping God as in the dear old days.
' They wrought in faith,' and not ' They wrought in
doubt,'

Is the proud epitaph inscribed above
Our glorious Dead who in their grandeur lie,
Crowned with the garland of eternity.
Because they did believe, and conquered Doubt,
They lived great lives and did their deathless deeds,
Who in the old time walkt their perilous way,
With the grey hairs of kingly sorrow crowned :
Who laid their heads upon the bloody block
For their last pillow : who amid the flames
Bore witness still, and with their quivering hands
Sowed every wind with sparks of fiery thought.
Because they did believe, we kneel to read
Where men and angels mingle tears of joy.
Because he did believe, Columbus sailed
For that new world his inner eyes had seen.
He found : so Faith its new worlds yet shall find,
While Doubt shakes its wise head and stays behind.
Newton believed for many a year before
The Hand in heaven shook the Apple down.
Because we have believed, our knowledge comes :
Belief, not Doubt, will touch the secret spring.
Belief is that soul-attitude which sees
How the pure distance of some infinite sea
Relieves the dark ground of our inland life,
And feels the fresh spray make its colour bloom.
But Doubt turns from the light, and only sees
The Shadow that it casts, and follows it ;
For Doubt is ever its own Deity :
The Shadow still dilates on darkened eyes,
And lengthens as the awful night comes down.

*"Life is a maze, but God i' the centre sits.
I wailed and wandered in the winding ways ;*

Against the thorns with bleeding bosom beat,
And vainly shouted to the passing stars,—
Those silent spirit-vanishing-points of space,—
That voyaged Ship-like on, nor saw my wreck.
I shriekt out with the scorners, 'There's no God !'
Sat in the womb o' the world like Babe unborn,
And blindly said, 'There is no life to come.'
Then my Beloved came, and drew me in
A little nearer to the heart of light.
A lightning-glimpse from out the cloud of Death
Stern revelation rifted, and I fell
Prone on my face, heart-broken in the dust.
Her vase of love was broken at my feet,
And all the precious perfume filled my life,
Breathed thro' the dark a still voice low and sweet :
'Let Faith but climb the tree of prayer, and watch
And wait, the Lord will surely pass that way,'
And down a dream of peace a spirit hand
Slid into mine, and at its dewy touch
Existence melted in the dawning heaven,
And human flowering of divine delight.
It led me to my kneeling-place among
The pilgrims of the world who sought in vain,
And closed their eyes in tears, to suddenly find
God sitting in his temple of the soul."

There was strange glory in the old Man's eyes,
Which, with life's setting splendour shone aglow
Like windows lighted by the sinking sun
That paints fair morrow ; and a soul of sweetness
Smiled from each wrinkle ! pleasant was the sight !
For he had reacht the shining Sunset Isles
That fade into the eternal Heavens, and lo !
The Hesper of a happy memory smiles.

Now Sunset burns. A sea of gold on fire
Serenely surges around purple isles :
O'er billows and flame-furrows Day goes down.
Far-watching clouds with ruby glimmer bloom,
A scattered crowd that on its face still wears
The splendid light and life of some brave show.
Dews swarm upon the flowers like silent bees.
Afar and faintlier sounds retiring life ;
Husht woods grow solemn dark ; the blue peaks fade :
Weird mists rise white, and gracious Twilight comes :
Sweet is the mystery of her loveliness ;
And all things feel her dim Divinity.

We gathered all within the house, and there
Shook off the purple silence of the night.
Cried one : " Come let us a Symposium hold,
And each one to the banquet bring our best
In song or story ; all shall play a part."
So, for a leader simple and grand, we chose
Our Miracle-worker in Midwifery, He
Who wrestled with the fiend of corporal pain,
And stands above the writhing Agony,
Like Michael with the Dragon 'neath his heel :
Who is in soul—Love riding on a Lion ;
In body—a Bacchus crowned with head of Jove ;
The keen life looks out in his lighted face
So fulgent that the gazer's brightens too :
He bravely towers above our fume and fret,
Like the old Hills whose feet are in the surge,
And on their lifted brows the eternal calm :
For he is one of those prophetic spirits
That are a world's night-dreams of things to come.
*Bravely he broacht the sparkling Hippocrene,
And round and round the chalice went till morn.*

THE THREE SPIRITS.

THE THREE SPIRITS.

THEY were three Spirits fresh from God's own hand,
 And beautifuller ne'er took mortal mould.
 They had worn vestures of the undefiled,
 At spirit-spousals sang the nuptial song,
 Sat down with Gods and Heroes, held high converse
 With Milton and the mighty men of old,
 Divine old Socrates and deathless sages,
 The martyr'd Prophets and the warrior-saints,
 Who fought as we do now, and wrestled down
 Doubt's grim despairs, with pangs and quenchless faith.
 Glory tiara'd their immortal brows,
 Their lips were yet alive with seraph-fire,
 And locks bedropt rich dewes of Paradise :
 They lookt a fore-taste and fore-feel of heaven.
 Christ-like they came to wear old Earth's life-harness,
 And yoke their fiery sun-steeds in her furrows.
 They came to battle, toil in tears, and pray,
 " Our Father," with the family of Men.
 'Twas midnight in the husht and moonlit land,
 The heavens had on their silver robe of stars,
 And earth had on her silver robe of dew,
 When they first lookt like smiles of God, through eyes
 Where struggling heaven-light shone half-drown'd in
 tears,
As rainy sunbeams strike a watery world.

They grew sweet babes, where fond hearts set Love's
throne,
Heaven breathed about them, Angels sang to them,
And joy was with them in their innocence.
Their dawn of being broaden'd into day,
And they had sprung to Manhood unawares.
The lusty blood ran brave fire in their veins,
Life's surging waves, with them, were at mad-plunge,
And plough'd the passionate heart with tempest-beat.
Then high thoughts burst like battle on their souls,
Rousing and stern as in the noon of night
The clarion's clangour smites a sleeping host !
And gorgeous Visions, glory-clad, swept by.
But one went down to moil in Mammon's mine,
For love of Gold ; thenceforth in his warpt heart,
The Devil at death-grips set himself to God,
And day by day worm'd out some trace divine !
Day unto day, Gold rotted out the soul.
Still he toil'd on for Gold, sweet ! damning Gold !
The poor man's sweat, and tears, and blood, congeal'd ;
And he waxt wealthy ! all around him rose
The hoarded heaps, like trophies after battle,
Or tribute-treasure flung at Monarchs' feet.
He turn'd to what he fed on, dust to dust ;
The angel-plumes once moulted, grew no more !
The God dwarf'd in him, and his heart was hoary
Before Time's silver mark had blancht his brow.
And one up-rear'd a fame which stood apart
In the world's gaze, as 'mid old Tadmor's ruins
Some column loometh in the eye of sunset.
He crown'd with beacon-fire the reef which wreckt
The mighty of all time. His marvellous name
Moved men's tongues regally as Euroclydon,
The storm-wind ! wakes the voices of old ocean.

Leviathan of blood ! what crimson seas
He spilt to revel in ; his path to empire
Was wasted hearts and desolated lands.
The other trode the world's face poor as Christ,
Drank gall and wormwood ; lived Gethsemane,
In many a midnight solitude of heart !
Loved, hoped, and nurst large faith in human-kind ;
Wept glorious tears that telescope the soul,
And bring heaven nearer to the eyes of Faith.
The hounds of hell bay'd at him, hoary Evil
Breathed blighting influences on his heart,
To turn it to a Upas-tree, and kill
All nestling birds of love. With tears and travail
He walkt the furnace, trode Earth's stony ways,
And beat his rugged path with bleeding feet.
Yet nought bore down his heart, or blencht his faith,
And many a cloud-rift radiantly rent,
Dropt blessing dear as parted lips of Love.
From suffering he won strength to throw the world,
And when the fight ran sorest, his roused spirit
Went forth a Conqueror ! wrapt in victory's robes.
Amid the mirk and mire, he kept his heart
A temple for the Beautiful ! all warm
And bright, with blessed light of Love, that window
Of our dim life, which ever opes on God !
He trimmed Love's lamp in poor men's hearts and
homes,
And in the world's waste places his life blossom'd.
So each built up a life. Time's scaffolding
Fell from them, and they stood in God's eye bare !
Into the silent land, they pass'd the Grave,
Which Spring had made a beautiful gate of flowers ;
On wings of wonder won the starry threshold
Of God, where like to like is gauged and garnered.

They stood where Paradise uprear'd its portals,
And shook down splendours, palpitated bliss,
Like a town full of triumph,—heart of love.
O in that hour how shook the rich man's soul !
He stood there beggar'd, poorest of the poor !
Gold would not purchase heaven ; and if it might,
Eternity ran 'twixt him and his riches ;
And he went wailing with his world of woe.
The other had gambled for a life, and lost ;
Let slip his chance for an Eternity !
For fame, had barter'd an immortal birthright ;
For name on Earth had sold Heaven's heritage ;
And there the gates of glory on him closed.
The poor man came, and his meek tearful eyes
Grew luminous, as lit with sudden sun.
Divinity leapt up full-statured, when
His life burst its worn manacle of clay,
And wore God's splendour round it as a raiment.
Throbbing with glory like a midnight star,
All heaven was husht to hear the Lord's " Well done."
Then shining hosts and choiring orbs sang " Welcome,"
And angels crown'd him in their Capitol.
For in his heart he kept God's image bright.
Love was his life-blood. Thro' the long work-day—
The dark and terrible night-time—aye, to death,
He nurst his love : and God himself is love.
And there be none of all the poorest poor
That walk the world, worn heart-bare, none so poor
But they may bring a little human love
To mend the world. And God himself is love.

MISCELLANEOUS.

NEW YEAR'S EVE IN EXILE.

1854.

THE flower and chivalry of many lands
 Betrothed to Martyrdom as to a Bride,—
 Warriors of Freedom who for heritage
 Wear on their brows a mark as curst as Cain's,—
 Had met together, a strange companie !
 But brothers, battling in one sacred cause.
 They were heroic souls who had lain life's all
 On Freedom's hungry Altar, and gone forth
 Clad in the spirit of self-sacrifice,
 To roam a thankless world with homeless hearts,—
 Men who had tost on Danger's wildest waves,
 For whom a radiant Victory ever shone,
 Like Hero on her watch-tower with her torch,
 Lighting her lover through the shadow of death,—
 Men who had broken Battle's burning lines,
 Dealing life with their looks, death with their hands,
 And strode like Salamanders through War's flame ;
 And in the last stern charge of desperate valour,
 On Death's scythe dasht with force that turn'd its edge.
 Some were but youths, yet with such manhood flusht,
 By eager leaps to catch at lordlier life,
 They had attain'd the old heroic stature.
Some had grown grey with battle, some with years,
And there were ancient Sorrows grand as kings

Of an old peerless line. Such silent Griefs
And Sufferings crown'd for immortality.
Earnest as fire they sate, and reverent
As though a God were present in their midst ;
Stern, but serene and hopeful, prayerful, brave,
As Cromwell's Ironsides on a battle-eve ;
Each individual life as clencht and knit,
As though beneath their robes their fingers clutcht
The weapon sworn to strike a Tyrant down,
That would not flash except to light his fall.
Such proud Belief did lift their kindling brows,
Such glowing purpose hunger'd in their eyes,
With fire enough to set a world in flames.
No servile souls, that at your fixéd look,
Like meek worms, writhe into their darkening holes.
And One up-rose to word the Thought that ran
Hot to their hearts and glittering to their brows ;
An old man, with the mournfull'st, thin, grey hair ;
The lines of suffering in his face seem'd drawn
Tight with the mortal tug of Agony ;
But with sad majesty he smiled, and splendour
Broke sweetly from the furrows of his face,
As wrinkles on the waters laugh with light.
Dilating as a Prophet's wings of flame
Flutter'd within him—all his aspect burn'd
With an unearthly fire. He was caught up
The mount Transfiguration, with eyes fixt
On air, as though he talkt with one beyond.
He stood there looking down the unseen time,
Like some hoar Hill that lifts its solemn peak
To catch the unrisen Morn, while all the plains
Are drowsed and darkling. He already sunn'd
Him in the glory of the coming day.
And his words swept their yielding, springing hearts,

As strong winds take a field of billowing corn.
"The merry bells are jubilant To-night
Through all the land of Exile; blithe wine laughs
Its bubbling laughter,—winking gem-like eyes,
And leaps up in the beaker like red lips
Whose kisses storm the inner gates of bliss.
But not with mirth, and song, and dainty feast,
We meet to hold our solemn festival.
We wait the wine of Freedom: when it runs,
We shall wax merry, too,—perchance grow drunken—
They keep it ripening to such mellow age!
And we shall banquet like Immortals fed
By Hebe's hand at the Ambrosial feasts.
The New Year flashes on us sadly grand,
Leaps in our midst with ringing armour on,
Strikes a mail'd hand in ours, and bids us arm
Ere the first trumpet sound the onset hour.
Dense darkness lies on Europe's winter-world.
Stealthy and grim the Bear comes creeping on,
Out of the North, and all the Peoples sleep
By Freedom's smouldering watch-fire: there is none
To snatch the brand, and dash it in his face.
Old England sleeps, and still the Bear creeps on.
Ah! she forgetteth how, in the old years,
The great hearts of her glorious Commonwealth
Sent thunder-throbbings through the lands, and gave
them
Such a new pulse of nobler life: and when
Their sumless Venture wrecks, and o'er them roll'd
The wormwood waters of defeat and death,
How in their pleading hands they held the Babe
And Orphan Liberty, and bade her rear it
For love of them, and for its own sweet sake.
And England slinks behind the nations now.

Dim is her Beacon Despots paled to see
Burn on them through the dark, like God's stern eye.
Her battle-armour rusteth in her halls,
And the old mighty arm that struck such blows
For Right and Freedom, hangeth listless now.
A dry-rot eats her life ; her God is Mammon !
God Mars no longer leaps into her heart,
As in a chariot driving down to battle.
Her ancient fame and valour have become
A tale that's told us of forgotten times—
Some fabled Kraken slumbering in its sea !
O ! for the voice of Milton once again,
To make the lion-eyes lighten, and her heart
As tremblingly alive as is a Star,
Till in her naked strength majestic
She walkt the sun-road of her glorious way.
But England sleeps—the Ruin still rolls on.
Earth crouches 'neath the shuddering wings of Fear.
Silent, and very calm, Freedom lies husht,
And listens like a panting thing pursued,
Heark'ning, heart-stifled, for the stealthiest tread
Of One that hunts like Tarquin for Lucrece.
'Tis midnight now, and all the creeping things,
And Birds of Darkness, ply their ghastly work ;
Life gropes and stumbles among gaping graves,
And Freedom's worshippers fall headless, while
They bend to give their hearts up at her shrine !
But God's in heaven, and yet the day shall dawn—
Break from the dark upon her golden wings,
Her quick, ripe splendours rend and burn the gloom,
Her living tides of glory burst, and foam,
And hurry along the darksome streets of night.
Cloud after cloud shall light a rainbow-roof,
And build a Triumph-Arch for conquering Day

To flash her beauty—trail her grandeurs through,
And take the world in her white arms of light.
And Earth shall fling aside her mask of gloom,
And lift her tearful face. O there will be
Blood on it thick as dews! The Children's blood
Splasht in the Mother's face! And there must be
A red sunrise of retribution yet!
A mighty future is about to break
The hush o' the world—the waiting gloom in heaven.
The New Year cometh with a magic key,
To ope some radiant chamber in Time's palace.
Our Martyrs have not sown such seed in vain!
Beneath old Winter's snows a world of hope
Lies ripening, and shall richly run to flowers,
When earth shall kindle as a countenance
Alive with love, and all the soul alight!
O come, thou Spring of God, and at thy voice
The balmy blood shall beat in bud and leaf!
And come, thou mellow rain, fall on it warm,
And fondle it with kisses, drop rich tears;
And blow, thou sweet Spring-wind, and make it stir
With secret rapture—budding tenderly,
With all the glory of its folded bloom,
And all its fragrance striving for the light.
God, what a Spring and Harvest yet shall crown
The dark, dorn Deluge of Calamity!
Then come, thou grand New Year, in silence come
Across the white snows, and the winter-land.
Come, great Deliverer, call the peoples up,—
Up from the Egypt of their slavery!
Ring out the death-knell of old Tyranny—
'Tis rotten ripe! the heart of half the world
Doth beat and burst to hurry it into hell.
Stride o'er the Present, grand as some huge wave

Should rush across Panama at a leap,
And make two Seas one perfect world of waters.
So link our great Past to a nobler Future,
And set our new world singing on its way,
With sunshine freighted, like a heart of bliss,
Her Life's rich tide at Glory's high flood-mark.
A little while, and we shall yet return
Each to the Fatherland, like kings to conquest.
Light breaks there! in the East: it grows, and soon
Shall Freedom's sun roll up the Heaven of Life.
We may not see God's face, yet at our side
He combats for us, with his vizor down.
But no more words—like weeds they sap the soul
Of richness that should fill the fruit of deeds.
Henceforth let lips be dumb, as Bravery—
Her parley done—had shut her gates, to ope not
Save for the shouts that chariot Victory forth.
We are all ready! We have waited long!
God strike the hour, Ho! let the trumpets ring!”
He ceased. One shout ran thro' the night, and struck
Heaven's boss of stars, and like a ship went down
In the lone sea of silence flowing round.
In touching majesty the Stars lookt down,
As tho' they yearn'd to them with answering pulse,
And with invisible speed the world roll'd on.

LINES INSCRIBED TO THE REV. F. D.
 MAURICE.

GOD bless you, Brave One, in our dearth,
 Your life shall leave a trail of glory ;
 Around the poor Man's homely hearth
 We proudly tell your suffering's story.

All Saviour-souls have sacrificed,
 With nought but noble faith for guerdon ;
 And ere the world hath crown'd the Christ,
 The man to death hath borne the burden !

The Savage broke the glass that brought
 The heavens nearer, saith the legend !
 Even so the Bigots welcome aught
 That makes our vision starrier-region'd !

They laid their Corner-stones in dark
 Deep waters, who up-built in beauty,
 On Earth's old heart, their Triumph-Arc
 That crowns with glory lives of duty.

And meekly still the Martyrs go
 To keep with Pain their solemn bridal
 And still they walk the fire who bow
 Not down to worship Custom's idol.

In fieriest forge of martyrdom,
 Their swords of soul must weld and brighten :
Tear-bathed, from fiercest furnace, come
 Their lives, heroic-temper'd—Titan !

And heart-strings sweetest music make
 When swept by Suffering's feeling fingers !
And thro' soul-shadows starriest break
 The glories on God's brave light-bringers.

Take heart ! tho' sown in tears and blood,
 No seed that's quick with love hath perisht,
Tho' dropt in barren byeways—God
 Some glorious flower of life hath cherisht.

Take heart ; the rude dust dark To-day,
 Soars a new-lighted sphere To-morrow !
And wings of splendour burst the clay
 That clasps us in Death's fruitful furrow.

THE MEN OF FORTY-EIGHT.

THEY rose in Freedom's rare sunrise,
 Like Giants roused from wine ;
 And in their hearts and in their eyes
 The God leapt up divine !
 Their souls flasht out naked as swords
 Unsheathed for fiery fate !
 Strength went like battle with their words—
 The Men of Forty-eight,
 Hurrah !
 For the Men of Forty-eight.

Dark days have fall'n, yet in the strife
 They bate no hope sublime,
 And bravely works the exultant life,
 Their hearts pulse thro' the time :
 As grass is greenest trodden down,
 So suffering makes men great,
 And this dark tide shall richly crown
 The work of Forty-eight,
 Hurrah !
 For the Men of Forty-eight.

Some in a bloody burial sleep,
 Like Greeks to glory gone,
 But in their steps avengers leap
 With their proof-armour on :

And hearts beat high with dauntless trust
To triumph soon or late,
Tho' they be mould'ring down in dust—
Brave Men of Forty-eight!

Hurrah!

For the Men of Forty-eight.

O when the world wakes up to worst
The Tyrants once again,
And Freedom's summons-shout shall burst,
Rare music! on the brain,—
All Truehearts still, in many a land,
Ye'll find them all elate—
Brave remnant of that Spartan-band,
The Men of Forty-eight.

Hurrah!

For the Men of Forty-eight.

THE PATRIOT.

Ay, Tyrants, build your Babels ! forge your fetters !
 link your chains !
 As brims your guilt-cup fuller, ours of grief ebbs to the
 drains ;
 Still, as on Christ's brow, crowns of thorn for Free-
 dom's Martyrs twine ;
 Still batten on live hearts, and madden, o'er the hot
 blood-wine.
 Murder men sleeping, or awake,—torture them dumb
 with pain,
 And tear, with hands all bloody red, the vesture of the
 slain !
 Your feet are on us, Tyrants—strike ! and hush Earth's
 wail of sorrow :
 Your sword of power, so red to-day, shall kiss the dust
 to-morrow.
 O ! but 'twill be a merry day, the world shall set
 apart,
 When Strife's last brand is broken in the last crown'd
 Tyrant's heart !
 And it shall come,—despite of Rifle, Rope, and Rack,
 and Scaffold,
Once more we lift the earnest brow, and battle on
 unbaffled.

Our hopes ran mountains high, we sang at heart, wept
tears of gladness,
When France, the bravely beautiful, dasht down her
sceptred madness ;
And Hungary her one-hearted race of mighty heroes
hurl'd
In the death-gap of nations, as a bulwark for the
world.
O Hungary ! gallant Hungary ! grand and glorious
thou wert,
The World's soul feeding, like a river, gushing from
God's heart ;
And Rome,—who, while her heroes bled, felt her old
breast heave higher,—
How her eyes redden'd with the flash of all their
Roman fire !
Mothers of children, who shall live the Gods of future
story !
Your blood shall blossom from the dust, and crown the
world with glory.
Ye'll tread them down yet, curse and crown ! uplift
the trodden Slave,
And Freedom shall be sovran in the courts of fool and
knave.

Wail for the hopes that have gone down ! the young
life vainly spilt !
Th' Eternal Murder still sits crown'd and throned in
damning guilt :
Still in God's golden sun the Tyrant's bloody banners
burn,
And Priests,—Hell's midnight Thugs!—to their soul-
strangling work return !

See how the oppressors of the poor with serpents hunt
our blood ;

Hear, from the dark, the groan and curse go mad-
dening up to God.

They kill and trample us poor worms, till earth is dead
men's dust ;

Death's red tooth daily drains our hearts, but end, ay,
end it must.

The herald of our coming Christ leaps in the womb of
Time ;

The poor's grand army treads the Age's march with
step sublime.

Ours is the mighty future ! and what marvel, brother
men,

Should the devoured of ages rise and turn devourers
then ?

O ! brothers of the bounding heart, I look thro' tears
and smile,

The World is rife with sound of fetters snapping
'neath the file ;

I lay my hand on England's heart, and in each life-
throb mark,

The pealing thought of freedom ring its Tocsin in the
dark.

I see the Toiler hath become a glorious Christ-like
preacher,

And, as he wins a crust, stands proudly forth, the great
world-teacher ;

He still toils on, but, Tyrants, 'tis a mighty thing when
slaves,

*Who delve their lives into their work, know that they
delve your graves.*

Anarchs ! your doom comes swiftly ! brave and eagle
spirits climb,
To ring Oppression's death-knell from the old watch-
towers of time ;
A spirit of Cromwellian might is stirring at this hour,
And thought is burning in men's eyes with more than
speechful power.

Old England, cease the mummer's part ! wake, Starve-
ling, Serf, and Slave !
Rouse in the majesty of wrong, great kindred of the
brave !
Speak, and the world shall answer, with her voices
myriad-fold,
And men, like Gods, shall grapple with the giant-
wongs of old.
Now, Mothers of the people, give your babes heroic
milk ;
Sires, soul your sons for daring deeds, no more soft
words of silk ;
Great spirits of the mighty dead take shape, and walk
our mind,
Their glory smites our upward look, we seem no longer
blind ;
They tell us how they broke their bonds, and whisper,
" So may ye :"
One sharp, stern struggle, and the slaves of centuries
are free !
The people's heart, with pulse like cannon, panteth for
the fray,
And brothers, gallant brothers, we'll be with you in
that day.

OUR FATHERS ARE PRAYING FOR PAUPER-PAY.

SMITTEN stones will talk with fiery tongues,
 And the worm, when trodden, will turn ;
 But, Cowards, ye cringe to the cruellest wrongs,
 And answer with never a spurn.
 Then torture, O Tyrants, the spiritless drove,
 Old England's Helots will bear :
 There's no hell in their hatred, no God in their love,
 No shame in their dearth's despair.
 For our Fathers are praying for Pauper-pay,
 Our Mothers with Death's kiss are white ;
 Our Sons are the rich man's Serfs by day,
 And our Daughters his Slaves by night.

The Tearless are drunk with our tears : have they
 driven
 The God of the poor man mad ?
 For we weary of waiting the help of Heaven,
 And the battle goes still with the bad.
 O but death for death, and life for life,
 It were better to take and give,
 With hand to throat, and knife to knife,
 Than die out as thousands live !
 For our Fathers are praying for Pauper-pay,
 Our Mothers with Death's kiss are white ;
 Our Sons are the rich man's Serfs by day,
 And our Daughters his Slaves by night.

Fearless and few were the Heroes of old,
Who played the peerless part :
We are fifty-fold, but the gangrene Gold
Hath eaten out Hampden's heart.
With their faces to danger, like freemen they fought,
With their daring, all heart and hand :
And the thunder-deed follow'd the lightning-thought,
When they stood for their own good land.
Our Fathers are praying for Pauper-pay,
Our Mothers with Death's kiss are white ;
Our Sons are the rich man's Serfs by day,
And our Daughters his Slaves by night.

When the heart of one-half the world doth beat
Akin to the brave and the true,
And the tramp of Democracy's earthquake feet
Goes thrilling the wide world through,—
We should not be living in darkness and dust,
And dying like slaves in the night ;
But, big with the might of the inward "*must*,"
We should battle for Freedom and Right !
For our Fathers are praying for Pauper-pay,
Our Mothers with Death's kiss are white ;
Our Sons are the rich man's Serfs by day,
And our Daughters his Slaves by night.

**THEY ARE BUT GIANTS WHILE WE
KNEEL**

Good People! put no faith in Kings, nor in your
 Princes trust,
 Who break your hearts for bread, and grind your faces
 in the dust!
 The Palace Paupers look from lattice high, and mock
 your prayer:
 The Champions of the Christ are dumb, or golden bit
 they wear!
 O but to see ye bend no more to earth's crime-curséd
 things!
 Ye are God's Oracles: stand forth! be Nature's Priests
 and Kings!
 Ye fight and bleed, while Fortune's darlings slink in
 splendid lair;
 With lives that crawl, like worms through buried
 Beauty's golden hair!—
 A tale of lives wrung out in tears that Grandeur's garb
 reveals,
 And the last sobs of breaking hearts sound in their
 Chariot-wheels!
 O league ye—crush the things that kill all love and
 liberty!
They are but Giants while we kneel: ONE LEAP, AND
 UP GO WE.

Trust not the Priests, whose tears are lies, and hearts
are hard and cold ;

Who lead ye to sweet pastures, where they fleece the
foolish fold !

The Church and State seem linkt and sworn to desolate
the land.

Good people, 'twixt these Foxes' tails, We'll fling a
fiery brand !

Up, if ye will be free, to golden calves no longer bow :
The Nations yearn for Liberty—the world is earnest
now !

Your bent-knee is half-way to hell !—Up, Serviles,
from the dust !

The Harvest of the free red-ripens for the sickle-
thrust.

They're quaking now, and shaking now, who've wrought
the hurtling sorrow,

To-day the desolators, but the desolate To-morrow !
Loud o'er their murder's menace wakes the watchword
of the Free :

They are but Giants while we kneel : ONE LEAP, AND
UP GO WE !

Some bravest patriot-hearts have gone, to break beyond
the Sea,

And many in the dungeon have died for you and me !
And still we glut the Merciless—give all Life's glory up,
That stars of flame, and winking eyes, may crown their
revel-cup !

Back, trampers on the Many ! Death and Danger
ambusht lie ;

Beware ye, or the blood may run ! the patient people
cry :

“ Ah ! shut not out the light of hope, or we may blindly
dash,
Like Samson in his strong death-grope, and whelm ye
in the crash.
Think how they spurred the People mad, that old
Régime of France,
Whose heads, like poppies, from Death's Scythe fell in
a bloody dance.”
Ye plead in vain, ye bleed in vain, ah ! Blind ! when
will ye see
They are but Giants while we kneel ? ONE LEAP, AND
UP GO WE.

The merry flowers are springing from our last-year
Martyrs' mould,
As their dreams had taken blossom telling what they
would have told ;
Of all our rainbowed Future : and what this earth
shall be
When we have bartered blows and bonds for life and
liberty.
Ah ! what a face of glory shall the weary world put on,
When Love is crownéd, and shall king the heart its
royal throne !
O we shall see our darlings smile,—who meet us tear-
ful now,—
Ere the Eternal morn breaks grey, on the Beloved's
brow :
And Love shall give the kiss of Death no more to those
we love,
And pride, not shame, shall flush the face of our heart-
nestling Dove.

314 THEY ARE BUT GIANTS WHILE WE KNEEL.

Rouse, Titans, scale th' Olympus where the hindering
Tyrants be :

They are but Giants while we kneel : ONE LEAP, AND
UP GO WE !

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND FORTY-EIGHT.

PEOPLE of England, rouse ye from your dreaming!

Sinew your souls for Freedom's glorious leap :
Look to the Future, where our day-spring's gleaming :

Lo ! a pulse stirs that never more shall sleep
In the world's heart. Men's eyes flash wide with
wonder !

The Robbers tremble in their mightiest tower,
Strange words roll o'er their souls with wheels of
thunder,

The leaves from Royalty's tree fall hour by hour,—
Earthquakes leap in our Temples, crumbling Throne
and Power.

Vampyres have drain'd the human heart's best blood,
Kings robb'd, and Priests have curst us in God's
name ;

Out in the midnight of the Past we've stood—

While fiends of darkness plied their hellish game.
We have been worshipping a gilded crown,
Which drew heaven's lightning-laughter on our
head ;

Chains fall on us as we were bowing down ;

We deem'd our Gods divine, but lo ! instead—

They are but painted clay,—with morn the charm
has fled !

And this is merry England,—cradling-place
 Of souls self-deified and glory-crown'd !
 Where smiles made splendour in the Peasant's face,
 And Justice reign'd—Her awful eyes close-bound !
 Where Toil with open brow went on light-hearted,
 And twain in love Law never thrust apart ?
 How is the glory of our life departed
 From us, who sit and nurse our bleeding smart ;
 And slink, afraid to break the laws that break the
 heart !

Husht be the Herald on the walls of fame,
 Trumping this People as their Country's pride ;
 Weep rather, with your souls on fire with shame :
 See ye not how the palaced knaves deride
 Us flatter'd fools ? how priestcraft, strong and stealthy,
 Stabs at our freedom through its veil of night,
 And grinds the poor to flush its coffers wealthy ?
 Hear how the land groans in the grip of Might,
 Then quaff your cup of Wrongs, and laud a Briton's
 " Right."

There's not a spot in all this flowery land,
 Where Tyranny's cursed brand-mark has not been :
 O ! were it not for its all-blasting hand,
 Dear Christ, what a sweet heaven this might have
 been !

Has it not hunted forth our spirits brave,—
 Kill'd the red rose of health that crown'd our
 daughters,
 Wedded our living hopes unto the grave,—
 Filled happy homes with strife, the world with
 slaughters,
 And turn'd our thoughts to blood—to gall, the
 heart's sweet waters ?

Where is the spirit of our ancient Sires,
 Who, bleeding, wrung their Rights from tyrannies
 olden ?

Great spirits have been here, for freedom fires
 From out their ashes, to earth's heart enfolden ;
 The mighty dead lie slumbering around,—
 Whose names thrill thro' us as Gods were in the air ;
 Life leaps from where their dust makes holy ground :
 Their deeds spring forth in glory,—live all-where,—
 But we are traitors to the trust they bade us bear.

Go forth, when Night is husht, and heaven is clothéd
 With stars that in God's smiling presence roll,
 Feel the stirr'd spirit leap to them betrothéd,
 As Angel-wings were fanning in the soul ;
 Feel the hot tears flood in the eyes upturning,
 The tide of goodness heave its brightest waves,—
 Then suddenly, crush the grand and God-ward yearning
 With the mad thought that ye are bounden slaves !
 O ! how long will ye make your hearts its living
 graves ?

Immortal Liberty ! we see thee stand
 Like Morn just stept from heaven upon a mountain
 With beautiful feet, and blessing-laden hand,
 And heart whence welletĥ Love's most living foun-
 tain !

O ! when wilt thou string on the People's lyre
 Joy's broken chord ? and on the People's brow
 Set Empire's crown ! light up thy beacon-fire
 Within their hearts, with an undying glow ;
 Nor give us blood for milk, as men are drunk with
 now ?

Old Poets tell us of a golden age,
When earth was guiltless,—Gods the guests of men,
Ere sin had dimm'd the heart's illumined page,—
And Sinai-voices say 'twill come again.
O ! happy age ! when Love shall rule the heart,
And time to live shall be the poor man's dower,
When Martyrs bleed no more, nor Exiles smart,—
Mind is the only diadem of power.—
People, it ripens now ! awake ! and strike the hour.

Hearts, high and mighty, gather in our cause ;
Bless, bless, O God, and crown their earnest labour,
Who dauntless fight to win us equal laws,
With mental armour, and with spirit-sabre !
Bless, bless, O God ! the proud intelligence,
That like a sun dawns on the People's forehead,—
Humanity springs from them like incense,
The Future bursts upon them, boundless—starried—
They weep repentant tears, that they so long have
tarried.

THEY WHO FELL FOR HUNGARY AND ROME.

THEY are gone !
 When on earthquake-edge they slumbered,
 Who have man accurst ;
 And Hope's blossoms, many-numbered,
 Into flower burst ;
 When our hearts, like throbbing drums,
 Beat for Freedom ; sang, She comes !
 God ! they stumbled among tombs.

They are gone !
 Freedom's strong ones, young and hoary,
 Beautiful in faith !
 And her first dawn-blush of glory
 Gilds their camp of death !
 There they lie in shrouds of blood ;
 Murder'd, where for Right they stood—
 Murder'd, Christ-like, doing good.

They are gone !
 Yet 'tis good to die up-giving
 Valour's vengeful breath,
 To make Heroes of the living,—
 Thus divine is death.
 One by one, dear hearts ! they've left us
 Yet Hope hath not all bereft us :
Still we man the breach they cleft us.

They are here !
 Here, where life ran ruddy rain,
 When power from God seem'd wrencht ;
 Here, where tears fall—molten brain !
 And hands are agony-clencht !
 Look, Love lifts the veil ; ah ! now
 There's a glory, where the glow
 Of their fire-crown seam'd each brow.

They are here !
 In the Etna of each heart,
 Where Vengeance makes hell-mirth !
 In the silent tears that start
 O'er their glorious worth !
 Tears ? ay, tears of fire, proud Weepers !
 For these soul-sepultured sleepers :
 Fire ! to smite Death's blood-seed reapers.

They are here !
 With us in the march of time,
 Beating at our side !
 Let us live their lives sublime,
 Die as they have died !
 Wait : these Martyrs yet shall come,
 Myriad-fold, from their heart-tomb !
 In the Tyrants' day of doom.

A CRY OF THE PEOPLES.

LIKE a strong man in torture, the weary world
turneth,

To clutch Freedom's robe round her slavery's
starkness :

With shame and with shudder, poor Mother ! she
yearneth

O'er wrongs that are done in her dearth and her
darkness.

O gather thy strength up, and crush the Abhorred,
Who murder thy poor heart, and drain thy life-
springs,

And are crownéd to hide the Cain-brand on their
forehead :

O let them be last of the Queens and the Kings !

By the lovers and friends we have tenderly cherisht,
Who made the Cause soar up like flame at their
breath ;

Who struggled like Gods met in fight, and have
perisht

In poverty's battle, with grim daily death :

O, by all dear ones that bitterly plead for us—

Life-flowers tied up in the heart's breaking strings—

Sisters that weep for us—mothers that bleed for us—

Let these be last of the Queens and the Kings !

Sun and Rain kindle greenly the graves of our
Martyrs,

Ye might not tell where the brave blood ran like
rain !

But there it burns ever ! and heaven's weeping waters

And branding suns never shall whiten the stain !

Remember the hurtling the Tyrants have wrought us,

And smite till each helm bravely flashes and rings !

Life for life, blood for blood, is the lesson they've
taught us,

And be these the last of the Queens and the Kings !

Ho ! weary Nightwatch, is there light on the summit ?

Yearner up through the Night, say, is there hope ?

For deeper in darkness than fathom of plummet,

Our Bark thro' the tempest doth stagger and
grope !

"To God's unforgiven, to caitiff and craven—

To Crown and to Sceptre, a cleaving curse clings :

Ye must fling them from deck, would ye steer into
haven,

For Death tracks the last of the Queens and the
Kings !"

HOPE ON, HOPE EVER.

HOPE on, hope ever ! though to-day be dark,
 The sweet sunburst may smile on thee to-morrow :
 Tho' thou art lonely, there's an eye will mark
 Thy loneliness, and guerdon all thy sorrow !
 Tho' thou must toil 'mong cold and sordid men,
 With none to echo back thy thought, or love thee,
 Cheer up, poor heart ! thou dost not beat in vain,
 For God is over all, and heaven above thee—
 Hope on, hope ever.

The iron may enter in and pierce thy soul,
 But cannot kill the love within thee burning :
 The tears of misery, thy bitter dole,
 Can never quench thy true heart's seraph yearning
 For better things : nor crush thy ardour's trust,
 That Error from the mind shall be uprooted,
 That Truths shall dawn as flowers spring from the dust,
 And Love be cherisht where Hate was embruted !
 Hope on, hope ever.

I know 'tis hard to bear the sneer and taunt,—
 With the heart's honest pride at midnight wrestle ;
 To feel the killing canker-worm of Want,
 While rich rogues in their stolen luxury nestle ;

For I have felt it. Yet from Earth's cold Real
My soul looks out on coming things, and cheerful
The warm Sunrise floods all the land Ideal,
And still it whispers to the worn and tearful,
Hope on, hope ever.

Hope on, hope ever ! after darkest night,
Comes, full of loving life, the laughing Morning ;
Hope on, hope ever ! Spring-tide, flusht with light,
Aye crowns old Winter with her rich adorning.
Hope on, hope ever ! yet the time shall come,
When man to man shall be a friend and brother ;
And this old world shall be a happy home,
And all Earth's family love one another !
Hope on, hope ever.

THE PEOPLE'S ADVENT.

'Tis coming up the steep of Time,
 And this old world is growing brighter !
 We may not see its dawn sublime,
 Yet high hopes make the heart throb lighter.
 We may be sleeping in the ground,
 When it awakes the world in wonder ;
 But we have felt it gathering round,
 And heard its voice of living thunder.
 'Tis coming ! yes, 'tis coming !

'Tis coming now, the glorious time,
 Foretold by Seers, and sung in story ;
 For which, when thinking was a crime,
 Souls leapt to heaven from scaffolds gory !
 They pass'd, nor see the work they wrought,
 Now the crown'd hopes of centuries blossom !
 But the live lightning of their thought
 And daring deeds, doth pulse Earth's bosom.
 'Tis coming ! yes, 'tis coming !

Creeds, Empires, Systems, rot with age,
 But the great People's ever youthful !
And it shall write the Future's page,
To our humanity more truthful !

The gnarliest heart hath tender chords,
To waken at the name of " Brother ; "
And time comes when brain-scorpion words
We shall not speak to sting each other.
'Tis coming ! yes, 'tis coming !

Out of the light, ye Priests, nor fling
Your dark, cold shadows on us longer !
Aside ! thou world-wide curse, call'd King !
The People's step is quicker, stronger.
There's a Divinity within
That makes men great, whene'er they will it.
God works with all who dare to win,
And the time comes that shall reveal it.
'Tis coming ! yes, 'tis coming !

Freedom ! the tyrants kill thy braves,
Yet in our memories live the sleepers ;
And, tho' doom'd millions feed the graves,
Dug by Death's fierce, red-handed reapers,
The world shall not for ever bow
To things which mock God's own endeavour ;
'Tis nearer than they wot of now,
When flowers shall wreath the sword for ever.
'Tis coming ! yes, 'tis coming !

Fraternity ! Love's other name !
Dear, heaven-connecting link of Being !
Then shall we grasp thy golden dream,
As souls, full-statured, grow far-seeing.
Thou shalt unfold our better part,
And in our Life-cup yield more honey ;
Light up with joy the poor man's heart,
And Love's own world with smiles more sunny.
'Tis coming ! yes, 'tis coming !

Ay, it must come ! The Tyrant's throne
Is crumbling, with our hot tears rusted ;
The Sword earth's mighty have leant on
Is canker'd, with our heart's blood crusted.
Room ! for the men of Mind make way !
Ye robber Rulers, pause no longer ;
Ye cannot stay the opening day :
The world rolls on, the light grows stronger,—
The People's Advent's coming !

OUR LAND.

'Tis the Land that our stalwart fore-sires trode,
 Where the brave and heroic-soul'd
 Implanted our freedom with their best blood,
 In the martyr-days of old.
 The huts of the lowly gave Liberty birth,
 Their hearts were her cradle glorious,
 And wherever her foot-prints letter'd the earth,
 Great spirits up-sprang victorious,
 In our rare old Land, our dear old Land,
 With its memories bright and brave,
 *And sing hey for the hour its sons shall band
 To free it of Tyrant and Slave.

John Hampden's sword and Shakespeare's thought
 Beking us, all crowns above !
 And Freedom's dear faith a fresh splendour caught
 From our grand old Milton's love !
 And we should be marching on gallantly,
 On the track of the famous in story,
 For the Right with our Might striking valiantly,
 And striding from glory to glory—
 For our rare old Land, our dear old Land,
With its memories bright and brave,
And sing hey for the hour its sons shall band
To free it of Tyrant and Slave.

On Naseby-field of the fight sublime,
Our old red Rose doth blow !
Would to God that the soul of that earlier time
Might marshal us conquering now !
On into the Future's fair clime the world sweeps,
And the time trumpets true men to freedom :
At the heart of our helots the mounting God leaps,
But O for the Moses to lead 'em !
For our rare old Land, our dear old Land,
With its memories bright and brave !
And sing hey for the hour its sons shall band
To free it of Tyrant and Slave.

What do we lack, that the ruffian Wrong
Should starve us 'mid heaps of gold ?
We have brains as broad, we have arms as strong,
We have hearts as big and as bold !
Will a thousand years more of meek suffering school
Our lives to a sterner bravery ?
No ! down and down with their robber rule,
And up from the land of slavery !
For our rare old Land, our dear old Land,
With its memories bright and brave !
And sing hey for the hour its sons shall band
To free it of Tyrant and Slave.

THE CRY OF THE UNEMPLOYED.

'Tis hard, 'tis hard to wander on through this bright
 world of ours,
 Beneath a sky of smiling blue, on velvet paths of
 flowers,
 With music in the woods, as there were nought but
 joyaunce known,
 Or Angels walkt earth's solitudes, and yet with want
 to groan,
 To see no beauty in the stars, nor in God's radiant
 smile,
 To wail and wander misery-curst ! willing, but cannot
 toil.
 There's burning sickness at my heart, I sink down
 famishéd !
 God of the wretched, hear my prayer : I would that
 I were dead !

Heaven droppeth down with manna still in many a
 golden show'r,
 And feeds the leaves with fragrant breath, with silver
 dew the flow'r.

There's honey'd fruit for bee and bird, with bloom
 laughs out the tree,
And food for all God's happy things ; but none gives
 food to me.

Earth, deck'd with Plenty's garland-crown, smiles on
 my aching eye,

The purse-proud, — swathed in luxury, — disdainful
 pass me by :

I've eager hands, and earnest heart — but may not
 work for bread !

God of the wretched, hear my prayer : I would that
 I were dead !

Gold, art thou not a blessed thing, a charm above
 all other,

To shut up hearts to Nature's cry, when brother pleads
 with brother ?

Hast thou a music sweeter than the voice of loving-
 kindness ?

No ! curse thee, thou 'rt a mist 'twixt God and men in
 outer blindness.

" Father, come back ! " my children cry ; their voices,
 once so sweet,

Now quiver lance-like in my bleeding heart ! I cannot
 meet

The looks that make the brain go mad, for dear ones
 asking bread —

God of the wretched, hear my prayer : I would that
 I were dead !

Lord ! what right have the poor to wed ? Love's for
 the gilded great :

*Are they not form'd of nobler clay, who dine off
 golden plate ?*

'Tis the worst curse of Poverty to have a feeling heart :

Why can I not, with iron-grasp, tear out the tender part ?

I cannot slave in yon Bastile ! ah no, 'twere bitterer pain,

To wear the Pauper's iron within, than drag the Convict's chain.

I'd work but cannot, starve I may, but will not beg for bread :

God of the wretched, hear my prayer : I would that I were dead !

SONG OF THE RED REPUBLICAN.

FLING out the red Banner ! its fiery front under,
 Come, gather ye, gather ye, Champions of Right !
 And roll round the world, with the voice of God's
 thunder,

The Wrongs we've to reckon, oppressions to smite.
 They deem that we strike no more like the old Hero-
 band,

Victory's own battle-hearted and brave :
 Blood of Christ ! brothers mine, it were sweet but to
 see ye stand,
 Triumph or Tomb welcome, Glory or Grave !

Fling out the red Banner in mountain and valley !
 Let Earth feel the tread of the free once again ;
 Now soldiers of Freedom, for love of God, rally,
 Old Earth yearns to know that her children are
 Men.

We are nerved by a thousand wrongs, burning and
 bleeding,
 Bold Thoughts leap to birth, but the bold Deeds
 must come ;
 And wherever Humanity's yearning and pleading,
 One battle for Liberty strike we heart-home.

Fling out the red Banner ! achievements immortal

Have yet to be won by the hands labour-brown ;
And few, few may enter the proud promise-portal,

Yet wear it in thought like a glorious Crown !

O joy of the onset ! sound trumpet, array us ;

True hearts would leap up were all hell in our
path ;

Up, up from the Slave-land ; who stirreth to stay us,
Shall fall, as of old, in the Red Sea of wrath.

Fling out the red Banner, O Sons of the morning !

Young spirits abiding to burst into wings,—

We stand shadow-crown'd, but sublime is the warning,

All heaven's grimly husht, and the Bird of Storm
sings !

'All's well," saith the Sentry on Tyranny's tower,

While Hope by his watch-fire is grey and tear-
blind ;

Alas ! all's well ! Freedom's Altar burns, hour by hour,

Live brands for the fire-damp with which ye are
mined.

Fling out the red Banner ! the patriots perish,

But where their bones whiten the seed striketh
root :

Their blood hath run red the great harvest to cherish :

Then gather ye, Reapers, and garner the fruit.

Victory ! victory ! Tyrants are quaking !

The Titan of Toil from the bloody thrall starts ;

The slaves are awaking, the dawn-light is breaking,

The foot-fall of Freedom beats quick at our hearts !

PRESS ON.

PRESS on, press on, ye Rulers, in the roused world's
forward track :

It moves too sure for ye to put the clock of Freedom
back !

We're gathering up from near and far, with souls in
fiery glow,

And Right doth bare its arm of might to bring the
spoilers low.

Kings, Priests, ye're far too costly, and we weary of
your rule ;

We crown no more " Divinity," where Nature writeth
" Fool !"

Ye must not bar our glorious path as in the days
agone ;

We know that God made Men, not Princes, Kings,
or Priests.—Press on !

Press on, press on, ah ! " Nobles !" ye have play'd a
daring game ;

Now falls your star of strength and fades the prestige
of your name :

Too long have ye been fed and nurst on human
blood and tears ;

The naked truth is known, and Labour leaps to life,
and swears

His pride of strength to bloated Ease he will no longer
give :

For all who live should labour ; " Lords," then all
who work might live !

The combat comes ! make much of what ye've wrung
from Fatherland !

Press on, press on ! To-day we plead, To-morrow
we'll command.

Press on ! a million pauper-brows bend down in
Misery's dust ;

God's champions of the golden Truth still eat the
mouldy crust :

This damning curse of Tyrants must not kill the
nation's heart ;

The spirit in a million Slaves doth pant, on fire to
start

And strive to mend the world, and walk in Freedom's
march sublime ;

While myriads sink heart-broken, and the land o'er-
swarms with crime.

" O God !" they cry, " we die, we die, and see no
earnest won !"

Brothers, join hand and heart, and in the work press
on, press on !

ANATHEMA MARANATHA.

DEEPER and deeper the Tyrant's lash flayeth,
 Swifter and swifter fierce Misery slayeth ;
 Tighter and tighter the grip of Toil groweth,
 Nearer and nearer the dark Ruin floweth.
 And still ye bear on, and ye faint heart and breath,
 Till ye creep, scourgéd hounds, to your kennel of
 death :

O down to the dust with ye, cowards and slaves,
 Plague-stricken cumber-grounds, slink to your graves !

Love is the crown of all life, but ye wear it not ;
 Freedom, Humanity's palm, and ye bear it not ;
 Beauty spreads banquet for all, but ye share it not ;
 Grimmer the blinding veil glooms, and ye tear it not.
 Weaving your life-flowers in Wrong's robe of glory,
 Ye stint in your starkness with hearts smitten hoary !
 O down to the dust with ye, cowards and slaves,
 Plague-stricken cumber-grounds, slink to your graves !

They have broken our hearts for their hunger, and
 trod

The wine-press for Death, with the grapes of our God ;
 And ye lick their feet, red with your blood, like dumb
 cattle !

Ah ! better and braver to meet them in battle !

The bow that Tell drew hath lost none of its spring,
But ye nerve not with daring the arrow and string :
Then down to the dust with ye, cowards and slaves,
Plague-stricken cumber-grounds, slink to your grave

There's a curse on the Mammonites fiery and fell,
Whose hearts gold hath turned into hearthstones
hell ;
And there's wringing of hands with the Knave as
the Tyrant,
For God's graven autograph's on their death-warrant
While lordlier manhood 'neath Freedom's hea
yearneth,
Up now! while before ye the fire-pillar burneth !
Or down to the dust with ye, cowards and slaves,
Down down for ever, and slink to your graves !

THE LORDS OF LAND AND MONEY.

Sons of Old England, from the sod,
 Up-lift the noble brow !
 Gold apes a mightier power than God,
 And wealth is worshipt now !
 In all these toil-ennobled lands
 Ye have no heritage ;
 They snatch the fruit of youthful hands,
 The staff from weary age.
 O tell them in their Palaces,
 These Lords of Land and Money !
 They shall not kill the poor like bees,
 To rob them of Life's honey.

Thro' long dark years of blood and tears,
 We've toiled like branded slaves,
 Till Wrong's red hand hath made a land
 Of paupers, prisons, graves !
 But our long-sufferance endeth now ;
 Within the souls of men
 The fruitful buds of promise blow,
 And Freedom lives again !
 O tell them in their Palaces,
 These Lords of Land and Money !
 They shall not kill the poor like bees,
 To rob them of Life's honey.

Too long have Labour's nobles knelt
Before exalted "Rank ;"
Within our souls the iron is felt—
We hear our fetters clank !
A glorious voice goes throbbing forth
From millions stirring now,
Who yet before these Gods of earth
Shall stand with unblencht brow.
O tell them in their Palaces,
These Lords of Land and Money !
They shall not kill the poor like bees,
To rob them of Life's honey.

THE DESERTER FROM THE CAUSE.

HE is gone : better so. We should know who stand
under

Our Banner : let none but the trusty remain !
For there's stern work at hand, and the time comes
shall sunder

The shell from the pearl, and the chaff from the
grain !

And the heart that thro' danger and death will be
dutiful—

Soul that with Cranmer in fire would shake hands,
With a Life like a palace-home built for the Beau-
tiful—

Freedom of all her Beloved demands !

He is gone from us ! Yet shall we march on victorious
Hearts burning like Beacons—eyes fixt on the Goal !

And if we fall fighting, we fall like the glorious ;

With face to the Stars, and all heaven in the soul !
And aye for the brave stir of battle we'll barter

The sword of life sheatht in the peace of the grave :
And better the fieriest fate of the Martyr,
Than live like the Coward, and die like the Slave !

ALL'S RIGHT WITH THE WORLD.

SWEET Phosphor makes the brow of heaven smile,
 Dawn's golden springs surge into floods of day,
 Lush-leavy woods break into singing, Earth
 From dewy dark rolls round her balmy side,
 And all goes right, and merrily, with the world.

Spring with a tender beauty clothes the earth,
 Happy, and jewell'd like a sumptuous Bride,
 As tho' she knew no sorrow—held no grave :
 No glory dims for all the hearts that break ;
 And all goes right, and merrily, with the world.

Birds sing as sweetly on the blossom'd boughs,
 Suns mount as royally their sapphire throne,
 Stars bud in gorgeous gloom, and harvests yield,
 As tho' man nestled in the lap of Love :
 All, all goes right, and merrily, with the world.

But slip this silken-folded mask aside,
 And lo, Hell welters at our very feet !
 The Poor are murder'd body and soul, the Rich
 In Pleasure's chalice melt their pearl of life !
 Ay, all goes right, and merrily, with the world.

Lean out into the looming Future, mark
The battle-roll across the night to come !
“ See how we right our Wrongs at last,” Revenge
Writes with red radiance on the midnight heaven :
Yet, all goes right, and merrily, with the world.

So Sodom, grim old Reveller ! went to death.
Voluptuous Music throbbed through all her courts,
Mirth wanton'd at her heart, one pulse before
Fire-tongues told out her bloody tale of wrong,—
And all went right, and merrily, with the world.

THE AWAKENING OF THE PEOPLE.

O SWEET is the fair face of Nature, when Spring
 With living flower-rainbow in glory hath spann'd
 Hill and dale ; and the music of birds on the wing
 Makes earth seem a beautiful faëry land !
 And dear is our first-love's young spirit-wed bride,
 With her meek eyes just sheathing in tender eclipse,
 When the sound of our voice calls her heart's ruddy
 tide
 Up in beauty to break on her cheek and her lips.
 But earth has no sight half so glorious to see,
 As a People up-girding its might to be free.

O to see men awake from the slumber of ages,
 With brows grim from labour, and hands hard and
 tan,
 Start up living heroes, the dreamt-of by Sages !
 And smite with strong arm the oppressors of man :
 To see them come dauntless forth 'mid the world's
 warring,
 Slaves of the midnight-mine ! serfs of the sod !
 Show how the Eternal within them is stirring,
 And never more bend to a crownéd clod :
 Dear God ! 'tis a sight for Immortals to see,—
 A People up-girding its might to be free.

Battle on bravely, O sons of humanity !

Dash down the cup from your lips, O ye Toilers !
Too long hath the world bled for tyrants' insanity—

Too long our weakness been strength to our spoilers.
For Freedom and Right, gallant hearts, wrestle ever,
And speak ye to others the proud words that won
ye :

Your rights conquer'd once, shall be wrung from you
never ;

Battle on ! battle aye ! Heaven's eyes are on ye !
And Earth has no sight half so glorious to see,
As a People up-girding its might to be free !

THE WORKER.

I CARE not a curse though from birth he inherit
 The tear-bitter bread and the stings of scorn,
 If the man be but one of God's nobles in spirit,—
 Though penniless, richly-soul'd,—heartsome, though
 worn—

And will not for golden bribe lout it or flatter,
 But clings to the Right aye, as steel to the pole :
 He may sweat at the plough, loom, or anvil, no
 matter,
 I'll own him the man that is dear to my soul.

His hand may be hard, and his raiment be tatter'd,
 On straw-pallet nightly his weary limbs rest ;
 If his brow wear the stamp of a spirit unfetter'd,
 I'm mining at once for the gems in his breast.
 Give me the true man, who will fear not nor falter,
 Though Want be his guerdon, the Workhouse his
 goal,
 Till his heart has burnt out upon Liberty's Altar :
 For this is the man I hold dear to my soul.

True hearts, in this brave world of blessings and
 beauty,
 Will scorn the poor splendour of losel and lurker ;
 Toil is creation's crown, worship is duty,
 And greater than Gods in old days is the Worker.

For us the wealth-laden world laboureth ever ;
For us harvests ripen, winds blow, waters roll ;
And him who gives back in his might of endeavour,
I'll cherish,—a man ever dear to my soul.

GOD'S WORLD IS WORTHY BETTER MEN.

BEHOLD ! an idle tale they tell,
 And who shall blame their telling it ?
 The rogues have got their cant to sell,
 The world pays well for selling it !
 They say the world's a desert drear,—
 Still plagued with Egypt's blindness !
 That we were sent to suffer here,—
 What ! by a God of kindness ?
 That since the world hath gone astray
 It must be so for ever,
 And we should stand still, and obey
 Its Desolators. Never !
 We'll labour for the better time,
 With all our might of Press and Pen ;
 Believe me, 'tis a truth sublime,
 God's world is worthy better men.

With Paradise the world began,
 A world of love and gladness :
 Its beauty may be marr'd by man
 With all his crime and madness.
 Yet 'tis a brave world still. Love brings
 A sunshine for the dreary ;
 With all our strife, sweet Rest hath wings
 To fold o'er hearts a-weary.
 The Sun in glory, like a God,
 To-day in heaven is shining ;

The flowers upon the jewell'd sod
 Are sweet love-posies twining,
 As radiant of immortal youth
 And beauty, as in Eden ; then
 Believe me, 'tis a noble truth,
 God's world is worthy better men.

O ! they are bold, knaves over-bold,
 Who say we are doom'd to anguish :
 That men in God's own image soul'd,
 Like hell-bound slaves, must languish.
 Probe Nature's heart to its red core,
 There's more of good than evil ;
 And man, down-trampled man, is more
 Of Angel than of Devil.
 Prepare to die ? *Prepare to live !*
 We know not what is living :
 And let us for the world's good give,
 As God is ever giving.
 Give Action, Thought, Love, Wealth, and Time,
 To win the primal age again ;
 Believe me, 'tis a truth sublime,
 God's world is worthy better men.

NEBRASKA: OR, THE SLAVERY-ABOLITIONIST TO HIS BRIDE.

SAD I come for thy caresses, bonny bride, bonny
bride,
And my nestling brow is bound with crown
thorn ;
And the more thy leal heart presses, bonny bride
bonny bride,
Is thy true and tender bosom pierced and torn.

I have gloom'd thy girlish gladness, bonny bride, bonny
bride,
Made thee tearful in thy Wifehood's dewy dawn,
Given thy voice a soul of sadness, bonny bride, bonny
bride,
Set thy dainty cheek's ripe beauty waxing wan.

The wild light of wilder'd sorrows, bonny bride
bonny bride,
Is the lustre that comes flashing to thine eyes,
As of hopes that know no morrows, bonny bride, bonny
bride,
Or from sunken suns that set no more to rise.

My poor heart hath put on mourning, bonny bride,
 bonny bride,
For the death of sweet and saintly Liberty ;
It was down the Traitor's Turning, bonny bride, bonny
 bride,
That they smote her in the Country of the Free.

Where the Ark of Freedom rested, bonny bride, bonny
 bride,
When the May-Flower rode so bravely o'er the
 Flood,
Where the Bird of Freedom nested, bonny bride,
 bonny bride,
In the land our Fathers bought with precious blood.

They have broken every promise, bonny bride, bonny
 bride,
False as hell to League, and Covenant, and vow ;—
Torn the Babes of Freedom from us, bonny bride,
 bonny bride,
Grim as Herod ! and like Herod they shall bow.

In the mire our Banner's trailing, bonny bride, bonny
 bride ;
It but symbols bloody stripes and bitter tears,
To a world of Tyrants hailing, bonny bride, bonny
 bride,
And a world of Slaves that groans, a Hell that
 cheers.

Our good Bark is heavily wearing, bonny bride, bonny
 bride,
And the hungry sharks they track us thro' the sea,

With their cruel keen eyes glaring, bonny bride, bonny
bride,
For the burial of embalméd Liberty.

How the darkness round us presses, bonny bride,
bonny bride!

By the dying watch-fire hearts sit dark and dumb ;
And we strain and make blind guesses, bonny bride,
bonny bride,
Of the morning and the morrow that shall come.

O, 'twill be a fearful waking, bonny bride, bonny
bride,
Should the faces of our Brothers dawn in view,
With the light above us breaking, bonny bride, bonny
bride,
And the earth beneath us wet with crimson dew.

We are weak, and win derision, bonny bride, bonny
bride,
All too weak to crush the Serpents that we clasp ;
But I see in solemn vision, bonny bride, bonny bride,
The young heroes who shall kill them in their
grasp.

See—the Flag of Freeman dancing, bonny bride, bonny
bride,
On the Tyrants' towers, and Ruins of old Wrong—
See—the Slave's proud eyes up-glancing, bonny bride,
bonny bride,
With the heart that breaks no more, save into song.

See—the hills of earth that whiten, bonny bride,
bonny bride,

With the feet of angels coming down to men !

See—the homes of earth that brighten, bonny bride,
bonny bride,

With the beautiful that vanisht, come again.

There's a long road, wild and dreary, bonny bride,
bonny bride,

Thro' the winding ways of Sorrow's wilderness !

And a many will fall weary, bonny bride, bonny bride,
And but few the honeyed Land of Promise press.

Yet we'll battle on with bravery, bonny bride, bonny
bride,

We shall battle on as sabbathless as Doom ;

And we'll leave the land of Slavery, bonny bride,
bonny bride,

Tho' the wreath of Victory crown the Martyr's tomb.

IT WILL END IN THE RIGHT.

NEVER despair! O, my Brother in sorrow!

I know that our mourning is ended not. Yet,
 Shall the vanquisht to-day be the Victors to-morrow,
 Our Star shall shine on when the Tyrant's sun's set.
 Hold on! tho' they spurn thee, for whom thou art
 living

A life only cheer'd by the lamp of its love :
 Hold on! Freedom's hope to the bounden ones giving:
 Green spots in the waste wait the worn spirit-dove.
 Hold on,—still hold on,—in the world's despite,
 Nurse the faith in thy heart, keep the lamp of God
 bright,
 And, my life for thine! it shall end in the Right.

What, tho' the Martyrs and Prophets have perisht?
 The Angel of Life rolls the stone from their
 graves :
 Immortal's the faith, and the freedom they cherisht,
 Their lone Triumph-cry stirs the spirits of slaves!
 They are gone,—but a Glory is left in our life,
 Like the day-god's last kiss on the darkness of
 Even—

*Gone down on the desolate seas of their strife,
 To climb as star-beacons up Liberty's heaven.*

Hold on,—still hold on,—in the world's despite,
Nurse the faith in thy heart, keep the lamp of God
 bright,
And, my life for thine ! it shall end in the Right.

Think of the Wrongs that have ground us for ages,
 Think of the Wrongs we have still to endure !
Think of our blood, red on History's pages ;
 Then work, that our reck'ning be speedy and sure.
Slaves, cry unto God ! but be our God reveal'd
 In our lives, in our works, in our warfare for man ;
And bearing—or borne upon—Victory's shield,
 Let us fight battle-harness'd, and fall in the van.
Hold on,—still hold on,—in the world's despite,
Nurse the faith in thy heart, keep the lamp of God
 bright,
And, my life for thine ! it shall end in the Right.

A WELCOME TO LOUIS KOSSUTH.

Ho ! Patriots of Old England, wake !
 And join ye heart and hand,
 To welcome him for Freedom's sake
 To our free fatherland !
 He needs no proud triumphal arch,
 Nor banners on the wind :
 In hearts that beat his triumph-march,
 Is Kossuth fitly shrined !
 We meet him here, we greet him here—
 With Love's wide arms caress him !
 Kings would have no such welcome here,
 As Kossuth hath : *God bless him.*

He rose like Freedom's morning star,
 Where all was darkling, dim ;
 We saw his glory from afar,
 And fought in soul for him !
 Brave Victor ! how his radiant brow
 King'd Freedom's host like Saul !
 And in his crown of sorrow now
 He's royallest heart of all.
 We meet him here, we greet him here—
 With Love's wide arms caress him !
 Kings would have no such welcome here,
 As Kossuth hath : *God bless him.*

Ay, English hearts thro' proud tears gush
With glory at his name—
Whose brave deeds made the roused blood rush
Along our veins like flame :
We cheer'd him thro' his hero-strife—
And, in his presence met,
We'll show the world that patriot life
Lives in Old England yet !
We meet him here, we greet him here—
With Love's wide arms caress him !
Kings would have no such welcome here,
As Kossuth hath : *God bless him.*

He comes all dim with glorious dust,
From out his wrestling ring :
But, blessings—praises—deathless trust—
Like armies round him cling !
And Freedom runs her radiant round,
Tho' clouds shut out the sky ;
And yet the World's great heart shall bound,
To Kossuth's conquering cry.
We meet him here, we greet him here—
With Love's wide arms caress him !
Kings would have no such welcome here,
As Kossuth hath : *God bless him.*

His Hungary billows o'er with graves
Of Martyrs not in vain :
A rising ripening harvest waves
Its fruit of that red rain !
And once again the Hapsburgh Star
His flaming Sword shall dim ;
And palsy strike the arm that dare
Not strike a blow for him !

We meet him here, we greet him here—
With Love's wide arms caress him !
Kings would have no such welcome here,
As Kossuth hath : *God bless him.*

Ring out, exult, and clap your hands,
Free Men and Women brave—
Shout, Britain ! shake the startled lands,
And free the bounden Slave !
Come forth, make merry in the sun,
And give him welcome due ;
Heroic hearts have crown'd him one
Of Earth's Immortal few !
We meet him here, we greet him here—
With Love's wide arms caress him !
Kings would have no such welcome here,
As Kossuth hath : *God bless him.*

EDEN.

THERE is not a furrow on Ocean's brow,
 Tho' a million years have past o'er it.
 There is not a rift in the blue sky now,
 Where a million tempests tore it ;
 And for all the strife and the storms that have roll'd
 Down the ages, grim and gory ;
 Each weareth her pleasant face, as of old,
 And laughs in her morning glory.
 And Man—tho' he beareth the brand of Sin,
 And the flesh and the devil have bound him—
 Hath a spirit within, to old Eden akin,
 Only nurture up Eden around him.

The cloud may have fall'n on the human face,
 And its lordliest beauty blighted ;
 For love hath gone out with a dark'ning trace,
 Where its inward glory lighted.
 Yet the old world of love liveth still in the heart,
 As we've many a sweet revealing ;
 And its rich fossil-jewels in tears will up-start
 With the warm flood of holier feeling.
 Ay, Man—tho' he beareth the brand of Sin,
 And the flesh and the devil have bound him—
 Hath a spirit within, to old Eden akin,
 Only nurture up Eden around him.

O the terrors, the tortures, the miseries dark—
That have curst us, and crusht, and cankered !
Yet, aye, from the Deluge, Humanity's Ark
Hath on some serene Ararat anchored.
The golden chains that link heaven to earth,
The rusts of all time cannot sever !
Evil shall die in its own dark dearth,
And the Good liveth on for ever.
Ay, Man—tho' he beareth the brand of Sin,
And the flesh and the devil have bound him—
Hath a spirit within, to old Eden akin,
Only nurture up Eden around him.

ONWARD AND SUNWARD.

TELL me the song of the beautiful Stars,
 As grandly they glide on their blue way above us,
 Looking, despite of our spirit's sin-scars,
 Down on us tenderly, yearning to love us !
 This is the song in their work-worship sung,
 Down thro' the world-jewelled universe rung :
 " Onward for ever, for evermore onward,"
 And ever they open their loving eyes Sunward.

" Onward," shouts Earth, with her myriad voices
 Of music, aye answering the song of the Seven ;
 As like a wing'd child of God's love she rejoices,
 Swinging her censer of glory in heaven.
 And lo, it is writ by the finger of God,
 In sunbeams and flowers on the smiling green sod :
 Onward for ever, for evermore onward,
 And ever she turneth all trustfully Sunward.

The mightiest souls of all time hover o'er us,
 Who labour'd like Gods among men, and have gone
 Like great bursts of sun on the dark way before us :
 They're with us, still with us, our battle fight on,
 Looking down victor-brow'd, from the glory-crown'd
 hill ;
 They beckon, and beacon us, on, onward still :
 And the true heart's aspirings are onward, still onward ;
 It turns to the Future, as earth turneth Sunward.

THE THREE VOICES.

A WAILING voice comes up a desolate road,
 Drearily, drearily, drearily!
 Where mankind have trodden the by-way of blood,
 Wearily, wearily, wearily!
 Like a sound from the Dead Sea all shrouded in glooms
 With breaking of hearts, fetters clanking, men groan-
 ing,
 Or chorus of Ravens, that croak among tombs,
 It comes with the mournfullest moaning :
 " Weep, weep, weep !"
 Yoke-fellows, listen,
 Till tearful eyes glisten :
 'Tis the voice of the Past: the dark, grim-featured
 Past,
 All sad as the shriek of the midnight blast :
 Weep, weep, weep,
 Tears to wash out the red, red stain,
 Where earth hath been fatted
 By brave hearts that rotted,
 And life ran a deluge of hot, bloody rain :
 Weep, weep, weep.

Another voice comes from the millions that bend,
 Tearfully, tearfully, tearfully !
 From hearts which the scourges of slavery rend,
 Fearfully, fearfully, fearfully !

From many a worn, noble spirit that breaks,
In the world's solemn shadows adown in Life's
valleys,
From Mine, Forge, and Loom, trumpet-tongued it
awakes,
On the soul wherein Liberty rallies :
 " Work, work, work !"
 Yoke-fellows, listen,
 Till earnest eyes glisten :
'Tis the voice of the Present. It bids us, my brothers,
Be Freemen : and then for the freedom of others
 Work, work, work !
For the Many, a holocaust long to the Few :
 O work while ye may !
 O work while 'tis day !
And cling to each other, united and true :
 Work, work, work.

There cometh another voice sweetest of all,
 Cheerily, cheerily, cheerily !
And my heart leapeth up at its glorious call,
 Merrily, merrily, merrily !
It comes like the soft touch of Spring-tide, unwarping
 The frost of oppression that bound us :
It comes like a choir of the Seraphim, harping
 Their gladsoonest music around us :
 " Hope, hope, hope !"
 Yoke-fellows, listen,
 Till gleeful eyes glisten :
'Tis the voice of the Future, the sweetest of all,
That makes the heart leap to its glorious call.
 Hope, hope, hope !

Brothers, step forth in the Future's van,
For the worst is past,
Right conquers at last,
And the better day dawns upon suffering man :
Hope, hope, hope !

THIS WORLD IS FULL OF BEAUTY.

THERE lives a voice within me, a guest-angel of my
 heart,
 And its sweet lisplings win me, till the tears a-trem-
 bling start ;
 Up evermore it springeth, like some magic melody,
 And evermore it singeth this sweet song of songs to
 me—

This world is full of beauty, as other worlds above ;
 And, if we did our duty, it might be full of love.

Night's starry tendernesses dower with glory ever-
 more,
 Morn's budding, bright, melodious hour comes sweetly
 as of yore ;
 But there be million hearts accurst, where no sweet
 sunbursts shine,
 And there be million hearts athirst for Love's im-
 mortal wine.

This world is full of beauty, as other worlds above ;
 And, if we did our duty, it might be full of love.

If faith, and hope, and kindness pass'd, as coin, 'twixt
 heart and heart,
 How, thro' the eye's tear-blindness, should the sudden
 soul upstart !

The dreary, dim, and desolate, should wear a sunny bloom,

And Love should spring from buried Hate, like flowers o'er Winter's tomb.

This world is full of beauty, as other worlds above ;

And, if we did our duty, it might be full of love.

Were truth our uttered language, Angels might talk with men,

And God-illuminated earth should see the Golden Age again ;

The burthen'd heart should soar in mirth like Morn's young prophet-lark,

And Misery's last tear wept on earth, quench Hell's last cunning spark.

For this world is full of beauty, as other worlds above ;

And, if we did our duty, it might be full of love.

Lo ! plenty ripens round us, yet awakes the cry for bread,

The millions still are toiling, crusht, and clad in rags, unfed !

While sunny hills and valleys richly blush with fruit and grain,

But the paupers in the palace rob their toiling fellow-men.

This world is full of beauty, as other worlds above ;

And, if we did our duty, it might be full of love.

Dear God ! what hosts are trampled 'mid this killing crush for gold !

What noble hearts are sapp'd of love ! what spirits lose life's hold !

Yet a merry world it might be, opulent for all, and
aye,
With its lands that ask for labour, and its wealth that
wastes away.
This world is full of beauty, as other worlds above ;
And, if we did our duty, it might be full of love.

The leaf-tongues of the forest, and the flow'r-lips of
the sod—
The happy Birds that hymn their raptures in the ear
of God—
The summer wind that bringeth music over land and
sea,
Have each a voice that singeth this sweet song of
songs to me—
This world is full of beauty, as other worlds above ;
And, if we did our duty, it might be full of love.

A SONG IN THE CITY.

COINING the heart, brain, and sinew, to gold,
Till we sink in the dark, on the pauper's dole ;
Feeling for ever the flowerless mould,
Growing about the uncrownéd soul !
O, God ! O God ! must this evermore be
The lot of the Children of Poverty ?
The Spring is calling from brae and bower,
In the twinkling sheen of the sunny hour,
Earth smiles in her golden green ;
There's music below, in the glistening leaves,
There's music above, and heaven's blue bosom heaves
The silvery clouds between ;
The boughs of the woodland are nodding in play ;
And wooingly beckon my spirit away—
I hear the dreamy hum
Of bees in the bloom, and birds on the spray ;
And they, too, are calling my thinking away ;
But I cannot—cannot come.
Visions of verdant and heart-cooling places
Will steal on my soul like a golden spring-rain,
Bringing the lost light of brave, vanisht faces ;
Till all my life blossoms with beauty again.
But O, for a glimpse of the flower-laden Morning,
That makes the heart leap up, and knock at heaven's
door !
O for the green lane, the green field, the green wood,
To take in, by heartfuls, their greenness once more

How I yearn to lie down and just roll in the meadows,
And nestle in leaves, and the sleep of the shadows,

Where primroses in their green chambers are waking,
There, let my soul out from its cavern of clay,
To float down the warm spring, away and away !

FOR I WAS NOT MADE MERELY FOR MONEY-MAKING.

At this wearisome work I oftentimes turn,
From my bride, and my monitress, Duty,
Forgetting the strife, and the wrestle of life,
To talk with the spirit of beauty.

The multitude's hum, and the chinking of gold,
Grow hush as the dying of day,
For on wings, making music, with joy untold,
My heart is up, and away !

Glad as the bird in the tree-top chanting
Its anthem to Liberty ;
With its heart all in musical gratitude panting,
And O, 'tis a bliss to be !

Once more to drink in the life-breathing air,
Lapt in luxurious flowers—
To recall again the pleasures that were
In Infancy's innocent hours—
To wash the earth-stains and the dust from my soul,
In nature's reviving tears, once more ;
To feast at her banquet, and drink from her bowl
Rich dew, for the heart's hot core.

Ah me ! ah me ! it is heavenly then,
And hints of the spirit-world, near alway,
Are stirring, and stirr'd, in my heart again,
Like leaves at the kiss of May :

It is but a dream, yet 'tis passing sweet,

And when from its spells my spirit is waking,
Dark is my heart, and the wild tears start ;

FOR I WAS NOT MADE MERELY FOR MONEY-MAKING.

My soul leaneth out, to the whisperings

Of the mighty, the marvellous spirits of old ;
And heavenward soareth to strengthen her wings,

When Labour relapseth its earthly hold ;
And breathless with awfulest beauty—it listens,

To catch the Night's deep, starry mystery ;
Or in mine eyes, dissolved, it glistens,

Big, for the moan of Humanity.

Much that is written within its chamber,

Much that is shrined in the mind's living amber,

Much of this thought of mine,—

I fain would struggle and give to birth ;

For I would not pass away from earth,

And make no sign !

I yearn to utter, what might live on,

In the world's heart, when I am gone.

I would not plod on, like these slaves of gold,

Who darken their souls, in a dusky cave :

I would see the world better, and nobler-soul'd,

Ere I lay me down in my green turf-grave.

I may toil till my life is filled with dreariness,

Toil till my heart is a wreck in its weariness,

Toil for ever, for tear-steept bread,

Till I go down to the silent dead.

But, by this yearning, this hoping, this aching,

I WAS NOT MADE MERELY FOR MONEY-MAKING.

THE FAMINE-SMITTEN.

IN the tears of the Morning—
 The smiles of the sun,
 The green Earth's adorning
 Told spring had begun !
 Warm woods donn'd their beauty, wrought
 Through long still nights,
 And musical breezes brought
 Flowery delights :
 The humming leaves flasht
 Rich in light, with sweet sound,
 And the glad waters dasht
 Their starry spray round !
 The woodbines up-climbing,
 Laught out, pink and golden,
 And bees made sweet chiming
 In roses half-folden.
 But where was that infant-band,
 Wont in spring weather
 To wander forth, hand-in-hand,
 Violets to gather ?
 Ah misery ! they slept,
 The dear blossoms of love !
 Where the green branches wept,
 And the grass crept above ;

Melodious gladness
Throbb'd thro' the rich air,
But the anguish of madness
Rent Poverty's lair ;
For Famine had smitten
Its pride of life low,
And agony written
On heart and on brow,
Sweet from the boughs the birds
Sang in their mirth,
The lark messaged heavenwards
Blessings from earth—
But I turn'd where our gentle Lord's
Loves lay in dearth.
They heard not, nor heeded,
The sounds of life o'er them !
They felt not, nor needed,
The hot tears wept for them !
But earth-flowers were springing
O'er human flowers' grave,
And, O God ! what heart-wringing
Their tender looks gave !
They died ! died of hunger—
By bitter want blasted !
While wealth for the Wronger
Ran over untasted—
While Pomp, in joy's rosy bow'rs,
Wasted life's measure,
Chiding the lagging hours,
Wearied of pleasure !
They died ! while men hoarded
The free gifts of God :
They died ! 'tis recorded
In letters of blood.

Yet the corn on the hills
 Waves its showery gold crown ;
Still Nature's lap fills
 With the good heaven drops down.
O ! this world might be lighted
 With Eden's first smile—
Angel-haunted—unblighted,
 With Freedom for Toil :
But they wring out our blood
 For their banquet of gold !
They annul laws of God,
 Soul and body are sold !
Hark now ! hall and palace,
 Ring out, dome and rafter !
Ay, laugh on, ye callous !
 In Hell there'll be laughter :
But tremble, hell-makers ;
 The shorn among men—
The world's image-breakers
 Grow mighty again ;
There be stern times a-coming,
 The dark days of reck'ning,
The storms are up-looming—
 The Nemesis wak'ning !
On heaven, blood shall call,
 Earth quake with pent thunder,
And shackle and thrall
 Shall be riven asunder.
It will come, it shall come,
 Impede it what may :
Up, People ! and welcome
 Your glorious day.

PEACE.

YES, Peace is beautiful ; and I do yearn
 For her to clasp the World's poor tortured heart,
 As sweet spring warmth doth brood o'er coming flowers.
 But peace with these Leviathans of blood—
 Who pirate crimson seas, devouring men ?
 Give them the hand of brotherhood—whose fangs
 Are in our hearts with the grim bloodhound's grip ?
 Wouldst see Peace, idiot-like, with smirk and smile,
 A-planting flowers to coronal Truth's grave ?
 Peace, merry-making round the funeral pyre,
 Where Freedom, fiery-curtained, weds with death ?
 Peace, mirroring her form by pools of blood,—
 Crowning the Croat in Vienna's fosse,
 With all sweet influences of thankful eyes,
 For murder of the glorious Bürschenschaft ?
 Peace with Oppression, which doth tear dear friends
 And brothers from our side to-day, and comes
 To eat our hearts and drink our blood to-morrow ?
 Out on't ! it is the Tyrant's cunning cant,
 The robe of sheen flung o'er its deadly daggers,
 Which start to life, whene'er it hugs to death.
 I answer, War !—war with the cause of war,—
 War with our misery, want, and wretchedness,—
 War with curst Gold, which is an endless war
 On Love, on God, and our Humanity !

Brothers, I bid ye forth to glorious war !
Patch fig-leaves o'er the naked truth no more.
The stream of Time runs red with our best blood !
Time's seed-field we have sown with fratricide,
And dragon's teeth have sprung, ay, in our hearts.
O ! we have fought and bled on land and sea,
Heapt glory's car with myriads of the brave,
Spilt blood by oceans—treasures by the million,
At every Tyrant's beck. Had we but shed
Such warm and eloquent blood for Freedom's faith,
War's star in heaven had lost its name ere now.
“Brothers !” I cried,—well, Brothers, brother-slaves !
O ! but to give ye slaves THEIR valiant heart,
Whose dumb, dead dust is worth your living souls—
Dear God ! 'twere sweet to kiss the scaffold-block !
I'd proudly leap death's darkness, to let shine
The Future's promise thro' your sorrow's tears !
Sorrow ? ah, no ! ye feel not sense so holy :
The worm of misery riots in your hearts—
Ye hear your younglings in the drear midnight
Make moan for bread when ye have none to give !— .
Ye drain your life, warm, for the vulture's drink !
The groaning land is choked with living death.
O ! ye are mated to the things of scorn.
And I have heard your miserable madness
Belcht forth in drunken pæans to your tyrants,
Pledging your murderers to the hell they've made !
Ah, Christ ! was it for this, thou sudden sun,
Didst light these centuries with thy dying smile ?—
Was it for this, so many and so many
Have hackt their spirit swords against our fetters
And killing cords, that bleed our hearts to death—
Wept griefs might turn the soul grey in an hour—
Broke their great hearts for love, and, in despair,

Dasht their immortal crowns to earth, and died ?
Was it for this the countless Host of Martyrs,
Becrow'd and robed in fiery martyrdom,
Beat out a golden-aged Future from
The angel-metal of their noble lives—
Clomb the red scaffold—strained their weary eyes,
Across the mists of ages, for one glimpse
Of midnight burning into that bright Dawn
Now bursting golden, up the skies of time ?
When will ye put your human glory on ?
How long will ye lie darkling desolate,
With barren brain, blind life, and fallow heart ?
The hollow yearning grave will kindly close,
And flowers spring where the mould lay freshly dark !
The leaves will burst from out the naked'st boughs,
Fire-ripen'd into glorious greenery,
Waste moor and fen will kindle into spring :
How long will ye lie darkling desolate ?
Lord God Almighty ! what a spring of freedom
Awaits to burst the winter of our world !
. O ! if aught moving thrills a brother's love,
Which pleads for utterance in blinding tears,
Then let these words burn living in your souls,
Snatch Fear's cold hand from off your palsied hearts,
And send the intrepid shudder through your veins.
Helots of Albion ! Penury's nurslings ! rise,
And swear, in God's name, and in Heaven's or Hell's,
Ye will bear witness at the birth of Freedom !
Arise, and front the blessed light of Heaven,
With tyrant-quailing manhood in your looks !
Arise, go forth to glorious war for right,
And justice, and mankind's high destiny !
Arise, 'tis Freedom's bleeding fight, strike home
Wherever tyrants lift the gorgon-head !

There is a chasm in the coming years,
A-gape for strife's Niagara of blood—
Or to be bridged by brave hearts linkt in love.
The world is stirring with its mighty purpose :
No more be laggards in the march of men.
The Vulture Despotism spreads wide its wings
Right royally, to give ye broader mark !
And the hag Evil sickens unto death,
With her sore travail o'er the birth of Good.
And yet shall War's red-lettered creed die out ;
Where blood is running, shall the wild-flowers blow ;
Where men are groaning, shall their children sing ;
And Peace and Love re-Genesis the world.

A GLIMPSE OF AULD LANG-SYNE.

EARTH, sparkling Bride-like, bares her bosom to the
 nestling Night,
 Who hath come down in glory from the golden halls
 of light ;

Ten thousand tender, starry eyes smile o'er the world
 at rest,
 The weary world—husht like an infant on its mother's
 breast !

The great old hills thrust up their foreheads in rich-
 sleeping light :
 How humbly-grand, and still they stand, worshipping
 God to-night !

The flowers have hung their cups with gems of their
 own sweetness wrought,
 And muse and smile upon their stems, in ecstasy of
 thought :

They have banqueted on beauty, at the fragrant Eve's
 red lips,
 And fold in charmed rest, with crowns upon their
 velvet tips.

No green tide sweeps the sea of leaves, no wind-sigh
stirs the sod,
While Holiness broods dove-like on the soul, begetting
God.

Sweet hour ! thou wak'st the feeling that we never
know by day,
For angel eyes look down, and read the spirit 'neath
the clay :

Even while I listen, music stealeth in upon my soul,
As though adown heaven's stair of stars, the seraph-
harpings stole—

Or I could grasp the immortal part of life, and soar,
and soar,
Such strong wings take me, and my heart hath found
such hidden lore !

It flings aside the weight of years, and lovingly goes
back,
To that sweet time, the dear old days, that glisten on
its track !

Life's wither'd leaves grow green again, and fresh with
Childhood's spring,
As I am welcomed back once more within its rainbow-
ring :—

The Past, with all its gather'd charms, beckons me
back in joy,
And loving hearts, and open arms, re-clasp me as a
boy.

The voices of the Loved and Lost are stirring at my
heart,
And memory's miser'd treasures leap to life, with
sudden start,—

As through her darken'd windows, warm and glad
sunlight creeps in,
And Lang-syne, glimps'd in glorious tears, my toil-worn
soul doth win.

Thou art looking, smiling on me, as thou hast lookt
and smiled, Mother,
And I am sitting by thy side, at heart a very child,
Mother !

I'm with thee now in soul, sweet Mother, much as in
those hours,
When all my wealth was in thy love, and in the birds
and flowers,

When the long summer days were short, for my glad
soul to live
The golden fulness of the bliss, each happy hour could
give.

When Heaven sang to my innocence, and every leafy
grove
And forest ached with music, as a young heart aches
with love.

They ha^{ve} life oped like a flower, where clung my lips,
re^{ve} to quaff its honey,
And fold^s throng'd like a shower of gold king-cups
velv^{et} meadows sunny.



I'll tell thee, Mother ! since we met, stern changes
have come o'er me :

Then life smiled like a paradise, the world was all
before me.

O ! I was full of trusting faith, and, in my glee and
gladness,

Deem'd not that others had begun as bright, whose
end was madness.

I knew not smiles could light up eyes, like Sunset's
laughing glow

On some cold stream, which burns above, while all
runs dark below ;

That on Love's summer sea, great souls go down, while
some, grown cold,

Seal up affection's living spring, and sell their love
for gold ;

How they on whom we'd staked the heart forget
the early vow,

And they who swore to love through life would pass
all coldly now ;

How, in the soul's dark hour, Love's temple-veil is
rent in twain,

And the heart quivers thorn-crown'd on the cross of
fiery pain.

And shatter'd idols, broken dreams, come crowding
on my brain,

As speaks the spirit-voice of days that never come
again.

It tells of golden moments lost—heart sear'd—blind
Passion's thrall ;
Life's spring-tide blossoms run to waste, Love's honey
turn'd to gall.

It tells how many and often high resolve and purpose
strong,
Shaped on the anvil of my heart, have failed upon my
tongue.

I left thee, Mother, in sweet May, the merry month
of flowers,
To toil away in dusky gloom the golden summer-
hours.

I left my world of love behind, with soul for life
a-thirsting,
My burning eyelid dropt no tear, although my heart
was bursting.

For I had knit my soul to climb, with poverty its
burden ;
Give me but time, O give me time, and I would win
the guerdon.

Ah, Mother! many a heart that all my aspiration
cherisht,
Hath fallen in the trampling strife, and in the life-
march perisht.

We see the bleeding victims lie upon the world's grim
Altar,
And one by one young feelings die, and dark doubts
make us falter.

Mother, the world hath wreakt its part on me, with
scathing power,
Yet the best life that heaves my heart runs for thee
at this hour.

And by these holy yearnings, by these eyes with
sweet tears wet,
I know there wells a spring of love through all my
being yet.

MERRY CHRISTMAS EVE.

MERRY Christmas Eve! in the Palace where knavery
 Crowds all the treasures the fair world can render :
 Where spirits grow rusted in silkenest slavery,
 And life is out-panted, in sloth, and in splendour :
 In gladness and glory, Wealth's darlings were meeting,
 And jewel-claspt fingers linkt softly again ;
 New friendships were twining, and old friends were
 greeting,
 And twin hearts grew one, in God's golden love-
 chain.

Merry Christmas Eve! in a poor man's grim hovel,
 There huddled in silence a famishing family ;
 Church-bells were laughing in musical revel,
 They heard the loud mockers, with brows throb-
 bing clammily ;
 All in the merry time there they sat, mourning—
 Two sons—two brothers—in penal chains bleeding ;
 Their hearts wandered forth to the never-returning,
 Who rose on their vision, pale, haggard, and
 pleading.

Merry Christmas Eve! for the rich, there was music,
 And dancing, and many a wine woo'd on the board ;
 O Falstaff! you prince of Lies! 'twould have made
 you sick,
 To hear how they flattered a Mammonite Lord!

Love-kisses sobbed out 'twixt the rollic and rout,
And Hope went forth, reaping-in long-promist
treasure.

What matter, tho' hearts might be breaking without ?
Their moans were unheard in the palace of pleasure.

Merry Christmas Eve ! but the stricken ones heard
No neighbourly welcome, no kind voice of kin ;
They lookt at each other, but spake not a word,
While through crevice, and cranny, the sleet
drifted in.

In a desolate corner, one, hunger-kill'd, lay,
And the mother's hot tears were a bosom-babe's
food.

What marvel, O Statesman, what marvel, I pray,
Such misery nurseth Crime's dark viper-brood ?

O men, angel-imaged in Nature's fair mint,
And is it for this, ye were fashioned divine ?
Ah, where's the god-stamp—Immortality's print ?
We are tyrants and slaves, knit in one tortured
twine :

That a few, like to gods, may stride over the earth,
Millions, born to be murdered, are given in pawn ;
When will the world quicken for Liberty's birth,
Which she waiteth, with eager wings beating the
dawn ?

False Priests, dare ye say 'tis the will of our God,
(And shroud the Christ's message in dark sophistry,)
That these millions of paupers should bow to the
sod ?

Up, up, trampled hearts, it's a lie ! it's a lie !

They may carve "State" and "Altar" in characters
golden,

But Tyranny's symbols are ceasing to win ;
Be stirring, O people, your scroll is unfolden,
And bright be the deeds ye emblazon therein.

THE CHIVALRY OF LABOUR EXHORTED
TO THE WORSHIP OF BEAUTY.

OUR world oft turns in gloom, and Life hath many a
perilous way,
Yet there's no path so desolate and thorny, cold and
gray,
But Beauty as a Beacon burns above the dark of
strife,
And like an Alchemist she turns all things to golden
life.
On human hearts her presence droppeth precious
manna down ;
On human brows her glory gathers like a coming
crown :
Her smile lights up Life's troubled stream, and Love,
the swimmer ! lives ;
And O 'tis brave to battle for the guerdon that she
gives !
Then let us worship Beauty with the knightly faith of
old,
O Chivalry of Labour toiling for the Age of Gold !

The first-fruits of the Past at Beauty's shrine are
offer'd up,
From which a vintage meet for Gods she crusheth
in her cup :
And from the living Present doth she press the rare
new wine,
To glad the hearts of all her lovers with a draught
divine.
Earth's crowning miracle ! she comes ! with blessing
lips, that part
Like mid-May's rose flusht open with the fragrance
of her heart :
And life turns to her colour—kindles with her light—
like flowers
That garner up the golden fire, and suck the mellow
showers.
Come let us worship Beauty with the knightly faith
of old,
O Chivalry of Labour toiling for the Age of Gold !

Come let us worship Beauty where the budding Spring
doth flower,
And lush green leaves and grasses flush out sweeter
every hour ;
Or Summer's tide of splendour floods the lap o' the
World once more,
With riches like a sea that surges jewels on its
shore.
Come feel her ripening influence when Morning feasts
our eyes—
Thro' open gates of glory—with a glimpse of Pa-
radise :

Or queenly Night sits crownéd, smiling down the
purple gloom,
And Stars, like Heaven's fruitage, melt i' the glory of
their bloom.
Come let us worship Beauty with the knightly faith
of old,
O Chivalry of Labour toiling for the Age of Gold !

Come from the den of darkness and the city's soil of
sin,
Put on your radiant Manhood, and the Angel's blessing
win !
Where wealthier sunlight comes from Heaven, like
welcome-smiles of God,
And Earth's blind yearnings leap to life in flowers, from
out the sod :
Come worship Beauty in the forest-temple, dim and
hush,
Where stands Magnificence dreaming ! and God burn-
eth in the bush :
Or where the old hills worship with their silence for a
psalm,
Or Ocean's weary heart doth keep the sabbath of its
calm.
Come let us worship Beauty with the knightly faith of
old,
O Chivalry of Labour toiling for the Age of Gold !

Come let us worship Beauty : she hath subtle power
to start
Heroic word and deed out-flashing from the humblest
heart !

Great feelings will gush unawares, and freshly as the
first

Rich Rainbow that up startled Heaven in tearful
splendour burst.

O blessed are her lineaments, and wondrous are her
ways

To re-picture God's worn likeness in the faded human
face !

Our bliss shall richly overbrim like sunset in the west,
And we shall dream immortal dreams, and banquet
with the Blest :

Then let us worship Beauty with the knightly faith
of old,

O Chivalry of Labour toiling for the Age of Gold !

TO MY WIFE.

LIKE those Ambassadors of old, that went
 To the far Orient land, with kingly gifts
 Of gems—from which a subtle spirit lookt—
 To nestle richly between Beauty's breasts,
 And crown her gorgeous brows with winking flame,
 Or clothe her starrily as Queenly Night ;
 And found that land a garden where they grew,
 Lavish, as all the dews were turn'd to gems ;
 So bring I thee, Sweet Lady of my love,
 My jewels, I have garner'd up, to find
 How poor they are beside thy peerless wealth.
 Th' Elysium where thy tender spirit dwells
 Is written o'er with thoughts of beauty, thick
 As starry mysteries written on the night.
 My Muse ! that moveth swathed with holier light,
 Throned on the regnant heights of Womanhood
 In all thy summer beauty, warm as when
 I lookt out on the sunny side of Life,
 And saw thee summering like a blooming Vine,
 That reacheth globes of wine in at the lattice
 By the ripe armful, with ambrosial smile.
 The flying Cares but touch thy Life's fair face,
 Lightly as swimming shadows dusk the Lake.
 Come sit thee down, dear, by my side, To-night ;
 The world shut out, our little world shut in !

Where we are happy as the Bird whose nest
Is heaven'd in the hush of purple Hills,
Or region'd in the palmy top of life.
Now shut thine eyes, and see a pageant bloom
Upon the dark,—a Vision sweeping by.

I was a dweller amid shadows grim :
Till FREEDOM toucht my yearning eyes, and lo !
Life in a shining circle, rounding rose,
As heaven on heaven goes up the jewell'd night.
New floods of passionate life swirl'd at my heart,
And FREEDOM was my glittering Bride. For me
She walkt the world as a Divinity,
Sang like a Spirit in Life's darken'd ways,
I' the Rainbow reacht forth girdling arms of love,
To clasp the Unapparent to the Earth,—
Turn'd common things to beauty : as the sun
Kindles a glory in the grass and dust,—
Went forth flame-plumed, in Chariot sublime,
And rode the winds, like him who walks the worlds.
And when the fresh Morn flower'd like a Rose,
Birds sang of her, and all their happy hearts
Rang out in music, Leaves clapt faëry hands,
The flowers for joy stood tearful in her glory,
And World went singing, unto World, of FREEDOM.
And I would blazon her melodious name,
Sing some wild pæan should touch the world to tears.
Or chariot it to battle in her Cause :
For O ! her softest breath, that might not stir
The summer gossamer tremulous on its throne,
Makes the crown'd Tyrants start with realmless looks !
I would have given the lustre of my life
To add one jewel to her diadem !

And then thou cam'st, and LOVE grew lord of all.
Look how the Sun puts out the eyes of fire !
So when Love's royal glance my lattice lit,
The fires of FREEDOM whiten'd on my hearth.
The sleeping Beauty in my heart's charm'd Palace
Woke at Love's kiss. My life was set aflush,
As Roses redden when the Spring moves by,
And the green buds peer out like eyes, to see
The delicate spirit whose sweet presence stirr'd them.
How my heart ripened in its flooding spring ;
As when the sap runs up the tingling trees,
Till all the sunny life laughs out in leaves,
And lifts its fluttering wings ! So my heart felt
With such brave shoots of glory bursting up,
As it had flower'd for Immortality.
The heights of Being came out from their cloud,
As the cliffs kindle when the Morning comes
Swimming the utmost Sea in ruddy haste,
With foam of glory ; till the flood of light,
Like mellow wine, runs down remotest hills.
Thou cam'st, my sparkling Bird of Paradise !
With a soft murmuring as of winnowing wings
That fold the nest, so dove-like tenderly !
With brows that parted lovely waves of hair,
And took the gazer's eye like some white Grace !
Eyes, loving large ! Lips Houri-like, that light
A soul to glory with their kiss of fire ;
And cheeks fresh-misted with the bloom of Morn.
And thou didst move, a Splendour 'mid Life's Shadows,
Making a Rembrandt Picture. So the Stars
In all their glory pass the shrinking Dark.
O, I was stirr'd as though a Spirit went by ;
Or I had met some awful Loveliness,
That haunts the realm of Dreams, or dusky floats

Across the wondering solitudes of Thought.
So Love was lord of all.

I touch my lyre,
And Love o'erflows my heart, and floods my hand.
Love makes all dear delights so soothly sweet,
Life pants heart-stifled 'neath its luscious load,
Like young Earth claspt in June's voluptuous arms,
Faint with her fragrance, flooded up in flowers.
Love is divine life, Beauty is its smile.
O, Love will make the killing crown of thorn
Burst into blossom on the Martyr's brow !
Upon Love's bosom Earth floats like an Ark
Through all the Deluge of the solemn dark.
Love rays us round as glory swathes a star,
And, from the mystic touch of lips and palms,
Streams rosy warmth enough to light a world :
And Spirit-eyes, from out the purpling glooms,
Mark how we feed this human Altar-flame,
How speeds this ripening into Deity !
What glittering robes for immortality
Trail starry radiance through our night of Earth !
And in our home thy presence maketh Love
A Mortal, who hath died to rise again,
Immortal, in its nobler life with thee.
O Love ! make clear my vision, roll thou up
My orb of Song from Passion's misting deeps
To climb the heavens, and win the eternal calm ;
And though it shine not 'mid the Suns of Song,
To set a World sweet-murmuring in its light,
Like Memnon at the radiant touch of Dawn,
I know each Star hath its own perfect place
Above, though it may have no name on Earth.

I hope my hope, and dream my dream, that life
With me shall yet ring out melodious, 'twixt
The silences of heaven and the grave.

O Labour ! blind and feeling for the day !
Might I go forth to peer with eagle ken
Into the blessed land of promise, where
The Future like a fruitfuller Summer sits
Ripening HER Eden silently, to bear
The crowning flower of consummated Life,—
Where Freedom's Song-Birds fly, to build their nests,
And warm to life their brood of darling dreams :
Then see thy dark look lighten at my news,
Thy dim eyes dance divinely at the grapes !
To loftier music time thy larger step ;
And hearten thee to lift up clearer brows,
Thy face o'erflowing like a shining Sea.
I see a shape behind a mist, that burns
In the flusht distance of some unseen Goal ;
It grows with gazing on, like Lovers' beauty.
With beckoning smiles the Glory draws me on ;
One hand points up, one holds a glittering crown,
For me to climb and wear with nobler growth :
And airy Voices call me, bid me leap
In Victory's Car as it goes bickering by.
And Thou, dear Wife ! with exultation lit,
Wilt weep proud tears to enrich my wine of joy,—
A costlier cup than ever Anthony's Queen
Magnificent ! drank in her voluptuous vein !

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THE END.

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